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PASSING THE CATARACT OF THE NILE.

At last, twenty-four days from Cairo, the Nubian hills are in sight, lifting themselves up in the south, and we appear to be getting into the real Africa — Africa, which still keeps its savage secret, and dribbles down this commercial highway, the Nile, as it has for thousands of years, its gums and spices and drugs, its tusks and skins of wild animals, its rude weapons and its cunning work in silver, its slave boys and slave girls. These native boats that we meet, piled with strange and fragrant merchandise, rowed by antic crews of Nubians whose ebony bodies shine in the sun as they walk backward and forward at the long sweeps, chanting a weird, barbarous refrain — what tropical freights are theirs for the imagination!

At sunset we are in a lonesome place; the swift river flowing between narrow, rocky shores, the height beyond Assouan gray in the distance, and vultures watching our passing boat from the high, crumbling sandstone ledges. The night falls sweet and cool, the soft new moon is remote in the almost purple depths, the thickly strewn stars blaze like jewels, and we work slowly on at the rate of a mile an hour, with the slightest wind, amid the granite rocks of the channel. In this channel we are in the shadow of the old historical seat of empire, the island of Elephantine, and turning into

the narrow passage to the left we announce, by a rocket, to the dahabeeahs moored at Assouan the arrival of another inquisitive American. It is Sunday night. Our dragoman dispatches a messenger to the chief reis of the cataract, who lives at Philæ, five miles above. A second one is sent in the course of the night, and a third meets the old patriarch on his way to our boat at sunrise. It is necessary to impress the Oriental mind with the importance of the travelers who have arrived at the gate of Nubia.

The Nile voyager who moors his dahabeeah at the sandbank, with the fleet of merchant boats, above Assouan, seems to be at the end of his journey. Travelers from the days of Herodotus even to this century have followed each other in saying that the roar of the cataract deafened people for miles around. Civilization has tamed the rapids. Now there is neither sight nor sound of them here at Assouan. To the southward the granite walls which no doubt once dammed the river have been broken through by some pre-historic convulsion that strewed the fragments about in grotesque confusion. The island of Elephantine, originally a long heap of granite, is thrown into the middle of the Nile, dividing it into two narrow streams. The southern end rises from the water, a bold mass of granite.

Its surface is covered with ruins, or rather with the *débris* of many civilizations; and into this mass and these hills of bricks, stones, pottery, and ashes, Nubian women and children may be seen constantly poking, digging out coins, beads, and images, to sell to the howadji. The northern portion of the island is green with wheat, and it supports two or three mud villages, which offer a good field for the tailor and the missionary.

The passage through the eastern channel, from Assouan to Elephantine, is between walls of granite rocks; and southward, at the end of it, the view is bounded by a field of broken granite, gradually rising and apparently forbidding egress in that direction. If the traveler comes for scenery, as some do, nothing could be wilder and at the same time more beautiful than these fantastically piled crags; but considered as a navigable highway, the river here is a failure.

Early in the morning the head sheik of the cataract comes on board, and the long confab which is preliminary to any undertaking begins. There are always as many difficulties in the way of a trade or an arrangement as there are quills on a porcupine; and a great part of the Egyptian bargaining is the preliminary plucking out of these quills. The cataracts are the hereditary property of the Nubian sheiks and their tribes, who live near them, belonging to them more completely than the rapids of the St. Lawrence to the Indian pilots; almost their whole livelihood comes from helping boats up and down the rapids, and their harvest season is the winter, when the dahabeeahs of the howadji require their assistance. They magnify the difficulties and dangers, and make a mystery of their skill and knowledge. But, with true Orientalism, they appear to seek rather to lessen than to increase their business. They oppose intolerable delays to the traveler, keep him waiting at Assouan by a thousand excuses, and do all they can to drive him discouraged down the river. During this winter boats have been kept waiting two weeks on one frivolous excuse or another: the

day was unlucky, or the wind was unfavorable, or some prince had the preference. Princes have been very much in the way this winter; the fact would seem to be that European princes are getting to run up the Nile in shoals, as plenty as shad in the Connecticut, more being hatched at home than Europe has employment for.

Several thousand people, dwelling along the banks from Assouan to three or four miles above Philæ, share in the profits of the passing boats; and although the sheiks and head reises (or captains) of the cataract get the elephant's share, every family receives something — it may be only a piaster or two — on each dahabeeah; and the sheiks draw from the villages as many men as are required for each passage. It usually takes two days for a boat to go up the cataract, and not seldom they are kept in it three or four days, and sometimes a week. The first day the boat gets as far as the island of Séhayl, where it ties up and waits for the cataract people to gather next morning. They may take it into their heads not to gather, in which case the traveler can sun himself all day on the rocks, or hunt up the inscriptions which the Pharaohs, on their raids into Africa for slaves and other luxuries, cut in the granite in their days of leisure, three or four thousand years ago, before the world got its present impetus of hurry. Or they may come and pull the boat up a rapid or two, then declare they have not men enough for the final struggle, and leave it for another night in the roaring desolation. To put on force enough and cables strong enough not to break, and promptly drag the boat through in one day, would lessen the money value of the achievement, perhaps, in the mind of the owner of the boat. Nature has done a great deal to make the First Cataract an obstacle to navigation, but the wily Nubian could teach nature a lesson; at any rate he has never relinquished the key to the gates. He owns the cataract, as the Bedawees own the pyramids of Gizeh and the routes across the desert to Sinai and Petra.

The aged reis comes on board, and the preliminary ceremonies, exchange of compliments religious and social, between him and our astute dragoman begin. Coffee is made, the reis's pipe is lighted, and the conversation is directed slowly to the ascent of the cataract. The head reis is accompanied by two or three others of inferior dignity, and by attendants who squat on the deck in attitudes of patient indifference. The world was not made in a day. The reis looks along the deck and says, —

"This boat is very large; it is too long to go up the cataract."

There is no denying it. The dahab-beeah is longer than almost any other on the river; it is one hundred and twenty feet long. The dragoman says, —

"But you took up General McClellan's boat, and that is large."

"Very true, effendi; but why the howadji no come when Genel Clemen come, ten days ago?"

"We chose to come now."

"Such a long boat never went up. Why you no come two months ago, when the river was high?" This sort of talk goes on for half an hour. Then the other sheik speaks: —

"What is the use of talking all this stuff to Mohammed Effendi Abd-el-Atti; he knows all about it."

"That is true. We will go."

"Well, it is 'finish,'" says Abd-el-Atti.

When the long negotiation is concluded, the reis is introduced into the cabin to pay his respects to the howadji; he seats himself with dignity and salutes the ladies with a watchful self-respect. The reis is a grave Nubian, with finely cut features, — but a good many shades darker than would be fellowshiped by the Sheltering Wings Association, in America, — small feet, and small hands with long, tapering fingers that confess an aristocratic exemption from manual labor. He wears a black gown and a white turban; a camel's-hair scarf distinguishes him from the vulgar. This sheik boasts, I suppose, as ancient blood as runs in any aristocratic veins, counting his ancestors back in unbroken suc-

cession to the days of the prophet at least, and not improbably to Ishmael. That he wears neither stockings nor slippers does not detract from his simple dignity. Our conversation while he pays his visit is confined to the smoking of a cigar and some well-meant grins and smiles of mutual good feeling.

While the morning hours pass, we have time to gather all the knowledge of Assouan that one needs for the enjoyment of life in this world. It is an ordinary Egyptian town of sun-baked brick, brown, dusty, and unclean, with shabby bazars containing nothing, and full of unrelenting beggars and insatiable traders in curiosities of the upper country. Importunate venders beset the traveler as soon as he steps ashore, offering him all manner of trinkets, which he is eager to purchase and does n't know what to do with when he gets them. There are crooked, odd-shaped knives and daggers, in ornamental sheaths of crocodile skin, and savage spears, with great rough hippopotamus shields, from Kartoom or Abyssinia; jagged iron spears and lances and ebony clubs from Darfour; cunning Nubian silver work, bracelets and great rings that have been worn by desert camel drivers; moth-eaten ostrich feathers; bows and arrows tipped with flint from the Soudan; necklaces of glass and dirty leather charms (containing words from the Koran); broad bracelets and anklets cut out of big tusks of elephants and traced in black; rude swords that it needs two hands to swing; bracelets of twisted silver cord and solid silver as well; ear-rings so large that they must be hitched to a strand of the hair for support; nose-rings of brass and silver and gold as large as the ear-rings; and Nubian "costumes" for women, — a string with leather fringe depending, to tie about the loins, — suggestions of a tropical life under the old dispensation.

The beach, crowded with trading vessels and piled up with merchandise, presents a lively picture. There are piles of Manchester cotton and boxes of English brandy — to warm outwardly and inwardly the natives of the Soudan —

which are being loaded, for transport above the rapids, upon kneeling dromedaries that protest against the load in that most vulgar guttural of all animal sounds, more uncouth and less musical than the agonized bray of the donkey, a sort of grating menagerie grumble which has neither the pathos of the sheep's bleat nor the dignity of the lion's growl; and there are bales of cinnamon and senna and ivory to go down the river. The wild Bishareen Arab attends his dromedaries; he has a clear-cut and rather delicate face, is bareheaded, wears his black hair in ringlets long upon his shoulders, and has for all dress a long strip of brown cotton cloth twisted about his body and his loins, leaving the legs and right arm free. There are the fat, sleek Greek merchant, in sumptuous white Oriental costume, lounging amid his merchandise; the Syrian in gay apparel, with pistols in his shawl belt, preparing for his journey to Kartoom; and the black Nubian sailors asleep on the sand. To add a little color to the picture, a Ghawazee, or dancing-girl, in striped, flaming red gown and red slippers, dark but comely, covered with gold or silver gilt necklaces and bracelets, is walking about the shore, seeking whom she may devour.

At twelve o'clock we are ready to push off. The wind is strong from the north. The cataract men swarm on board, two or three sheiks and thirty or forty men. They take command and possession of the vessel, and our reis and crew give way. We have carefully closed the windows and blinds of our boat, for the cataract men are reputed to have long arms and fingers that crook easily. The Nubians run about like cats; four are at the helm, some are on the bow, all are talking and giving orders; there is an indescribable bustle and whirl as our boat is shoved off from the sand, with the chorus of "Hā! Yālēsah! Hā! Yālēsah!"¹ and takes the current. The great sail, shaped like a bird's wing, and a hundred feet long, is

shaken out forward, and we pass swiftly on our way between the granite walls. The excited howadji are on deck, feeling to their finger-ends the thrill of expectancy.

The first thing the Nubians want is something to eat, a chronic complaint here in this land of romance. Squatting in circles all over the boat, they dip their hands into the bowls of softened bread, cramming the food down their throats, and swallowing all the coffee that can be made for them, with the gusto and appetite of simple men who have a stomach and no conscience.

While the Nubians are chattering and eating, we are gliding up the swift stream, the granite rocks opening a passage for us; but at the end of it our way seems to be barred. The only visible opening is on the extreme left, where a small stream struggles through the boulders. While we are wondering if that can be our course, the helm is suddenly put hard about, we turn short to the right, finding our way, amid whirlpools and shoulders of granite, past the head of Elephantine Island; and before we have recovered from this surprise we turn sharply to the left into a narrow passage, and the cataract is before us.

It is not at all what we have expected. In appearance this is a cataract without any falls and scarcely any rapids. A person brought up on Niagara or Montmorency feels himself trifled with here. The fisherman in the mountain streams of America has come upon many a scene that resembles this, a river-bed strewn with boulders. Only, this is on a grand scale. We had been led to expect at least high precipices, walls of lofty rock, between which we should sail in the midst of raging rapids and falls, with hundreds of savages on the rocks above, dragging our boat with cables, and occasionally plunging into the torrent in order to carry a life-line to the top of some wave-girt rock. All of this we did not see; yet we had more respect crew poled along, "Hā! Yālēsah!" And still the Nile boatmen call Yālēsah to come, as they push the poles and haul the sail, and urge the boat towards Abyssinia.

¹ Yālēsah (I spell the name according to the sound of the pronunciation) was one of the sons of Noah who was absent at the time the ark sailed, having gone down into Abyssinia. They pushed the ark in pursuit of him, and Noah called after his son as the

for the cataract before we got through it than when it first came in sight.

What we see immediately before us is a basin, it may be quarter of a mile, it may be half a mile broad, and two miles long; a wide expanse of broken granite rocks and boulders strewn hap-hazard, some of them showing the red of the syenite, and others black and polished and shining in the sun; a field of rocks, none of them high, fantastic in shape; and through this field the river breaks in a hundred twisting passages and chutes, all apparently small, but the water in them is foaming and leaping and flashing white; and the air begins to be pervaded by the multitudinous roar of rapids. On the east, the side of the land-passage between Assouan and Philæ, are high and jagged rocks in odd forms, now and then a palm-tree, and here and there a mud village. On the west the basin of the cataract is hemmed in by the desert hills, and the yellow Libyan sand drifts over them in shining waves which in some lights have the almost maroon color that we see in Gérôme's pictures. To the south is an impassable barrier of granite and sand—mountains of them—beyond the glistening fields of rocks and water through which we are to find our way.

The difficulty of this navigation is—not one cataract to be overcome by one heroic effort, but a hundred little cataracts or swift, tortuous sluice-ways, which are much more formidable when we get into them than they appear when seen at a distance. The dahabeeahs which attempt to wind through them are in constant danger of having holes knocked in their hulls by the rocks.

The wind is strong, and we are sailing swiftly on. It is impossible to tell which one of the half-dozen equally uninviting channels we are to take. We guess, and of course point out the wrong one. We approach, with sails still set, a narrow passage through which the water pours in what is a very respectable torrent; but it is not a straight passage, it has a bend in it; if we get through it, we must make a sharp turn to the left or run upon a ridge of rocks,

and even then we shall be in a boiling surge; and if we fail to make head against the current we shall go whirling down the caldron, bumping on the rocks, not a pleasant thing for a dahabeeah one hundred and twenty feet long, with a cabin in it as large as a hotel. The passage of a boat of this size is evidently an event of some interest to the cataract people, for we see groups of them watching us from the rocks, and following along the shore. And we think that seeing our boat go up from the shore might be the best way of seeing it.

We draw slowly in, the boat trembling at the entrance of the swift water; it enters, nosing the current, feeling the tug of the sail, and hesitates. Oh, for a strong puff of wind! There are five watchful men at the helm; there is a moment's silence, and the boat still hesitates. At this critical instant, while we hold our breath, a naked man, whose name I am sorry I cannot give to an admiring American public, appears on the bow with a rope in his teeth; he plunges in and makes for the nearest rock. He swims hand over hand, swinging his arms from the shoulder out of water and striking them forward, splashing along like a side-wheeler, the common way of swimming in the heavy water of the Nile. Two other black figures follow him, and the rope is made fast to the point of the rock. We have something to hold us against the stream.

And now a terrible tumult arises on board the boat, which is seen to be covered with men; one gang is hauling on the rope to draw the great sail close to its work; another gang is hauling on the rope attached to the rock, and both are singing that wild, chanting chorus without which no Egyptian sailor pulls an ounce or lifts a pound. The men who are not pulling are shouting and giving orders; the sheiks, on the upper deck, where we sit with exaggerated American serenity amid the babel, are jumping up and down in a frenzy of excitement, screaming and gesticulating. We hold our own; we gain a little; we pull forward where the danger of a smash

against the rocks is increased. More men appear on the rocks, whom we take to be spectators of our passage. No; they lay hold of the rope. With the additional help we still tremble in the jaws of the pass. I walk aft, and the stern is almost upon the sharp rocks; it grazes them; but in the nick of time the bow swings round, we turn short off into an eddy; the great sail is let go, and our cat-like sailors are aloft, crawling along the slender yard, which is a hundred feet in length, and furling the tugging canvas. We breathe more freely, for the first danger is over. The gate is passed.

In this lull there is a confab with the sheiks. We are at the island of Séhayl, and have accomplished what is usually the first day's journey of boats. It would be in harmony with the Oriental habit to stop here for the remainder of the day and for the night. But our dragoman has in mind to accomplish, if not the impossible, what is synonymous with it in the East, the unusual. The result of the inflammatory stump speeches on both sides is that two or three gold pieces are passed into the pliant hand of the head sheik, and he sends for another sheik and more men.

For some time we have been attended by increasing processions of men and boys on shore; they cheered us as we passed the first rapid; they come out from the villages, from the crevices of the rocks, their blue and white gowns blowing in the wind, and make a sort of holiday of our passage. Less conspicuous at first are those without gowns; they are hardly distinguishable from the black rocks amid which they move. As we lie here, with the rising roar of the rapids in our ears, we can see no further opening for our passage.

But we are preparing to go on. Ropes are carried out forward over the rocks. More men appear, to aid us. We said there were fifty. We count seventy; we count eighty; there are at least ninety. They come up by a sort of magic. From whence are they, these black forms? They seem to grow out of the rocks at the wave of the sheik's

hand; they are of the same color, shining men of granite. The swimmers and divers are simply smooth statues hewn out of the syenite or the basalt. They are not unbaked clay like the rest of us. One expects to see them disappear like stones when they jump into the water. The mode of our navigation is to draw the boat along, hugged close to the shore rocks, so close that the current cannot get full hold of it, and thus to work it round the bends.

We are crawling slowly on in this manner, clinging to the rocks, when unexpectedly a passage opens to the left. The water before us runs like a mill-race. If we enter it, nothing would seem sufficient to hold the boat from dashing down amid the breakers. But the bow is hardly allowed to feel the current before it is pulled short around, and we are swinging in the swift stream. Before we know it we are in the anxiety of another tug. Suppose the rope should break! In an instant the black swimmers are overboard, striking out for the rocks; two ropes are sent out and secured; and, with gangs hauling on them, we are working through inch by inch, everybody on board trembling with excitement. We look at our watches; it seems only fifteen minutes since we left Assouan; it is an hour and a quarter. Do we gain in the chute? It is difficult to say; the boat hangs back and strains at the cables; but just as we are in the pinch of doubt, the big sail unfolds its wing with exciting suddenness, a strong gust catches it, we feel the lift, and creep upward, amid an infernal din of singing and shouting and calling on the prophet from the gangs who haul in the sail-rope, who tug at the cables attached to the rocks, who are pulling at the hawsers on the shore. We forge ahead and are about to dash into a boiling caldron, from which there appears to be no escape, when a skillful turn of the great, creaking helm once more throws us to the left, and we are again in an eddy, with the stream whirling by us, and the sail is let go and is furled.

The place where we lie is barely long enough to admit our boat; the stern just

clears the rocks, the bow is aground on hard sand. The number of men and boys on the rocks has increased; it is over one hundred; it is one hundred and thirty; on a second count it is one hundred and fifty. An anchor is now carried out to hold us in position when we make a new start; more ropes are taken to the shore, two hitched to the bow and one to the stern. Straight before us is a narrow passage through which the water comes in foaming ridges with extraordinary rapidity. It seems to be our way; but of course it is not. We are to turn the corner sharply, before reaching it; what will happen then, we shall see.

There is a slight lull in the excitement, while the extra hawsers are got out and preparations are made for the next struggle. The sheiks light their long pipes, and, squatting on deck, gravely wait. The men who have tobacco roll up cigarettes and smoke them. The swimmers come on board for refreshment. The poor fellows are shivering as if they had an ague fit. The Nile may be friendly, though it does not offer a warm bath at this time of the year, and when they come out of it naked on the rocks, the cold north wind sets their white teeth chattering. The dragoman brings out a bottle of brandy. It is none of your ordinary brandy, but must have cost over a dollar a gallon, and would burn a hole in a new piece of cotton cloth. He pours out a tumblerful of it, and offers it to one of the granite men. The granite man pours it down his throat in one flow, without moving an eyelash, and holds the glass out for another draught. His throat must be lined with zinc. A second tumblerful follows the first. It is like pouring liquor into a brazen image.

I said there was a lull, but this is only in contrast to the preceding fury. There is still noise enough, over and above the roar of the waters, in the preparations going forward, the din of a hundred people screaming together, each one giving orders and elaborating his opinion by a rhetorical use of his hands. The waiting crowd scattered over the rocks disposes itself pictur-

esquely, as an Arab crowd always does, and probably cannot help doing, in its blue and white gowns and white turbans. In the midst of these preparations, and unmindful of any excitement or confusion, a sheik, standing upon a little square of sand amid the rocks, and so close to the deck of the boat that we can hear his "Allah akbar" (God is most great), begins his kneelings and prostrations towards Mecca, and continues at his prayers, as undisturbed and as unregarded as if he were in a mosque, and wholly oblivious of the babel around him. So common has religion become in this land of its origin! Here is a half-clad sheik of the desert, stopping in the midst of his contract to take the howadji up the cataract, in order to raise his forefinger and say, "I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohammed is his servant and his apostle."

Judging by the eye, the double turn we have next to make is too short to admit our long hull. It does not seem possible that we can squeeze through; but we try. We first swing out and take the current as if we were going straight up the rapids. We are held by two ropes from the stern, while by four ropes from the bow, three on the left shore and one on an islet to the right, the cataract people are tugging to draw us up. As we watch, almost breathless, the strain on the ropes, look! there is a man in the tumultuous rapid before us swiftly coming down as if to his destruction. Another one follows, and then another, till there are half a dozen men and boys in this jeopardy, this situation of certain death to anybody not made of cork. And the singular thing about it is that the men are seated upright, sliding down the shining water like a boy, who has no respect for his trousers, down a sand-bank. As they dash past us, we see that each is seated on a round log about five feet long; some of them sit upright with their legs on the log, displaying the soles of their feet, keeping the equilibrium with their hands. These are smooth, slimy logs, that a white man

would find it difficult to sit on if they were on shore, and in this water they would turn with him only once: the log would go one way and the man another. But these fellows are in no fear of the rocks below; they easily guide their barks out of the rushing floods, through the whirlpools and eddies, into the slack shore water in the rear of the boat, and stand up like men and demand backsheesh. These logs are popular ferry-boats in the Upper Nile; I have seen a woman crossing the river on one, her clothes in a basket and the basket on her head—and the Nile is nowhere an easy stream to swim.

Far ahead of us the cataract people are seen in lines and groups, half-hidden by the rocks, pulling and stumbling on. Black figures are scattered, lifting the ropes over the jagged stones, and freeing them so that we shall not be drawn back, as we slowly advance; and severe as their toil is, it is not enough to keep them warm when the chilly wind strikes them. They get bruised on the rocks also, and have time to show us their barked shins and request backsheesh. An Egyptian is never too busy or too much in peril to forget to prefer that request at the sight of a traveler. When we turn into the double twist I spoke of above, the bow goes sideways upon a rock, and the stern is not yet free. The punt poles are brought into requisition; half the men are in the water; there is poling and pushing and grunting, heaving and "Yah Mohammed! yah Mohammed!" with all which noise and outlay of brute strength the boat moves a little on and still is held close in hand. The current runs very swiftly. We have to turn almost by a right angle to the left and then by the same angle to the right; and the question is whether the boat is not too long to turn in the space. We just scrape along the rocks, the current growing every moment stronger, and at length get far enough to let the stern swing. I run back to see if it will go free. It is a close fit. The stern is clear; but if our boat had been four or five feet longer, her voyage would have ended then and there.

There is now before us a straight pull up the swiftest and narrowest rapid we have thus far encountered.

Our sandal, — the row-boat belonging to the dahabeeah, that becomes a felucca when a mast is stepped into it, — which has accompanied us fitfully during the passage, appearing here and there tossing about amid the rocks, and aiding occasionally in the transport of ropes and men to one rock and another, now turns away to seek a less difficult passage. The rocks all about us are low, from three feet to ten feet high. We have one rope out ahead, fastened to a rock, upon which stands a gang of men, pulling. There is a row of men in the water under the left side of the boat, heaving at her with their broad backs, to prevent her smashing on the rocks. But our main dragging force is in the two long lines of men attached to the ropes on the left shore. They stretch out ahead of us so far that it needs an opera-glass to discover whether the leaders are pulling or only soldiering. These two long, straggling lines are led and directed by a new figure who appears upon this shifting operatic scene. It is a comical sheik, who stands upon a high rock at one side and lines out the catch-line of a working refrain, while the gangs howl and haul in a surging chorus. Nothing could be wilder or more ludicrous, in the midst of this roar of rapids and strain of cordage. The sheik holds a long staff, which he swings like the *bâton* of the leader of an orchestra, quite unconscious of the odd figure he cuts against the blue sky. He grows more and more excited, he swings his arms, he shrieks, but always in tune and in time with the hauling and with the wilder chorus of the cataract men; he is in the very ecstasy of the musical conductor, displaying his white teeth, and raising first one leg and then the other in a delirious, swinging motion, all the more picturesque on account of his flowing blue robe and his loose white cotton drawers. He lifts his leg with a gigantic pull, which is enough in itself to draw the boat onward, and every time he does it the boat gains on the cur-

rent. Surely such an orchestra and such a leader were never seen before. For the orchestra is scattered over half an acre of ground, swaying, pulling, and singing in rhythmic show; and there is a high wind and a blue sky, with rocks and foaming torrents, and an African village with palms in the background, amid the débris of some pre-historic earthquake. Slowly we creep up against the stiff, boiling stream, the good Moslems on deck muttering prayers and telling their beads, and finally make the turn and pass the worst eddies; and as we swing round into an ox-bow channel to the right, the big sail is again let out and hauled in, and with cheers we float on some rods and come into a quiet shelter, a stage beyond the journey usually made the first day. It is now three o'clock. We have come to the real cataract, to the stiffest pull and the most dangerous passage.

A small freight-dahabeeah obstructs the way, and while this is being hauled ahead we prepare for the final struggle. The chief cataract is called Bab (gate) Abou Rabbia, from one of Mohammed Ali's captains, who some years ago vowed that he would take his dahabeeah up it with his own crew and without aid from the cataract people. He lost his boat. It is also sometimes called Bab Inglese, from a young Englishman named Cave, who attempted to swim down it early one morning, in imitation of the Nubian swimmers, and was drawn into the whirlpools, and not found for days after. For this last struggle, in addition to the other ropes, an enormous cable is bent on, not tied to the bow, but twisted round the cross-beams of the forward deck, and carried out over the rocks. From the shelter where we lie we are to push out and take the current at a sharp angle. The water of this main cataract sucks down from both sides above through a channel perhaps one hundred feet wide, very rapid from its considerable fall, and with such force as to raise a ridge in the middle. To pull up this hill of water is the tug; if the ropes let go we shall be dashed into a hundred pieces on the rocks be-

low, and be swallowed in the whirlpools. It would not be a sufficient compensation for such a fate to have this rapid hereafter take our name.

The preparations are leisurely made; the lines are laid along the rocks and the men are distributed. The fastenings are carefully examined. Then we begin to move. There are now four conductors of this gigantic orchestra (the employment of which as a musical novelty I respectfully recommend to the next Boston Jubilee), each posted on a high rock and waving a stick with a white rag tied on it. It is four o'clock. An hour has been consumed in raising the curtain for the last act. We are carefully under way along the rocks, which are almost within reach, held tight by the side ropes, but pushed off and slowly urged along by a line of half-naked fellows under the left side, whose backs are against the boat and whose feet walk along the perpendicular ledge. It would take only a sag of the boat, apparently, to crush them. It does not need our eyes to tell us when the bow of the boat noses the swift water. Our sandal has meantime carried a line to a rock on the opposite side of the channel, and our sailors haul on this and draw us ahead. But we are held firmly by the shore lines. The boat is never suffered, as I said, to get an inch the advantage, but is always held tight in hand.

As we appear at the foot of the rapid, men come riding down it on logs, as before, a sort of horseback feat in the boiling water, steering themselves round the eddies and landing below us. One of them swims round to the rock where a line is tied, and looses it as we pass; another, sitting on the slippery stick and showing the white soles of his black feet, paddles himself about amid the whirlpools. We move so slowly that we have time to enjoy all these details, to admire the deep yellow of the Libyan sand drifted over the rocks at the right, and to cheer a sandal bearing the American flag which is at this moment shooting the rapids in another channel beyond us, tossed about like a cork. We see the meteor flag flashing out, we lose it be-

hind the rocks, and catch it again appearing below. "Oh star spang—" but our own orchestra is in full swing again. The comical sheik begins to sway his arms and his stick back and forth in an increasing measure, until his whole body is drawn into the vortex of his enthusiasm, and one leg after the other, by a sort of rhythmic hitch, goes up, displaying the white and baggy cotton drawers. The other three conductors join in, and a deafening chorus rises from two hundred men all along the ropes, while we creep slowly on amid the suppressed excitement of those on board who anxiously watch the straining cables, and with a running fire of "Back-sheesh, backsheesh!" from the boys on the rocks close at hand. The cable holds; the boat nags and jerks it in vain; through all the roar and rush we go on, lifted, I think, perceptibly every time the sheik lifts his leg.

At the right moment the sail is again shaken down, and the boat at once feels it. It is worth five hundred men. The ropes slacken; we are going by the wind against the current; haste is made to unbend the cable; line after line is let go, until we are held by one alone; the crowd thins out, dropping away with no warning, and before we know that the play is played out, the cataract people have lost all interest in it and are scattering over the black rocks to their homes. A few stop to cheer; the chief conductor is last seen on a rock, swinging the white rag, hurraing and salaaming in grinning exultation; the last line is cast off, and we round the point and come into smooth but swift water, and glide on before a calm wind. The noise, the struggle, the tense strain, the uproar of men and waves for four hours, are all behind; and hours of keener excitement and enjoyment we have rarely known. At 12.20 we left Assouan; at 4.45 we swing round the rocky bend above the last and greatest rapid. I write these figures, for they will be not without a melancholy interest to those who have spent two and three days and even a week in making this passage.

Turning away from the ragged mount-

ains of granite which obstruct the straight course of the river, we sail by Mahatta, a little village of Nubians, a port where the trading and freight boats plying between the First and Second Cataract load and unload. There is a forest of masts and spars along the shore, which is piled with merchandise and dotted with sunlit figures squatting in the sand as if waiting for the goods to tranship themselves. With the sunlight slanting on our full sail we glide into the shadow of high rocks, and enter, with the suddenness of a first discovery, into a deep, winding river, the waters of which are dark and smooth, between lofty walls of granite. These historic masses, which have seen pass so many splendid processions and boatful expeditions of conquest in what seems to us the twilight of the world, and which excited the wonder of Father Herodotus only the other day, almost in our own time (for the Greeks belong to us and not to antiquity as it now unfolds itself), are piled in strange shapes, tottling rock upon rock, built up grotesquely, now in likeness of an animal, or the gigantic profile of a human face, or temple walls and castle towers and battlements. We wind through this solemn highway, and suddenly, in the very gateway, Philæ the lovely! Philæ, the most sentimental ruin in Egypt! There are the great pylon of the temple of Isis, the long colonnades of pillars, the beautiful square temple, with lofty columns and elongated capitals, misnamed Pharaoh's Bed. The little, oblong island, something like twelve hundred feet long, banded all round by an artificial wall, an island of rock completely covered with ruins, is set like the stone of a ring, with a circle of blue water about it, in the clasp of higher encircling granite peaks and ledges. On the left bank, as we turn to pass to the east of the island, is a gigantic rock which some persons have imagined was a colossus once, perhaps in pre-Adamite times, but which now has no resemblance to a human shape, except in a breast and left arm. Some Pharaoh cut his cartouche on the back — a sort of postage-stamp to pass the image along down the

ages. The Pharaohs were a vulgar lot; they cut their names wherever they could find a smooth and conspicuous place.

While we are looking, distracted with novelty at every turn, and excited by a grandeur and loveliness opening upon us every moment, we have come into a quiet haven, shut in on all sides by broken ramparts, alone with this island of temples. The sun is about to set, and its level light comes to us through the columns, and still gilds with red and yellow gold the Libyan sand sifted over the cliffs. We moor our boat to a sand-bank which has formed under the broken walls, and at once step on shore. We climb to the top of the temple walls; we walk on the stone roof; we glance into the temple on the roof where is sculptured the resurrection of Osiris. This cannot be called an old temple. It is a creation of the Ptolemies, though it doubtless replaced an older edifice. The temple of Isis was not begun more than three centuries before our era. Not all of these structures were finished; the priests must have been still carving on their walls the multitudes of sculptures when Christ began his mission; and more than four centuries after that the mysterious rites of Isis were still celebrated in their dark chambers. It is silent and dead enough here now; and there lives nowhere upon the earth any man who can even conceive the state of mind that gave those rites vitality. Even Egypt has changed its superstitions.

Peace has come upon the earth, after the strain of the last few hours. We can scarcely hear the roar of the rapids, in the beating of which we have been. The sun goes, leaving a changing yellow and faint orange on the horizon. Above, in the west, is the crescent moon; and now all the sky thereabout is rosy, even to the zenith, a delicate and yet deep color, like that of the blush rose; a transparent color that glows.

A little later we see from our boat the young moon, through the columns of the lesser temple. The January night is clear and perfectly dry; no dew is falling; no dew ever falls here; and the multiplied stars burn with uncommon lustre. When everything else is still, we hear the roar of the rapids coming steadily on the night breeze, sighing through the old and yet modern palace temples of the parvenu Ptolemies, and of Cleopatra; a new race of conquerors and pleasure-hunters, who in vain copied the magnificent works of the ancient Pharaohs.

Here on a pylon gate General Dessaix has recorded the fact that in February (Ventose) in the seventh year of the Republic, General Bonaparte being then in possession of Lower Egypt, he pursued to this spot the retreating Mamelukes. Egyptian kings, Ethiopian usurpers, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Nectanebes, Cambyses, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Cleopatra and her Roman lovers, Dessaix — these are all shades now.

Charles Dudley Warner.

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE, — in desolate, wind-swept space, —

In Twilight-land, in No-man's-land, —

Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,

And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.

"I do not know," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

T. B. Aldrich.

BROKE JAIL.

I.

THE directors of the Dan and Beersheba Railway Company, you remember, treated themselves and their friends, last summer, to an excursion over so much of their road as was then in running order. Of course a good many newspaper men were taken along as historiographers of the trip. When I remember all the able and fervent articles, celebrating the present and prospective glories of the Dan and Beersheba Railway and its imperial land-grant, that were inspired by that free ride, I cannot but think that the excursion, great success as it was in all respects, was greatest in the way of inexpensive advertising. You remember that the more enterprising excursionists, including, of course, the newspaper men, took a construction train and went far beyond the then stopping-place for passenger-cars, to witness the operations of a new steam track-laying machine.

The machine was superintended by the patentee, a stout gentleman of about forty-five, dressed in a cool business suit of pearl gray. His clean-shaved face was somewhat brown and knobby, and was an unmistakably Hibernian face of the good-humored variety. Its most noticeable peculiarity was that the lips seemed to be pushed a little forward by the front teeth.

I stood near him as he politely and with rare perspicuity explained the principles and *modus operandi* of the machine. His eyes rested upon me and mine upon him as he talked. Mutual recognition dawned and grew brighter in our minds and eyes, until he abruptly closed his explanation and walked away. As he went, he cast back at me a look and nod of his head which plainly meant, "Say nothing, and follow me." I followed until we had gone out of ear-shot of the others. He then turned and said, —

"You know me, don't you?"

"Yes; you are Mick Mullen."

"You have n't come here to do me an ill turn, I hope."

"Certainly not."

"Then for God's sake don't say Mick Mullen again! Let Mick Mullen and all his works rest; you know what I was and you see what I am. If a whisper of what you know should get abroad here, I'd just put a pistol to my ear and blow my brains out."

"My dear fellow, you have nothing to fear from me. You ought to have taken that for granted."

"Sure, I ought. But is n't it provoking? Only two days ago I shaved off my beard, and here I am twiggied already."

"Does your beard disguise you so effectually?"

"Black hair and whiskers and mustaches work wonders on a sandy complexion, especially if a fellow has a mouth full of big front teeth. When I have my beard flowing free and black as a raven's wing, the devil himself would n't know me, intimate as he was with Mick Mullen the time we know of. I'll get leave of absence to-morrow, and go into the hills and stay there till my beard is long enough to dye."

"Call me Jonathan Elder," continued he with great earnestness, "while you're here and after you're gone. Think of me by that name. It is a matter of life and death to me that Mick Mullen should not come to light."

After some further talk we rejoined the crowd around the machine, where my friend resumed his explanations, and where I called him Mr. Elder, as often as a suitable opportunity occurred, except once, when, as if by a slip of the tongue, I addressed him as Jonathan.

Having mastered the mystery of laying railway track by steam, our party returned as we came. Ames, of the Dusenbury Express, said to me as we smoked our cigars on a dumping-car, —

"That engineer, or machineer, or

whatever he is, seems to be an old acquaintance of yours."

"Yes," said I, "he is an uncommonly ingenious fellow. He once did a very nice job for me. It seems he has had his name changed since I knew him. He was on nettles to-day for fear I should call him by his old name and put him in for an awkward explanation. So he took me aside to introduce himself to me as Jonathan Elder, Esq."

What I told Ames was literally true. Yet in spirit and substance it was a lie, a well-constructed, artistic lie, I hope; such a lie, I flatter myself, as no mere tyro can tell.

I propose to be more candid and explicit with the reader than I was with Ames, in telling the story of my first acquaintance with Mick Mullen, otherwise Jonathan Elder, Esq. And yet I shall take such liberties with the literal facts of the case as shall seem to me to be necessary, to prevent mischievous discoveries.

II.

LOCOFOCOVILLE, February 19, 1851.

DEAR NEPHEW,—Your mother informed me, last summer, when she was here, that you were a printer, and sometimes wrote for the papers. She showed me some of your literary performances, which were not so bad as I dreaded and expected when she went to her trunk for them.

I want you to come and start a whig paper at Locofocoville. I am told that you will need from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars, to purchase the necessary outfit. I do not propose to give you a dollar. But I will subscribe and pay in advance for one thousand copies of your paper for one year, upon the following conditions:—

First, you must send the full number of my papers, as I shall from time to time direct, without discount or defalcation. They will all be sent to democrats, who would not probably patronize you of their own accord. No matter how many are refused and sent back, I shall keep my list full. Occasionally some

man whose name is on my list will subscribe and pay for the paper himself. I must be promptly informed of such cases, so that I can at once substitute another name on my list.

Second, you must make no personal attacks, and you must reply to none made upon you. You must confound and bewilder your adversaries by publishing a gentlemanly political newspaper.

Third, you must never make mention of gentlemanly and efficient hotel clerks, massive and brilliant railroad conductors, beautiful and accomplished steamboat captains, and the like. The dead-head literature of this age is more servile and nauseating than the old time dedications to patrons.

Fourth, after election you must not print "Now that the smoke of the late political conflict begins to lift from the battlefield of the contending tickets, and corrected lists of the killed, wounded, and missing are beginning to come in," etc.,—or words to that effect,—oftener than once in two years.

Fifth, you must condense the news, each week, into a single article, to be written, not clipped; and you must honestly give credit not only for what you copy, but for what you condense, from other papers.

Sixth, your paper must be of fair size and well printed, and must be called *The Locofocoville Whig*. Terms, two dollars a year.

If the above proposition and conditions suit you, let me hear from you without delay. Your aunt,

EUNICE HENDERSON.

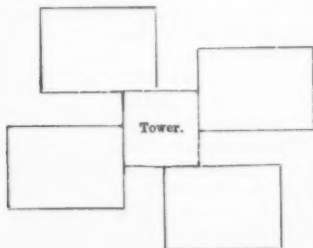
To MR. THOMAS WYKANS,
Harrisburg, Pa.

III.

The above letter soon produced the first number of the *Locofocoville Whig*. From that time to this, only two Saturdays have passed without the appearance of a number of that paper. The non-appearance of the *Whig* on these two Saturdays is what I have set out to explain.

My aunt was a tall, bright-eyed, broad-shouldered lady of forty-five or thereabouts. She was a hearty hater of meanness, and a merciless contemner of shams and quacks. She was bountiful to the poor, especially the disreputable poor, against whom all other hands were closed. Her position as a lady of wealth and influence enabled her to indulge in some eccentricities and disregard some conventionalities. Wherever she went with her long, rapid, elastic steps, she carried with her a breezy atmosphere of good sense and good feeling. She was the most magnetic person I ever saw. It was impossible to be in her company without being influenced by her strong, healthy, and slightly whimsical nature. She was an insatiable reader of the English classics, and of such modern English literature as is destined to become classic. Locofocoville was intensely democratic, and my aunt was the staunchest of whigs. Nevertheless she was so popular there as to be regarded in the light of a cherished institution rather than a favored individual. She was a childless widow, and was by far the richest person in the neighborhood.

She lived in a curious, rambling house, or collection of houses, built by her to take the place of a former residence which had been burned down. This villa was built of stone and roofed with sheet iron, and was as nearly fire-proof as the building facilities of Locofocoville would permit. The main buildings, four in number, were two stories high, and arranged about a three-story tower, thus:



The main entrance was through the tower. In the centre of the tower was

a grand circular stairway. All the rooms were spacious and lofty, those in the second stories of the main buildings and that in the third story of the tower being vaulted. This mansion stood, and still stands, about a mile from the village, in the middle of a large farm.

"My dear Tom," said my aunt, "I can endure as much of my own society as most people; but I do sometimes get a little lonely. You must come and stay with me. It will be a deed of charity. There is a fair library here, and you can have your choice of half a dozen rooms."

I selected the third story of the tower, partly because it commanded a fine prospect in every direction, and partly because I thought I should be less liable to be disturbed there than elsewhere. In the latter particular I was disappointed. The tower communicated, either immediately or by means of a short passage, with every room in the house; it being a cardinal principle in my aunt's theory of house-building that one should never be compelled to pass through one apartment to reach another. This arrangement, aided by the grand stairway in the middle of the tower, made my room a gathering-place for all the noises in the house. One who has never occupied a room so situated cannot readily imagine what a perfect whispering gallery it is. I remained true to my first choice, however, partly because I did not like to lose any of the prospects commanded by my windows, but mainly because I did not like to confess that I had made a foolish selection; still less, that I had been an involuntary listener to nearly every word that had been spoken in the house while I was in my room.

Independently of my aunt's liberal patronage, my paper succeeded far better than I had anticipated. The village already had a democratic paper. This organ of public sentiment complimented the typographical get-up of my first issue, but deplored its politics; wished the newcomer success, but could not venture to predict as much. After that my neighbor pitched into me in the approved swash-buckler style of newspaper controversy in those days. Having learned

that my paper was largely patronized by Mrs. Henderson, he was never tired of calling me the nephew of my aunt. I drew the sting of this nickname, I find on reference to my files, by the following somewhat turgid paragraph:—

"The Herald" (that was the name of the rival print) "having learned that this paper is much indebted to the liberality of Mrs. Henderson, and that we are related to that lady, took occasion in a recent issue to call us 'the worthy nephew of his aunt.' We esteem this a high compliment and a neat witticism. We are grateful to our neighbor both for his civility and for his wit, qualities rare enough to deserve favorable mention whenever they appear."

Further than that, I took notice of no attacks that were made upon my paper, but pursued the journalistic path marked out by my aunt's letter. The Herald and other democratic newspapers thereabout soon tired of berating a paper which could not be provoked into an unfriendly utterance, even by way of retort. The editor of the Herald was a good fellow. He and I soon became warm friends. Many of the persons to whom my aunt caused copies of my paper to be sent became subscribers on their own account. As long as she lived my aunt kept her list full, and she took measures, as will presently be seen, to have a similar list kept full after her death so long as I should be a newspaper publisher. This continued gratuitous distribution of a thousand extra copies of the Whig, while it added appreciably to my paper bills and press-work, proved an unequalled advertisement. Since my aunt's death I have continued to sow broadcast a thousand extra copies of my paper every week, for a reason which will soon appear, and have reaped a satisfactory harvest of patronage. My advertising business has been quite as much enlarged in this way as my sales of papers. My systematic abstinence from newspaper warfare has probably caused a small class of readers to reject the Whig as an insipid affair. But it has met the approbation of a larger and better class, to whom a country publisher

must look for his permanent supporters. In short, I have good reason to be satisfied with my own mode of publishing a rural newspaper, and I take this occasion to acknowledge that I probably should have come far short of striking out so successful a line of tactics for myself if left to my own devices. I am quite clear that my aunt's good advice was of more value to me, as a publisher, than her great liberality.

IV.

One evening late in July, the second summer following the establishment of my printing-office, I carried up to my room in my aunt's house a big bundle of exchanges, and went to work upon my weekly news article.

I was and am still in the habit of bestowing much labor upon that article. I try not only to collate a complete synopsis of current events, but to weave into it such original reflections, grave and gay, as are worthy to be printed. It requires more tact and judgment, and far more labor, than ordinary readers would suppose, to prepare such an article. The several items of news as they come to hand have to be epitomized on separate slips of paper, and a sort of reportorial perspective has to be observed, by which events are given prominence and space in proportion to their importance. Doings otherwise equally momentous or frivolous are, for the editor's purpose, important in the inverse ratio of their distance from the office of publication. After the news article is in type and "made up," items of intelligence that come to hand have to be thrown into a chaotic postscript. Gentlemen who have from time to time filled my editorial chair in my absence have found this same news article their greatest difficulty. I worked at my task until after midnight without interruption. True, I heard the nightly discourse between James and Maggie Penfield, my aunt's right-hand man and woman, when they retired to their room over the dining-hall, and I heard the two servant

girls exchange confidences and compare notes as they lingered in the passage which led to their dormitories; but these eavesdroppings of the household gossip had long since ceased to annoy or hinder me.

About half an hour after midnight I heard a faint, scraping noise somewhere down-stairs. At first I paid no attention to it. Just as I began to wonder what it could mean, it ceased altogether.

I had now finished my night's labor and was busy revising and arranging my manuscript. While puzzling intently over an involved and stilted paragraph, and trying to reform it by erasures and interlineations, I was startled by unmistakable sounds of stealthy, muffled footsteps below. My first thought was of robbers. Pshaw! said I to myself, it is only aunt or one of the servants out of bed and walking barefoot. Having settled down in this belief, I resumed my labor and continued it perhaps five minutes, occasionally hearing but giving no heed to soft footfalls.

Suddenly came my aunt's voice, demanding sternly, "Who's there, and what do you want?" Then followed a confused sound of many muffled footsteps, a pistol-shot, a groan, and a heavy fall. I seized my revolver and precipitated myself down-stairs, I know not how.

The front-door of the tower was open and the moon was shining in. My aunt in her white night-clothes was lying on the floor near the foot of the stairs. Three men were running down the pathway leading to the high-road, one of them considerably behind the others. I fired all the barrels of my revolver after the retreating figures. The hindmost man stumbled at the second shot, but instantly regained his feet and fled faster than before.

I went to my aunt, lifted her from the floor, carried her to her room, and laid her on her bed. It seemed to me that she gasped for breath while I was carrying her. Probably I was mistaken, for it afterwards appeared that she had been shot through the heart.

It was not until I had lighted a candle

that Maggie Penfield, the biggest and bravest of the servants, made her appearance.

"Maggie," said I, "call your husband and the girls. Your mistress is murdered!"

Maggie seemed stupefied. I repeated my order again and again before she appeared to comprehend it. At last she lighted a lamp, took my candle, and went and called the other servants, who had all been awakened by the first pistol-shot, but had remained quaking in their beds.

I explained to them what had happened as well as I could, and told them to run to the village and call the doctor, the sheriff, and the magistrate. Nobody stirred.

"If you are afraid to go," I said, "stay here, and I will go."

"Indeed, sir, they are afraid to go or stay, I do be thinking; and small blame to them," said Maggie. "I'll go, sir, and you can trust them to folly me."

Suiting her actions to her words, the brawny Irishwoman started off at a great pace, closely followed by the other servants. I did not realize, until I saw them pass into the moonlight, how scared and wild they all appeared; nor did it occur to me until many days afterwards that the whole party wore shoes without stockings, that the women were clad in their scanty summer night-gear, or that James had progressed with his toilet only so far as to slip into his pantaloons and fasten one suspender.

When they were gone, I took the lamp and examined the premises for traces of the murderers. The front-door had doubtless been opened by means of a pair of nippers inserted into the key-hole, so as to seize and turn the key, which was in the lock. Upon examining the key, I found the end of it worn quite bright. Evidently the nippers had slipped many times, and that was probably the cause of the scraping noise I had heard.

There was a sort of vault under the stairs on the first floor of the tower. It appeared like an ordinary closet, but

was lined with iron, and had an iron door painted to resemble wood. There my aunt kept her valuables in an old-fashioned strong-box, fastened with a padlock, which could have been carried off bodily by two strong men. The murderers had opened the vault, probably with a skeleton key, and it had doubtless been their intention to rifle or carry off the strong-box. My aunt, whose courage amounted to positive contempt of danger, had come among them in time to prevent them from meddling with it. I thought it more than likely that she had seized one of them, intending to hold him until she could summon help, and had thus met her death.

After examining the interior of the house pretty thoroughly, I went outside to look for tracks, but found none. I then remembered that all the footsteps I had heard had been muffled, as though made by one walking without shoes. I concluded that the murderers had worn moccasins,—then somewhat in vogue in that part of the country. They would make no impression on the firm turf and hard, graveled walks around the house.

Having made these observations, I returned to the room where my aunt's body was lying.

I set the lamp on the mantel, where it shone full upon the dead face. The expression was stern, but not pained nor angry. I leaned against the mantel and watched those rigid features, I know not how long. It seemed to me that my messengers would never return. My thoughts would not stay fixed upon any subject. While speculating as to the probability of my having wounded one of the flying murderers, I wandered off into a series of crude reflections upon the imperfections of my revolver, an old-fashioned bundle of small, short barrels turning around a common centre, and forming a fire-arm of little range and less accuracy. The boys used to call such weapons Allen's pepper-boxes, if I remember rightly. My mind went along this irrelevant track, until I fancied I had invented a better repeating pistol. I was going on to apply the principle of my invention to rifles, mus-

kets, and cannons, when I became suddenly conscious of the impertinence of such a train of thought at such a time. I then began to think of the sterling qualities of the deceased, and her great kindness to me. My thoughts ran back and forth along the line of her history, but soon stole away into idle conjectures concerning an old gray horse which had long been a pensioner in her pastures and stables. I struggled to construct some theory which should account for his being named Black Prince, he being, as I have said, a gray horse. I was about surrendering my judgment to the feeble surmise that he had originally been black and had turned gray from old age, when I was startled by what seemed to be a change in the expression of the dead face. My aunt seemed to be smiling grimly, as she had been wont to smile when she heard or read a foolish thing.

Of course I understood instantly that the appearance was due to the flickering of the lamp, caused by a light breeze, just then springing up. I set the lamp out of the draught, and doing so threw the light on the profile of the dead face. This seemed to give it the expression which it had generally worn during the sermons of our excellent, prosy minister, an expression of mingled weariness and resignation highly edifying.

This new fancy was leading me into a maze of nonsense concerning sermons, when I heard the voices of approaching people. They soon arrived,—the servants, a physician, a magistrate, the sheriff, the minister, three or four other gentlemen, and two ladies. I told them my story with much difficulty. I had not been conscious of grief, but now I felt an aching in my throat which rendered me almost speechless. I could only give the merest outline of what had happened, before I broke down and wept like an infant. My grief was contagious. The house was filled with the lamentations of the women, and the men were visibly affected. At last Maggie Penfield took me by the arm and led me to my room. I sobbed myself to sleep, and did not awake until ten o'clock or later.

When I came down-stairs I found that a coroner's inquest had been organized, and that the servants had already been examined. Of course I was called upon to state under oath what I knew of my aunt's death. I did so as clearly and succinctly as possible. The doctor then examined the wound, and testified that the deceased had been shot through the heart, the appearance of the wound indicating that the murderer had been sitting or lying on the ground when he fired. The verdict of the coroner's jury was to the effect that the deceased had come to her death by a gun-shot wound at the hands of some person unknown.

It was now Saturday, my publication day. The editor of the *Herald* behaved very handsomely. He went to my office and helped the foreman prepare the "inside" of the paper for the press, himself furnishing a well-written account of the murder and a generous tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The funeral took place on Monday. I went from the grave to my office, and resumed my editorial labors. On the Thursday following, the papers of the deceased were examined in the presence of such of her relatives and those of her deceased husband as chose to be present. Her lawyer readily found a will which he had drawn only a few weeks before. My aunt's husband had left all his property to her. In her will she had scrupulously given all that had belonged to him to his brothers and sisters in common. A considerable portion of her estate, however, had belonged to her in her own right before her marriage. This she divided among her own relatives. I was liberally provided for. The homestead farm and the library were left to me, and I was named in the will as sole executor and residuary legatee. There was a passage in the will enjoining it upon me to continue the publication of the *Locofocoville Whig* newspaper at least ten years after her death, if I should so long survive, and while I should publish the paper to distribute weekly one thousand copies of it to non-subscribers; it being left to my honor to fulfill her wishes in these respects.

V.

The sheriff and his deputies and not a few volunteers were very busy during the five days succeeding my aunt's death, trying to find her murderer and his companions, or some clew whereby to trace them; but all in vain. This signal want of success on the part of the officers probably set somebody to thinking—I never knew who started the idea—that they were on the wrong trail. The day after the reading of the will, as I went to my office, I met two or three people with whom I was acquainted. They answered my morning salutations hurriedly and constrainedly, and got out of my way as quickly as possible. I paid little attention to these things at the time, as I was very much preoccupied, but I soon had occasion to recall them. When I arrived at the office, every one there looked at me in a strange way, but none of them spoke to me as I passed to an inner room where I had set up my sanctum. They acted, so it seemed to me, as people do when surprised by the sudden appearance of a person about whom they have been talking. As soon as I had closed my door a buzz of earnest whispering sprung up in the outer room, which I could hear, but no word of which I could distinguish.

There was then in the office an old tramping "jour," an Englishman and a thorough-going vagabond. It was then a rule among printers that a journeyman on his travels, and out of money, had to be furnished with employment at whatever office he applied for it long enough to enable him to earn the means of continuing his rambles, even if a regular "hand" had to surrender his "case" temporarily to make room for him. Taking advantage of this regulation, old George Armstrong had tramped wherever the English language was put in type. He affected a seedy, moldy style of gentility. He had an eccentric habit of purchasing a quart of whisky once in two or three weeks, retiring from the busy haunts of men, and lying drunk as long as the liquor lasted. This

habit he justified upon the ground that it was expensive and ungentlemanly to drink at the bars of public-houses. This demoralized disciple of Faust came to me in my room, and desired to settle, saying that he intended to resume his travels at once.

"I thought you meant to stay with us a few days longer, Mr. Armstrong," said I. "We have so much job-work on hand that you will leave us short-handed if you go now."

"I had intended to work here a few days longer," said he, "but the fact is, sir, I don't think the office can go on much longer."

"The office can't go on much longer! What ails the office?"

"If you don't know it, sir, you ought to be told. You are suspected of the murder of your aunt. A great excitement is getting abroad in the street. You are in danger of violence every moment. If I might venture to advise, sir, I should say you ought to take prompt measures for your own safety. I need not say, sir, that I have traveled too far and have seen too many men to doubt your innocence; but I do assure you, sir, the people are greatly excited. The popular fury is spreading from fool to fool like a prairie fire in a high wind. Oh, sir, I have reason to know what a hopeless thing it is to face the blind fury of a mob! No wise man will risk it. I am too old and worthless to be of any use to you in this emergency. Please pay me my little wages and let me go."

I paid the old fellow what he claimed, and he was gone before I had fairly realized the full import of his words. When he was gone and I had time to reflect, all the strange conduct I had witnessed that morning came back to me with awful significance.

I wrote a brief note to the sheriff, saying that I had just heard that I was suspected of the murder of my aunt, and requesting him to come and take me into custody at once. This note I committed to my printer's devil, an inky little Arab, true as steel and cunning as a ten-year-old fox. (He is now the

publisher of an orthodox religious newspaper.)

I watched my messenger from my window. He comprehended the situation better than I did. Instead of going into the street with my note in his hand, he hid it in his hideous paper cap, took a water-pail in one hand and a big brush, used for cleansing type, in the other, and sauntered out, whistling a negro melody, until he had got beyond the crowd which had already gathered in formidable numbers in front of the office. Then he dropped his impedimenta and ran like a hunted squirrel.

The sheriff soon came with a posse of about twenty men. They placed me in their midst and marched away with me at once. The sheriff explained to me that any attempt to have an examination before a magistrate would be dangerous; that my only safety lay in being lodged without delay in jail. It was about a quarter of a mile from my office to the jail. The crowd around us became more numerous and demonstrative, every step. But the sheriff and his posse were resolute men, besides being leading citizens, and were ostentatiously well armed. No actual violence was offered, though many threats were made by the howling crowd.

The sheriff did not content himself with locking me in the jail. He put me in the single felon's cell, which was fortunately vacant at that time. I was not ironed. A chair, a mattress and blankets, a small stand, and writing materials were furnished me, and I was made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Fortunately for me, none of the sheriff's officers believed in my guilt. There was therefore no danger of collusion with the mob. The sheriff and his men believed in my innocence, probably, as much because of their unwillingness to admit to themselves that they had been on the wrong track thus far, and had missed the true theory of the case altogether, as for any other reason. When a man's good opinion of his own sagacity is enlisted in your favor, you can depend upon him.

The sheriff himself had been a soldier in the earlier part of his career. He was a big, burly, good-natured, bald-headed fellow, and immensely popular. I could not have named another man under whose protection I should have felt as safe as I did under his.

From the time that I was locked up until late that night, a numerous and noisy crowd hung around, keeping one another up to the highest pitch of excitement and continually threatening to tear down the old jail to get at me. They were led by one Stanley, a bully and a ruffian of the lowest type. There was a little grated window in the felon's cell, about five feet from the floor, but fully nine feet from the ground outside. About midnight, Stanley and several others approached this window. Stanley placed a light ladder against the wall and was proceeding to mount it, with a pistol in his hand, when Charlie (that was what everybody called the sheriff) suddenly appeared to him, knocked his ladder down, and seizing him roughly by the collar whispered something in his ear. The ruffian slunk back, cursing terribly but still retreating. His curses were all directed at me, not one of them at Charlie.

"Boys," said the sheriff in his deep, good-humored tones, "go home, every man and mother's son of you, or I'll put you all in the bull pen, if I have to build a new one to hold you. Stanley, if you meddle with this building again, I'll send you off, a quarter of a pound at a time. Come, boys, you know I'm boss here. Clear out! I an't a-going to set up all night to watch your damn nonsense. Clear out! Clear out!"

"Nobody blames you, Charlie. You're doing your duty," said a voice in the crowd, and the mob gradually drew off. When they were gone, the sheriff came to the cell and brought me what he called a "hoss" pistol and a good supply of ammunition.

"I'm going to bed," said he. "I've bea up most of three nights runnin'. If nothing happens, shan't get up till towards fall. If any son of a gun shows his nose at that gratin' you just pop him,

and I'll get up and bury him. Good night."

"Good night, Charlie. God bless you!"

I was young then, and strong of nerve; but I did not sleep until after nine o'clock next morning.

VI.

The Locofocoville jail was a primitive structure, built of hewn logs. With the exception of the felon's cell it was not esteemed a specially strong place of durance. Charlie used to say it was easier to get out of the old trap than to get into it. But the felon's cell was there regarded as a masterpiece of dungeon architecture. The floor of this apartment was about two feet higher than the main floor of the building, and the space below it, clear down to the ground, was filled with solid masonry. The door was made of two thicknesses of boiler iron, strongly riveted together. The walls were lined with a single thickness of the same material, and further fortified by perpendicular bars of wrought iron placed about a foot apart and kept in place by strong staples.

About noon, the second day of my incarceration, Charlie brought in a justice of the peace, saying that he felt a little streaked about keeping me there without a regular commitment, and had brought the squire to fix up the papers. The justice advised me that all I had to do was to waive an examination.

"You see," said Charlie, "we got the minister to make the complaint. Preachers and women always think everybody guilty. But the parson is down on mob law; so he made the complaint to have you tried and hung regular and legal. I'll bet two dollars and a half he's got his prayer for the hangin' all writ out and larnt by heart. Oh, say! We've got Mick Mullen, the Irish hoss-thief, and I believe he'll let some light into this case of ours. You know there's a regular nest of hoss-thieves and cut-throats just over the county line. He don't belong to them; he plays a lone hand mostly; but he'll be likely to know

where they are; and wherever they are, they 're the men we want, or I 'm a teapot."

I waived examination, and the justice committed me in due form. I suspected from his manner that he was of the same opinion as the minister. What little he said to me was in the severest and most frigid tone, and he looked dissatisfied and sour, I thought, at the favor which Charlie showed me.

When he was gone, Charlie told me that the popular excitement had somewhat abated, but that it would still be unsafe for me to appear in the streets, and that the belief in my guilt was gaining ground because of his continued ill-success in finding any trace of the true criminals.

"You can stay in this 'ere hole," continued he, "or you can take your chance with the jail-birds in the big room, just as you like. I an't a-go'in' to treat you like a murderer for the parson, nor the squire, nor a ten-acre lot full of old grannies."

I told him I preferred to stay where I was.

"The devil of it is," said he, "I 'm afraid I shall have to put that derved hoss-thief in here. You see, he 's a regular jail-smasher, and I might as well turn him into Deacon Smalley's lot with a wire fence around it, as to try to keep him in this old crib anywhere but right here."

"Well," said I, "put him in here, if you must. If I can't stand him, I 'll let you know."

Soon afterwards the cell was opened, and another mattress was brought in and placed as far from mine as the space would permit. Then came Mick Mulen, heavily handcuffed and shackled, and then the double iron door was closed, locked, and barred.

I was sitting at my little stand, writing by the dim light of the grated window. Mick was then a burly young fellow, with a close-cropped round head, laughing blue eyes, lips pushed forward by his front teeth, and a general expression of good-humored recklessness. He regarded the internal fortifications of the

cell with a comical look of feigned despair, threw himself upon his mattress, and went to sleep.

A little after sundown our suppers were brought in. I speak of suppers in the plural number advisedly, for there was a marked disparity between the choice meal which Charlie sent me from his own table and the mush and molasses provided by the county for poor Mick. The keeper who brought the viands disappeared, and locked and bolted the door. His coming had aroused Mick. Up to that time not a word had passed between us.

"My friend," said I, "you see they have sent me a better supper than yours. It won't pay to insist upon knowing why. They do it, you see, and perhaps they will do it again and again. Now it happens that I am fond of mush and molasses. When I was a little boy, I used to wonder why other people could n't have mush and molasses every day as well as prisoners. If it will suit you, I propose that we make a mess of whatever they send us, and take our meals together as long as we both stay here."

"Saving your presence, sir," said Mick, scratching his head with the peculiar air of a handcuffed man, but with a puzzled air nevertheless, "saving your presence, sir, I find it hard to believe that you or any other gentleman should like mush and molasses; the devil fly away with 'em, I say. But your offer is a handsome one, and I 'll not be so ill-mannered as to refuse it."

"Do you smoke?" said I, after we had finished our supper.

"Faith, I 'd like to give up half my meat for the free use of my old pipe," said Mick. "But the blackguards took it from me when they put me in here."

"I have a box of cigars," said I. "If you can console yourself for the loss of your pipe with one of these, you are welcome."

Mick took a cigar, and managed to place it between his lips and light it with his iron-clad hands so deftly that I began to doubt whether handcuffs amounted to a serious inconvenience or not.

Before we had finished our cigars, we heard the keeper undoing the numerous fastenings of the cell door. With motions quick and noiseless as a cat's, Mick placed his mush plate and spoon on his own side of the cell, so that it might appear that we had each supped by himself, and stretched himself on his mattress. When the keeper came in to remove the supper things, my fellow-prisoner was apparently in the midst of a story concerning the breaking of a colt.

When he was gone Mick resumed and finished his cigar with great apparent relish.

"I suppose," said he, after a long silence, "you know I am in here for horse-stealing, with a fine prospect of being set up in the tailoring business in the big stone house beyond."

"I have heard something of it."

"It may be impolite of me, but I can't help being half dead with trying to guess how you come to be in here, with your cigars and your matches, your pens and your paper, your beefsteak and mashed potatoes, your pickles and plum pie, and never a taste of cold iron about your clothes. I never saw the like in any jail I was ever in. It beats me intirely."

I gave my fellow-prisoner a brief account of the murder of my aunt and the subsequent facts which led to my imprisonment. Mick mused a long time over my story. At last he said,—

"Faith, it's time you were getting ready to get out of this."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. When the grand jury come together, they will find a bill against you for murder in the first degree; then the petit jury,—bad luck to the block-heads,—they will find you guilty, and your friend Charlie will have to hang you if you don't get away from here. That's what I mean."

"But I am innocent. No jury can find me guilty."

"Can't they, though? What ails them that they can't? I've been tried for horse-stealing three times. Twice I was acquitted; I was guilty both times. And once I was convicted of stealing a horse

I had never seen. Many an honest man has been hanged with far less evidence against him nor there is against you. If your neck is any convenience to you, you just take it away from here. If you leave it here long, it will be ruined."

"But the real murderer may be found, you know."

"True; and that's just the only chance you've got if you stay here. And that same is almost no chance at all. I know who shot your aunt almost as well as if I had seen him do it. But there's blamed little show for catching him, and no evidence against him, that I can see, if he should be caught."

"Who was it?"

"I've no doubt it was Johnny Grant. The three Grants are great scoundrels, none too good to rob your aunt's house, and fools enough to make just such a mess of it as they did. Johnny is a feeble creature and a great coward. I think it was he that shot the old lady. Either of the others would have got away from her without shooting. They are clumsy thieves, the Grants, but they are good at hiding. They know every acre of the country for scores of miles hereabout. I warrant you they have n't been out of the woods in the day-time since the murder. But at night they have n't let the grass grow under their feet. They're far enough from here by this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you talk of my leaving here as though I had only to put on my hat and walk away. Don't you know that I am duly committed as well as yourself? Indeed, I am faster bound than you, for my case is not bailable and yours is."

"One thing at a time. The necessity of leaving here is what we are talking of now. The means of getting away will require our undivided attention when they come up for consideration, as they say in Congress. Johnny Grant is most likely the man, partly because the Grants are the only men in this region bad enough for such a job, and partly because they have disappeared and nothing can be heard of them in any direction. Charlie hopes to get on their track yet, but I can't see that he has

the ghost of a chance, though he has sent to the city and got a regular detective to hunt for them and work up the case generally. You see he feels mighty big after catching and caging me. I sing small enough in here just now, but among horse-thieves and their good friends, the sheriffs' officers, I am a man of mark. You see, I'm known far and wide as Mick Mullen, the Irish horse-thief, and yet I have been running at large where everybody knows me, a long time, because proof enough to hold me to bail couldn't be mustered against me."

"How, then, did you get the name of horse-thief?"

"Oh, I thought I told you before that I had been three times tried for horse stealing, and once found guilty. The time I was convicted I was innocent, and the missing horse was found dead in the owner's back lot about a week after the trial. Meantime I had made a hole in the jail the night before the day I was to have started for the State prison. Afterwards I went back into the same neighborhood as bold as a lion. The people owned that they had been too fast, and did nothing about the jail-breaking. But the name of horse-thief stuck to me. I had to thrash three or four fellows for calling me horse-thief to my face, to say nothing of one raw-boned old blatherskite who thrashed me by the same token. For some time it was the fashion to get out a warrant for me every time a horse came up missing. After a while they gave up arresting me without proof. I had n't been tapped on the shoulder for more nor three years, when Charlie came and told me I was wanted the day before yesterday."

"Take another cigar. What did Charlie want you for this time?"

"Thank you. Well, you see about two years ago I sold a jet-black gelding to a man about two hundred miles from here. I had not intended to sell the horse there, so I was n't disguised at all. But the man was to start for Texas in a week, so I ventured to let the brute go. Well, sir, matters took some turn that the old grampuz did n't go to Texas at

all, but stayed where he was, and kept the horse. In about three weeks the horse began to look gray and rusty loike, in spots, and he kept fading from week to week and from month to month till he was milk-white. The old *lunatic* that had him thought he was a great natural curiosity, and went spreading his fame far and woide, instead of passing him along fair and soft like a sensible man. The old idgeot even made affidavits that his horse had turned from black to white in less nor nine months, and had them published in the newspapers. An old neighbor of mine, who had lost a fine white gelding, happened to read an account of this miracle, and went straight to where the wonderful animal was and identified it as his own property. The old fool that bought the horse gave such an accurate account of the personal beauty of the gentleman from whom he purchased, that it all led to my being here this blessed night.

"Confound the women," continued Mick. "There was a pretty girl in that village that did use to show me her white teeth, whenever I saw her, until I got spoony loike. It was visiting her I was when I sold the horse. I never disguise myself when I go coorting, and I always do when I go horse-trading."

"Do I understand you to mean that horses can be colored so as to deceive a man with half an eye?"

"Well then, they can; but it requires an artist to do it, and he must have the genuine material to do it with; none of your stuff such as gentlemen use to turn their hair and whiskers purple and pea-green and the color of a new-blacked stove. That sort of stuff won't do at all. A sensible baby knows better nor to pull such whiskers, for fear of soiling its fingers. You see, when I was a gossoon of a boy, I knew a quare little old woman who used to go pottering about Dublin, fixing up old boys and girls to pass for young gentlemen and ladies. I did now and then a good turn for the poor old body, and she took a mighty loiking to me. From her I learned how to make a vegetable hair-dye that leaves the hair looking natural and glossy, and soft as

though no dye had ever been near it. I could make a bar'l of it for two dollars."

"Don't it color the skin as well as the hair?"

"'Tis sure not to color the skin if it don't touch it. I told you before, it takes an artist to put it on. For that reason it would never be salable as a hair-dye. I can dye a horse from head to tail in half an hour so that you would swear it was born black."

"I suppose black horses are safe from your art."

"Indeed they 're not, then. There 's a nice decoction of my own invention that will transform a black or dark brown horse to a beautiful sorrel. It takes longer to doctor a black horse nor any other, but he 's more durable when fixed. With a little touching up now and again he can be made to last a year as bright as Bussayphalus. Shearing will work wonders with the color of some horses, but that requires great care and plenty of time, and the effect is not much more durable nor dyeing. I would n't recommend a new hand to try clipping."

"How do you disguise yourself when you go to sell one of your improved horses?"

"Hardly ever twice aloike. 'Tis mighty quare, I can't speak common English without an Irish accent, but I can speak broken English like a Frenchman or a Dutchman, or any foreigner I ever saw, to the life. I can even come the Quaker dodge to perfection. I'm mighty strong as an old Irishman who speaks every word with a big brogue. I'm a fair lowland Scotchman, at a pinch, and, if I say it myself, I'm the best big Indian in America. I have a little place somewhere south of the Canada line and west of the Atlantic, where no man ever saw me, and where I keep a nice lot of wigs and whiskers and spectacles and a few clothes, and two or three tools as well. Faith, you 'd smole to see the quare lot of traps I have there, and it 's no lie I'm telling you, I made most of them myself, at odd times."

"Now, sir," continued Mick, "if a poor felly that wishes you well would

tell you how to get out of this place and clean away to Canada, what would you say to him?"

"I should ask him to give me at least one night to consider his offer."

"Very well; sleep on it, and let me know your moind to-morrow or the next day, for this is not a wholesome place, this little private apartment of ours, for men of active habits."

We retired to our respective mattresses. I know not whether Mick slept or not. He lay still, but his breathing did not seem to me to be deep enough for that of a sleeping man.

As for me, I passed a sleepless night. I understood well enough that Mick wanted me to help him escape. Still I could not but acknowledge the justice of his arguments. The more I examined my situation, the more critical it seemed. My aunt had been killed by a pistol-shot. I had been present, armed with a pistol. I alone had seen the murderers. The slight traces they had left could easily have been simulated by me. I had profited largely by my aunt's death. It would be readily believed that she had told me of the provision she had made for me in her will. I was a stranger in the place. There was no one there to vouch for my previous good character. My unprecedented disregard of all assaults made upon me and my paper by other newspaper men might, and probably would, be regarded by many as evidence of a cold-blooded, calculating nature. And above all, the notion of my guilt had taken a violent hold of the popular mind, consequently every circumstance would be interpreted to my disadvantage. In short, I arrayed against myself a mass of circumstantial evidence which almost made me doubt my own innocence.

Long before morning I had made up my mind to escape with Mick if I could. Having settled that matter, I managed to get a little sleep between daylight and breakfast-time. After breakfast, I told Mick I had resolved to leave Locofocoville at the first opportunity. Before commencing operations, however, I told him I must have time to write a full

statement of my reasons for leaving, so that Charlie might have no just ground of complaint. Mick readily assented to so much delay. It took me all the forenoon to draw up my explanations. At dinner-time Mick confiscated all the bread and laid it aside.

"Dry bread," said he, "is far better nor no food. We may soon see a place where a bushel of dollars would n't buy a peck of potatoes. The dryest crust in life will make us proud men then."

After dinner he asked me for a clean sheet of paper. I gave him one, and he emptied the salt-cellar into it, folded it neatly, and put it away with the bread.

"You can sometimes get meat, and vegetables always, such as they are, in the woods," said he; "but bread and salt, they're hard to come at when you get where the dogs don't bark."

From that time forward, as long as we stayed in the cell, we hoarded nearly all the bread and salt that came in our way, and, thanks to Charlie's liberality, we laid up a fair supply. At Mick's suggestion I also laid by a small plateful of grease. After the dinner dishes had been taken away, Mick called my attention to what seemed to be a speck of dried clay upon the edge of the sole of one of his shoes.

"Just pick out that morsel of putty," said he, "and see what you will find."

In picking out the putty I found the end of a minute saw, made out of the mainspring of a watch, which I drew out of its sheath in the sole-leather with ease. Upon further examination I found that the soles of Mick's shoes contained no less than six of these little saws, some of them with teeth as fine as those of a three-cornered file, and some of them coarse enough to saw wood.

"Now," said Mick, "if you will be at the trouble of unscrewing the buttons from the tail of my coat, you will find them mighty convenient as handles for the little saws."

I did as directed, and found that the two innocent-looking coat-tail buttons were really knobs, admirably contrived for holding the saws, which could be

readily screwed into them. I could not help reflecting that these were probably the only coat-tail buttons in the world capable of serving any useful purpose.

"Had n't I better cut off your handcuffs, the first thing?" said I.

"No, bother the handcuffs; I can work well enough with them on, at anything but scratching my back, and that is a luxury I can't afford just now. We can attend to the darbies after we leave this. We've got to do all our sawing while them devils are keeping up their rumpus in there beyond. It won't do to fiddle with these things at night, at all, at all."

"Why not?"

"Because at night every little noise can be heard. It would be like one of them assault and battery and petty larceny pups to curry favor with the authorities by putting fleas in our ears, if we give him a chance."

Not being willing that my fellow-prisoner should monopolize all the shrewdness and forecast of our enterprise, I took up my mattress and laid it upon his, and commenced operations upon the floor planks where my work would be hidden by my bed, when in place. Mick highly applauded this plan, and went to work diligently cutting the shackles from his ankles, in such a way that he could put them off and on at pleasure, without exposing the cut. I was almost provoked to see with what deliberation and how little haste he worked. For my part, I went at my task with such vigor that I was soon obliged to rest my aching arms and back.

"Fair and soft, my boy," said Mick. "If you go on at that rate you'll be breaking your heart and your back and your saw. Take your time. It's two months and more till court sits."

I soon learned to profit by my fellow-laborer's precepts and example of moderation. I kept at my work steadily, but did not hurry. At the end of our second day's work, I had sawed three of the planks twice across, between two of the joists or "sleepers" upon which the floor rested. Lifting the trap thus improvised, we discovered, as we ex-

pected to do, a mass of rough masonry under the floor.

"If the masons in this country were building prisons for their own mothers-in-law, I do believe they'd sloit their work," said Mick, after inspecting the masonry. "This stone-work is botched, so that a full-blooded bull-pup would scratch his way through it in less nor three hours. We can move this stuff twice as fast as we could take out loose sand, without a shovel. Still, we shall need a bar to get through the foundation-wall, which is decently built, as one can see from the outside."

Mick had divested his legs of their shackles — though he still wore them in the presence of the keeper, for politeness' sake, as he said — and was now busy cutting off one of the upright bars of wrought iron which ornamented the walls of our apartment, intending to use it for a crow-bar. He increased the labor of cutting it a good deal by sawing diagonally through it, so as to make a chisel-shaped end.

It was our uniform practice, whenever we quit work, to replace the saws in their leathern hiding-places and to screw the knobs on the coat-tails where they erst did duty as ornamental buttons. After supper Mick took out and rigged one of the saws, and resumed work, singing a dismal Irish ditty at the top of his voice to drown the noise of the saw, and continued sawing and singing until he had severed the bar. I asked him why he worked at night, contrary to the precaution he had himself recommended.

"I'll tell you why," said he. "I've made up my mind to leave this place to-night. Don't you hear the wind and the rain? 'Tis a perfect deluge that does be coming down. There may n't be another such a night for traveling this sayson. The noise of the storm is elegant, and 'tis safe to last till morn'ing."

The little plate of grease had already been converted into a lamp, by the primitive process of laying in it a slender, twisted rag, with one end extended out on the rim of the plate, for a wick.

At Mick's suggestion I had made the wick very slender, so that it would make a small flame, and consume the grease slowly. At eleven o'clock by my watch we lighted our little lamp, having first darkened the grated window with one of our blankets.

In about an hour and a half we had worked our way through the loose masonry to the foundation-wall. In ten minutes more we had pried out and removed enough of the wall-stones to admit of our crawling through. We then took our store of bread and salt, my few remaining matches and cigars, and Charlie's pistol and ammunition, rolled them up tightly in our blankets, and decamped.

VII.

A thunder-storm was now added to the rain and gale. We left the village with all convenient speed, and took a road leading northward. The storm was terrific. No living creature other than an escaped prisoner would be abroad on such a night. We made our way silently through rivers of mud. Mick led off at a great pace, taking the middle of the road. I kept up with him without difficulty, for I was then a first-rate pedestrian. Occasional flashes of lightning showed us our whereabouts, and enabled us to keep the road. Hour after hour, and mile after mile we went along, splash — splash — splash! the track getting deeper, all the way, until suddenly the storm ceased and the sky cleared, just as the day was beginning to dawn.

We now found ourselves passing a farm-house. A little iron kettle stood just outside the kitchen door. Mick confiscated it, and, signing for me to follow, made straight for a piece of woods which lay back of the house. As I passed the house I deposited two half-dollar pieces on the ground where the kettle had been, determined to keep clear of downright larceny while my money should hold out. By taking a somewhat tortuous route we managed to avoid clearings and still make our

way northward until about an hour after sunrise. It then became impossible to travel further without passing through an open field.

Having ascertained that fact, we retired into a dense thicket and threw ourselves on the ground. It was now early in August. The day began to promise a degree of sultriness which was truly grateful to us, drenched and chilled as we were. Mick then produced a saw with very fine teeth, which we had not used. With this excellent implement I soon relieved him of his handcuffs. These tokens of captivity we buried. Fifteen years afterwards they were plowed up and brought to my office to be noticed in my paper as local curiosities. I crawled to a sunny spot, a little opening in the midst of the thicket, and laid me down to dry, and if possible to get warm.

"That's right," said Mick. "Go to sleep and I'll watch. When you have finished your nap, I'll trouble you to keep a lookout while I take a couple of winks."

I was soon asleep, and did not awake until after noon. When I awoke Mick threw himself on the ground and went instantly to sleep.

I had now nothing to do but to sit still and wait for night to come. How was I to get through the five remaining hours of daylight? My first resource was to count my money. I found that I had with me a little over forty-three dollars. I next cut a very crooked and gnarled beech stick, trimmed off the branches and knots as neatly as I could, and gave it a curiously mottled appearance by chipping away little pieces of the outer bark, so that the spots were disposed in irregular spirals—a style of walking-stick then much affected by youngsters. I then cut and ornamented in like manner a straight beech shillelah for Mick; and was studying what next to do, when Mick awoke.

"Have you looked at the pistol?" said he.

"No, and I was just racking my brains for something to do."

I drew the charge from the pistol, cleaned it thoroughly, and reloaded it.

It was now dusk. Mick helped himself to a small crust, lighted a cigar, took the blankets down from a bush where he had hung them to dry, and wrapped them artistically around our small supply of other movables, including the little kettle, so as to make a compact bundle. He tied this up with a cord which he had manufactured out of moosewood bark, while I slept, slung it across his broad shoulders, took his shillelah in hand, and announced that the time had come for starting.

We crossed a narrow field and took the highway, this time in a westerly direction. We walked at a leisurely pace until we reached a road which crossed the one we had been traveling, at right angles. Mick, to my astonishment, turned to the south. As I was utterly ignorant of the country I was fain to follow where he led.

"How are we ever to reach the Canada line by going southward?" said I.

"This road goes through a sheep-raising neighborhood," answered Mick.

"What do we want of a sheep-raising neighborhood?"

"They keep no dogs down here. They don't know enough about their business to keep shepherd-dogs, and they know too much to keep any others. The dogs have been barking at us ever since we started. There's three of them at it now, fit to split. It will relieve my nerves to be out of hearing of the brutes."

Having no great respect for the delicacy of Mick's nerves, I was not quite satisfied with this explanation; but feeling sure I should get no other at that time, I trudged along in silence. In about half an hour we were free from the baying of watch-dogs. Suddenly Mick seated himself by a large hemlock stump. The moon had been up some two hours, and was shining so brightly that one could read coarse print. Mick deliberately opened his pack, produced our little store of dry bread, took a piece himself, and advised me to eat a bit.

"You see," said he, "one can't make a Christmas dinner of this stuff all at once. Little and often is the way to

keep up your strength on brickbats and rusty nails."

"I am a good deal more thirsty than hungry," said I.

"What an idiot I am!" said Mick.

"There's an elegant spring not more nor a quarter of a mile from here." He tied up the bundle again, leaving out what bread he supposed we should need for that occasion. In a few minutes we reached the spring, which was situated about midway between the road and a fine farm-house, and not more than three rods from either. Here we refreshed ourselves with dry bread and excellent water, and concluded our repast with cigars. While we were smoking we heard a distant clatter of hoofs. Instantly Mick was on his feet and making his way to an embowered summer-house in a garden near the farm-house. I followed, and we were soon seated on a rustic bench, where we could by careful peeping command a view of the road without being seen. Two horsemen soon came, dismounted at the gate, went to the spring, and drank. As they were talking quite freely, we recognized them as deputy-sheriffs, in search of us. They soon remounted and rode northward.

After they were gone Mick relighted his cigar, saying composedly that he had fully expected that we should encounter sheriff's officers that night; but that as they were sure to be on horseback and to ride so that they could be heard for half a mile or more, he had had no fears of being seen by them.

He then astonished me by dividing his soft felt hat into a hat and a helmet, or night-cap, as you choose to regard it. The latter had been a hat, but was divested of its brim so neatly that when drawn over the un mutilated one the whole structure exactly resembled a single homogeneous hat, of the most common and unstudied character. Between the two there were found bank-bills of various denominations to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars. Mick transferred twenty-five dollars to his vest pocket, replaced the balance between the hat-crowns, readjusted the divided *chapeau*, and put it on his head, remark-

ing that that was the way to make a hat sunstroke-proof.

We went into a piece of woods that lay about half a mile west of the house, and made our way slowly westward until morning; and then started once more due north through a trackless hemlock forest. Owing to the prevalence of west winds in this country the topmost twig of nine hemlock-trees out of ten inclines to the east. This and several other sylvan means of determining the points of the compass were taught me by Mick as we proceeded. After we had tramped through the woods some two hours by daylight, Mick directed my attention to a large gray squirrel.

"That felly," said he, "for all his foppish ways, would help our dry bread a good deal. Will you try the pistol?" I was glad to see an opportunity of rendering essential service in our flight. I am a natural marksman, and I brought down the squirrel at the first shot. As soon as we reached some decently clear water we boiled the squirrel in the little kettle, with some dry bread, and some roots selected and gathered by Mick. This breakfast was a huge success, if enthusiastic appreciation is a just measure of success on such occasions. After breakfast we slept and watched two hours each. We then took up our line of march again due north. During the afternoon I was so fortunate as to bag another squirrel and a partridge. Night found us in the edge of a dense cedar swamp.

VIII.

This swamp was a great triumph of Northern vegetation. It bore a dense, tangled profusion of everything that grows upon low lands in this latitude, and here and there, upon slight elevations were luxuriant growths of upland trees, shrubs, and humbler plants. To one of these elevations we made our way across a quaking bog.

The mosquitoes had troubled us a good deal, that day and the night before. Now they swarmed about us like angry bees, and threatened to consume us.

We lighted a big fire at the foot of a great elm-tree, and numerous smaller ones all around. These latter we partially smothered with turf, in order to make them yield as much smoke as possible. At first it seemed as though the mosquitoes could stand more smoke than we. For some time after lighting our fires, every step we took among the thick vegetation seemed to stir up and provoke to the attack a numerous and hungry swarm. But when our smudges had been playing upon them half an hour or so, the music of their tiny bugles became fainter, and, as the cloud of smoke extended itself farther and farther into the swamp, they gradually ceased to annoy us.

Having procured some passably clear water from a neighboring pool, we dressed our game and cooked it, ate what we needed, and left the rest for breakfast. After supper we spread our blankets near the fire, sat down upon them, lighted our cigars, and betook ourselves each to his own meditations.

The fire-light shone in a bright streak along the nearest side of each surrounding tree, leaving the rest of it in such black darkness as to suggest the notion that some creature might be lying securely in ambush in each great shadow. The play of the light upon the lower side of the verdure overhead tinged the various shades of green with an unwonted ruddiness. As the fire gnawed its way through the thick bark of the great elm and fastened upon its sap-wood, it seemed to be repelled by frequent little angry explosions or "snaps," sounding like the cracking of percussion-caps. There was not a breath of wind astir, but the woods seemed full of noises. I was every moment startled by the breaking of sticks, and the sound of what seemed to be approaching footsteps. Strange calls and cries from birds and beasts began to be heard as the evening deepened into night.

"What's that?" whispered I, referring to light but unmistakable footsteps close at hand.

"'Tis some foolish beast reconnoitring. The silly creatures are mortally

afraid of a fire at night, and yet they can't help prowling around it."

"Then we are safe from four-footed visitors while we keep our fires burning, are we?"

"Yes; they'll keep pottering about close by us; but they won't come near enough to show us the color of their eyes."

Mike collected and disposed near the fire a luxurious and fragrant couch of hemlock and cedar boughs, upon which we spread our blankets and reposed our weary and mosquito-bitten bodies. It will be remembered that we had each taken a pretty substantial nap that day. We were therefore not drowsy, and we put far from us the question who should first sleep and who watch when the time for sleeping should come. There was near us a pond or pool full of noisy bullfrogs. They seemed to have for leader a basso of great power and profundity.

"That old felly moinds me," said Mick, "of an old chap in Philadelphia who did use to stand on the docks when the steamboats came in, and keep saying from the bottom of his stomach, 'Globe Hotel, Globe Hotel, Globe Hotel.'"

"You've lived in Philadelphia, have you?"

"Yes, indeed. I was there more nor a year. It's a drowsy old place, by reason of the streets cutting one another square across, like the lines of a multiplication table. The houses are mostly all aloike, and every house has a nice nurse-maid, leading two nice children up and down in front of it."

"Mick," said I, "when did you leave Ireland, and why? Tell me all about yourself. I'm dying to hear your story."

Mick went to the cigar-box, now running low, took one weed for himself, and tossed one to me. When we had them lighted and were once more upon our couch, each with his head resting on his elbow, Mick proceeded:—

"I suppose I was born in Dublin, though in what corner or cellar or garret I have no idea. My first recollection is of leading an old woman around the streets, who pretended to be blind, but could see like a cat. She called herself

my grandmother. If that was true it was the only truth I ever heard her tell. She begged in the streets, and did a little in the way of looking up good jobs for the burglars. We lived in a cellar in the thieves' and beggars' quarter. Old Mag Runnells—that was the old woman's name—was quite a character there. People who feared the police, or who had stolen something bad to hide or hard to sell, used often to come to her for advice. They always brought with them a bottle of whisky, for devil a word would old Mag say till her whistle was wet. Sometimes a man or woman of our set would want to borrow a small sum of money of her, and would bring some valuable to be left in pawn for the loan. She would say, 'Go away wid yer bawble, and don't be cracking yer jokes on a poor old blind body. If ye'll come back in an hour, maybe I can find some pawnbroker where I can spout it for yees. They all know that ould Mag is honest, and not wan of them fears to put out the money on what she fetches thim. Yes, yes, come back in an hour, honey, and I'll thry what I can do for yees.' Then she'd send me off to play, and while she was alone she would get the money out of some hiding-place she did have somewhere.

"She was not very hard on me. I must say that for her. She did cuff and bang me about a good deal when she was out of sorts or drunk, but she fed me well and clothed me comfortably, and taught me to read and write and reckon, for she was quite a scholar, and had done something at forgery in her day.

"It would have edified you to see the old woman and me on our rounds in the streets. She went always in black, threadbare clothes, with never a speck of dust on them, and the whitest and stiffest starched cap in all Dublin. She did look as decent as a church-warden's widow. Her quare old eyes stared straight before her. She looked blinder nor a wooden god and older nor the Lord Lieutenant's castle. I wore nice, clean, patched jacket and trousers, and a close-fitting skull-cap. Oh, but was n't I the meek, dutiful little grandson, leading his poor blind

grandmother, and did n't I know how to blarney the kind gentlemen and beautiful ladies! We did n't waste much time on the citizens, but devoted our attention mainly to the country gentlemen and country traders and their good wives, who almost always gave us something. We were the best beggars in Dublin. Old Mag used to say that, if one had a talent for it, begging was far more profitable nor stealing, to say nothing of the danger. Sure, the old body had a right to know, for she had tried both. She had been in jail I don't know how often, and had spent fourteen years at Botany Bay.

"Sometimes we would go into a house or shop to beg. If we got nothing else we were sure to get an observation of the premises that might be useful to the burglars. I believe Mag's only notion of honor was that it would be a scaly trick to report a house where the people had given her silver, to the burglars. But woe to those who gave her nothing, or coppers, if there was anything in the house worth stealing.

"These same burglars did use to borrow me now and again of a dark night, to lift me in at windows and poke me through holes where a man could n't go.

"One morning when I was about ten years old, or maybe eleven, I lay in my bed of rags in one corner of our cellar long after I had waked up, wondering why the old woman did n't call me as she used to do. At last I crawled out of my own accord, and went to see what ailed the old body. She was dead. I was a sharp little devil, and hunted the cellar through for old Mag's money, before I called the neighbors. I only found a few shillings.

"Homeless and penniless, I had no resource but to beg and steal in a small way, on my own account, and to help the burglars when they chose to employ me. I ate whatever I could lay my hands on, and slept wherever I could find shelter. Now and again I would make a little raise and buy me some decent second-hand clothing, but most times I was the dirtiest and raggedest little vagabond ever seen out of Dublin. There were

thousands of us little outcasts there, all bound for the gallows or Botany Bay, or some such end.

"When I was thirteen or thereabouts, I went to learn a trade. My handiness at opening doors and windows from the inside, after I had been helped through a sash where a pane of glass had been taken out, attracted the attention of an eminent manufacturer of burglars' tools. His name was Durfee, and he was the most impudent rogue in all Ireland, I do believe; and that's same is saying a great deal for him. His shop was on a respectable street. He pretended to be a gunsmith. But his real business, what kept his forge blazing and his hammer clinking and his file scraping in the little back shop, was making burglars' tools, and such-like deviltry. No man could harden a bit of steel harder nor he could. He was mighty handy, too, working with other metals. He made splendid gold rings for pickpockets, with beautiful little spring-blades in them, elegant for cutting pockets with. He was the inventor of a nice little circular saw which wound up like a watch, and would cut off a steel bar an inch thick with one winding; price, fifty guineas. I had the honor to discover an improvement in this beautiful implement, by which the number of revolutions per second could be doubled without increasing the size of the toy. I have one of them hidden in the heel of my left shoe now. If the saws we used up at Charlie's hotel, beyond, had n't been better for the coarse, easy work we had to do there, we should have had recourse to that same.

"Durfee's wife's brother was a policeman, and lodged with us, and I do believe the honest fellow never suspected that his brother-in-law made anything worse nor elegant dueling pistols, for which he was famous far and woide. I stayed with him until I was about seventeen. Then he, having made a poile of money, bought a nice place about fifteen miles from Dublin, where he set up for a country gentleman and was made a justice of the peace. Before that time I had learned the art of coloring hair, from an old woman I told you of, and out of

pure mischief had tried it on several cats and dogs, and always with perfect success. The idea got hold of me that the art might be applied profitably to horses of the wrong color. Horse-stealing in Ireland is not so easy a business as it is here. Still, it is followed there to some extent. There was always in the thieves' quarter in Dublin two or three horse-thieves from the country, stopping there for their health. I got acquainted with one of these — one Johnston by name, a hard-riding, hard-drinking, red-nosed old vagabond. When he could be kept sober, he was the greatest horse-thief in Ireland. He had no skill in disguising horses, but he could disguise himself beautifully. He could take any character, from that of a colonel of dragoons to that of an old woman, to the life, and it was said among his admirers that he could change characters with his horse on the run. His plan was to steal a horse in one guise, sell him in another, and spend the money in his own proper character. When he and I joined forces I brought my art of dyeing horse-hair into play, and we did a fine business for a few months. We went all over Ireland, and extended our operations into England and Scotland. You see, when a horse has changed color, you can go leisurely and sell him in the best market. We might have done a fine business, but poor Johnston would get drunk. I ran two narrow chances of being arrested and transported, through him, and one day he did get himself in limbo in a country jail in Wales. I smuggled in to him all the jail-breaking machines I had with me, and left the place. What ever became of him I don't know, for just then the whim seized me to come to America, and I went straight to Liverpool and sailed for Philadelphia in the first vessel that cleared for America.

"I operated at house-breaking a little while in Philadelphia. One night an old Quaker waked up unexpectedly. He was a mortal big old broadbrim. 'T is no lie to say he was bigger nor you and I both of us. He dropped down on me like a terrier on a rat, and do what I

would I could n't get out of his clutches. I barked his shins and blacked his oise splendidly. He would n't strike back, but he would n't let go the grip he had on me, nor stop crying 'Police! police!' till I was half-strangled, and in the station-house — bad luck to it for the dirtiest, noisiest, most uncomfortable place that ever a poor devil spent a night in. It happened that I was out that night in the character of a long-haired, big-whiskered Frenchman. I was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth worn smooth and shiny, such as seedy foreign gentlemen mostly do wear, and I pretended to be taking snuff every five minutes. The police searched me carefully and found nothing but my snuff-box and a pair of spectacles. In the morning I was examined before some sort of a city magistrate. I don't know how he was called. I spoke the worst English with the best French accent I could. Old Broadbrim and his family appeared against me. Well, he told them how he caught me and held me, and how I smote him many times and in divers places, trying to get away from him, and how he was sorely tempted to smite me in return. The people in the court-room all laughed, but they seemed to be laughing more at the Quaker nor me. His catching and holding a burglar seemed to be looked upon as a mighty good joke upon him.

"When called upon to give an account of myself, I jabbered away at a great rate in broken English, such as a furious Frenchman uses; I said that the old Quaker and I had been out on a spree together, that he had taken me home with him and then tried to rob me. Then the people all laughed at the old Quaker again, and the magistrate told him he feared he was falling from grace. I made such work talking English, pretending not to know the right word, and humping up my shoulders and spreading my hands abroad, that the magistrate began to jabber at me in French. Oh! but did n't that make the cold sweat start out of me!

"I drew myself up and said, 'Sar, I thank you ver moche. I can English vat you call onderstan ver well.'

"The magistrate then gave me a fine lecture, in the coors of which he got off some French lingo from one of the poets of my own country, as he said; Moleery, I think he called him. He committed me to jail to wait for an indictment, because I could n't give two thousand dollars' bail.

"Two policemen started off with me at once. The police of Philadelphia do be mighty proud of the little trouble they take. They walked along the street with me between them, and never a bit of iron about me. Going to the jail they passed the house where I boarded. The street-door stood a little ajar. I tripped the heels from under the star next the house, and jumped over him and through the door and locked it behind me. There was nobody in the hall but an old Irishwoman, and she was kilt with fright and ran screeching into the kitchen at the sight of me. I bounded up the stairs and into my own room at three leaps. While the policemen were hammering at the door and ringing the bell and sending men to the rear of the house to look out for me, I changed my clothes. I then went out and joined the general hubbub, which was good and loud by that time. The bloody French burglar could nowhere be found. Nobody seemed to think of searching for his coat and breeches and hair and whiskers. The papers had mighty quare accounts of the mysterious affair that evening and the next morning.

"I was tired of Philadelphia and burglary. A nice, cream-colored mare, that could run a bit, turned jet-black one night, and she and I came up into this part of the country, where I have been off and on ever since.

"My little place is a short day's walk from here. To-morrow we will go there and fix ourselves up so that we can strike out boldly for Canada. We can easily bedevil ourselves so that it will be safe for us to travel by stage-coach if we loike."

We mended our fire, and slept and watched by turns till morning. The next day, after tramping and wading

about an hour through the swamp, we struck a narrow, crooked limestone ridge, which seemed to separate two great swamps. This we followed until about six o'clock P. M. We then turned to the left, and followed a spur of the ridge down to its extreme rocky point, just beyond which was a dense thicket of alders and dwarf cedars.

IX.

The mosquitoes were now as troublesome as they had been the evening before. We built our camp-fire against a great boulder, upon the ashes and cinders of many a burnt-out predecessor, and set our picket-line of smudges. While I was busy with these Mick disappeared around the point of the ridge, and soon returned with some crackers, dried beef, ground coffee, loaf-sugar, and pickles. He made another trip and came back with an armful of cooking utensils, tin cups and plates, knives and forks. I had shot a brace of squirrels that day, and we made a sumptuous supper while the mosquitoes were being driven back by the smoke. I then called upon Mick to look the fact in the face that we had but four cigars left. Mick started as if to go around the point of the ridge once more, but changing his mind he went to the side next to us, lifted a large flat stone, and disappeared, feet foremost, into the ground. He soon returned with a liberal supply of smoking tobacco, half a dozen new pipes, and a pint flask of brandy.

"What sort of a den have you here?" said I.

"It cost me many a sore back-ache, that same hole in the ground," said Mick. "You see this spur of yon long ridge is mighty steep and narrow. It is so rocky that digging in it is just quarrying stone. Before I had been in this country many weeks I had occasion to go into the woods and dress a young filly's hair. I happened to come to this very place. When I had finished the job I looked around me and thought this was as good a place as another for a

gentleman of a retiring disposition. I had some hair-dye and some other traps that I did n't care to carry away with me, so I cast about how I might hide them. I bethought me to make a hole in the steep hill-side here and cover it with one of these big flat stones. I did so, and when I did be here afterwards I would be enlarging my cellar every now and then, until at last I had a gallery, loike, from one side of this little ridge to the other. I'll show you to-morrow how you can go in at one side and out at the other."

We were stirring betimes next morning. I will not trouble the reader with a catalogue of the wonders of Mick's cave. It contained a varied and extensive assortment of tools and implements, hair dye and herbs for the manufacture of more, wigs, false whiskers, and disguises of nearly all kinds; dried provisions, tobacco, pipes, liquor, matches, candles, and candlesticks. These and many more miscellanies were stowed away with an economy of space equal to that observed on shipboard. Having a fair knowledge of the German language and literature, and being found upon trial tolerably proficient in that peculiar style of broken English affected by educated Germans, it was at once decided that I should travel in the guise of a German *savant*, making a book on America. A pair of spectacles, a flaxen wig and whiskers, an outlandish, long-tailed coat, and a few touches from the master hand of Mick, metamorphosed me so completely that I almost doubted my own identity.

"Now," said Mick, "if you will but mind your grammar, and will be so near-sighted as to seem to smell of everything you look at, you're safe enough. You'll find the spectacles of great service to you in reading a book with your nose against the leaves. They were selected for that same quality."

Mick arrayed himself in the habiliments of an Irishwoman of mature years and slender circumstances, a character which he adorned with superior and well-sustained acting. Having provided himself with a big bundle, and me with

a queer, foreign-looking portmanteau, he led the way through the woods about two hours, when we emerged into a settlement. We arranged that we should hold little or no communication in public, but should as if by accident stop at the same houses and travel by the same conveyances. In this way we traveled one day by stage and stopped one night at the village of New Moscow, which is, as most of my readers are doubtless aware, about seventy miles north of Locofocoville.

Next morning we paid our fare and took our seats in the stage for Hyperion, a small village near the Canada line. Mick, in his assumed character of an elderly lady, was of course obliged to travel inside, where he amused himself by berating a widower who injudiciously let slip a remark which led to the inference that he was looking for a new wife. In my character of a foreign scholar observing the country and making notes of its resources and the manners and customs of its inhabitants, I rode on the outside with the driver. I plied that functionary with questions and made notes of his answers in a little book I had with me, until in sheer desperation he handed me half a dozen newspapers which he happened to have with him, hoping thereby to escape my inquiries for at least a time. Among the papers which he handed me was the last copy of the Locofocoville Herald. With the instinct of an editor I turned at once to the "local" page, where I met the following article:—

BROKE JAIL!

ESCAPE OF TWO PRISONERS!

One charged with Murder and one with Horse Stealing!—The Modus Operandi of the Escape.—Strange Dénouement.—The Prisoner charged with Murder turns out to be Innocent.—The real Murderer of Mrs. Henderson found at last.—A Dying Confession.

Our readers are aware that Mr. Thomas Wynans, the editor of the Locofocoville Whig, being suspected of the murder of his aunt, Mrs. Eunice Hen-

derson, gave himself up to the sheriff a few days since, and was lodged in our county-jail to protect him from the rising fury of the populace. It will be remembered that in our last issue we expressed our entire confidence in his innocence. Just after our paper went to press last week, and on the same day, a formal complaint was made against Mr. Wynans, and he was regularly committed by Justice Howland to await the action of the grand jury.

Yesterday morning the cell that should have been occupied by Wynans and Mullen was found empty. The occupants—to use the simple but expressive phrase of Scripture—"had departed straightway and gone into another place."

[Here followed a long and graphic paragraph, descriptive of the appearance of the cell and the means by which it seemed to have been broken. The article proceeded:]

Some time during the terrific storm of the night before, some account of which will be found in another column, the jail-birds had flown, leaving no track nor clew by which to trace them. Mr. Wynans left in the cell a written explanation of his motives for breaking jail. He strongly protested his entire innocence of the horrible crime with which he stood charged. In a few brief but eloquent and touching sentences he spoke of his deceased aunt's good qualities, her great kindness to him, his gratitude to her, and his affection for her. He then alluded to the wide-spread belief in his guilt, and proceeded to array in his strongest and most cogent style the circumstantial evidence which could be brought against him, and concluded by avowing his firm belief that notwithstanding his innocence he would be convicted if tried. Self-preservation, he said, was the first law of nature; and he felt fully justified in breaking jail and assisting an avowed criminal to escape, in order to save himself from an undeserved and ignominious death.

We are now at liberty to put our readers in possession of what was then one of the secrets of the sheriff's office. At the instance of our sheriff, an acute and

experienced detective officer had come on from Philadelphia immediately after the murder of Mrs. Henderson. This functionary arrived just as the excitement against Mr. Wynans broke out. The detective immediately repaired to the scene of the murder, and made a thorough examination of the house and its surroundings. Fortunately no rain had fallen since the fatal night. The trained eye of the professional detective immediately took note of many things which inexperienced observers had failed to see.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wynans testified before the coroner's jury that immediately after the murder he had seen three men running down the broad, graveled walk leading from the house to the high-road, that he had fired all the barrels of his revolver after the retreating figures, and that one of them had partly fallen but had immediately regained his feet and fled faster than before. The detective made a searching examination of this walk, and found without difficulty numerous minute blood-stains on the gravel, commencing about thirty paces from the door and extending all the way to the gate. In a search of less than half an hour he picked up more than thirty blood-stained pebbles. He then weighed the bullet found in the body of the deceased. It was nearly three times as heavy as those cast for Mr. Wynans's revolver. It had doubtless been fired from what is commonly called a horse-pistol. An examination of the door-key showed that it had been turned in the lock with burglars' nippers, and that they had slipped probably more than once. At the Whig printing-office was found the manuscript prepared by Mr. Wynans on the night of the murder. There was enough of it to keep a rapid writer busy from early in the evening until after midnight. Of course the detective and all who were cognizant of the facts brought to light by him were fully satisfied of Mr. Wynans's innocence. After that the officers bent all their energies to a search for some trace of the three men, one of whom had doubtless committed the murder, the

other two being present aiding and abetting. Up to forty-eight hours ago this search did not thrive at all. It is needless to say that Mr. Wynans was not informed of the presence of the detective, to say nothing of the discoveries made by him.

Just after the arrival of the detective, Mick Mullen, the celebrated Irish horse-thief, was arrested for a larceny said to have been committed about two years ago. Mick was lodged in the same cell with Mr. Wynans, and was of course thoroughly searched before his incarceration. As usual, it turns out that he was well supplied with implements for cutting his way out of prison.

Immediately after the escape of Mullen and Wynans, the sheriff appointed some thirty special deputies to assist him and his "regulars" in beating up the country far and near. It was believed that Mick was too shrewd to attempt a long flight until the excitement of the search for him and his companion had somewhat abated. It was thought to be characteristic of his audacious confidence in his own resources, to remain in hiding right under the noses of the officers and in full view of their operations. Accordingly the woods and thickets in the neighborhood of Lococoville were subjected to a search of unexampled thoroughness.

No traces or tidings of Mullen or Wynans have been obtained at this writing. But last night a party of special deputies, five in number and consisting of some of our most respectable citizens, in beating up the bush about five miles north of here, suddenly came upon a rudely constructed wigwam in the woods. In it they found John Grant almost at the point of death. He told them that his brothers Philo and Morris Grant had just fled at the approach of the party. He very freely and frankly told them that he was the murderer of Mrs. Henderson; that he and his brothers went to the house on the fatal night and broke in, intending to rob the old lady's strong-box and to carry off any other valuables they could lay their hands upon; that Mrs. Henderson had suddenly come among them

and had seized him with a grip so strong and determined that he was obliged to fire the fatal shot in order to release himself from her hold; that he had been wounded by some person who emptied a revolver after him as they were running away from the house; and that he had become too weak from loss of blood to go any farther, when he and his brothers reached the spot where he then was. It appeared that he had been wounded in the back, the ball having lodged somewhere in his body, and that the wound was now mortified so that he could not long survive. Nevertheless medical aid was procured for him as soon as possible, but in vain. He died this morning at half-past eight o'clock. His dying deposition was reduced to writing in the presence and hearing of numerous witnesses, and is beyond all question true to the letter.

The establishment of Mr. Wynans's innocence, in a way that could hardly have happened but for his and Mullen's jail-breaking escapade, has gone far to reconcile the people and even the sheriff to that rash and lawless act. At any rate, Mr. Wynans will, we are fully authorized to say, be cordially welcomed back to Locofocoville.

Mr. Brock, the foreman in the Whig office, has gathered his printers together, and has made up his mind to publish Mr. Wynans's paper for him, in the absence of the editor-in-chief, to the best of his ability. He informs us that the Whig will be published next Saturday as usual.

After reading the above article, I was, of course, full of impatience to communicate with Mick. I availed myself of the first opportunity to descend from the driver's box and take a seat in the stage. Mick and the widower had suspended hostilities, and were engaged in an animated flirtation. I seated myself *vis à vis* with Mick, and offered him the paper with the highest air of foreign politeness that I could summon. Mick of course understood that there was something in the paper to be read without delay. He accordingly accepted it with a profu-

sion of florid compliments, and betook himself diligently to its perusal. He was not long in finding and devouring the article I have copied. About four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Hyperion. But Mick and I, when we descended from the vehicle, instead of entering the hotel, went off in an easterly direction, he leading the way, and I following at such a distance as not to excite suspicion. We marched in this order until we were well out of the village and upon a by-road where there was no danger of interruption. Here Mick halted until I came up with him.

"Well," said I, "what do you advise?"

"Of course you must go back, and I must go on. Before an hour I will be transformed into a runaway nagur. Won't I have fun, making the abolitionists run me across the border! Sure, I have traveled on the underground railroad more nor once."

"Had I better go back in this disguise, or in my own proper person?"

"You had better go back just as you are, and look the ground over a bit before you announce the return of Thomas Wynans, Esq. Any way, that's my advice."

"You are always right. Now, Mick, my dear fellow, you must allow me to preach a little. You have ingenuity and skill and energy enough for a first-class man. Can't you drop this miserable life of horse-stealing and house-breaking and sheriff-dodging, and go at some honest work? It seems to me that you can do that well enough, if you will only go where you were never heard of, and settle down to business. What say you?"

"I give you my solemn word of honor that I will never break the law again unless it be in the way of jail-breaking, if I should happen to be arrested for some of my old tricks. I have thought the matter all over and slept on it more nor fifty nights. Now go back to the hotel and leave me to my own devices. And may you never hear of Mick Mullen again."

We shook hands and bade each other

good-by with some emotion, for our short acquaintance, and the dangers and toils we had shared, had attached us one to the other more than either of us had realized up to that moment.

Two days' and two nights' staging

brought me back to Locofocoville, where I was received, when I laid aside my disguise, in quite as friendly a spirit as I deserved, and where I have ever since continued to publish the Locofocoville Whig.

D. H. Johnson.

SONNETS FROM OVER SEA.

I.

English Border.

As sinks the sun behind yon alien hills
Whose heather-purpled slopes, in glory rolled,
Flush all my thought with momentary gold,
What pang of vague regret my fancy thrills?
Here 't is enchanted ground the peasant tills,
Where the shy ballad dared its blooms unfold,
And memory's glamour makes new sights seem old,
As when our life some vanished dream fulfills;
Yet not to thee belong these painless tears,
Land loved ere seen: before my darkened eyes,
From far beyond the waters and the years,
Horizons mute that wait their poet rise;
The stream before me fades and disappears,
And in the Charles the western splendor dies.

II.

On being asked for an Autograph in Venice.

Amid these fragments of heroic days
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,
There sits a Fame whose silent trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise;
They had far other estimate of praise
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep
In art and action, and whose memories keep
Their height like stars above our misty ways:
In this grave presence to record my name
Something within me hangs the head and shrinks;
Dull were the soul without some joy in fame;
Yet here to claim remembrance were, methinks,
Like him who, in the desert's awful frame,
Notches his cockney initials on the Sphinx.

J. R. Lowell.

LIGHTNING AND LIGHTNING-RODS.

As we stood before the rich carvings, the bas-relief, and mediæval tracery of an old cathedral in a European city, our eyes wandered upward, beyond the gargoyles, beyond the fretwork, and finally rested, before endeavoring to penetrate the mysteries of a rich cloud-form, upon a little, pointed iron rod. Within the walls of the cathedral, during the grand anthems, our eyes rested upon a chandelier which hung from a great height by a slender rod. It swung with a slow, scarcely perceptible motion, as it did in the time of Galileo. One could see that it moved, by fixing the eye upon a stained-glass image of a saint behind one of its pendants. At regular intervals this passed with a certain measure of impudence over one eye of the grim saint, and then returned from its excursion. "Science, at least, is true," we said to our companion with a sigh of relief as we emerged from the ancient pile. "Yes, but science too has its superstitions," he remarked, pointing upward to the lightning-rod.

Notwithstanding the respect that every native American feels for the name of Benjamin Franklin, there is, we are sorry to say, a wide-spread distrust of lightning-rods; we heard of a man lately who, after having put them upon his buildings, was asked why he did not gild the ends of the rods; he replied that he did not wish to offer any additional inducements. The writer has received letters from remote sections containing honest acknowledgments of a fear of thunder and a respect for lightning, together with plans of houses and barns which bristled all over with lightning-rods; and inquiring as to the probable safety of the inmates. Men often protect their buildings out of a respect to insurance companies, and shudder every time a storm-cloud breaks over their heads.

The ordinary thunder-storm needs no description. Its lightning can be divid-

ed into three classes. The first embraces those discharges which consist of long, straight or zigzag lines of brilliant white light. This phenomenon can be imitated by a Holtz electrical machine provided with powerful condensers. Upon exciting the machine a brilliant spark passes from one of its knobs to the other, which is connected with the ground. In its general character the spark closely resembles the crinkled lightning which is embraced under the first class. The same phenomenon can be produced by exciting a powerful induction-coil, in the circuit of which large Leyden jars are interposed. Upon bringing the terminals of the coil near to each other we have the zigzag line of light and the crackle which characterize lightning of the first class. The second class comprises those flashes which are ordinarily termed sheet-lightning. They light up the overshadowed bosoms of cumuli, showing their pearly folds and chaste recesses. They flash generally from the edges of clouds, not in a line, but with a diffuse glare which is often of a gorgeous hue. Our imitations of this kind of lightning are often hypothetical. If a large exhausted receiver contains the two terminals of an induction-coil, separated from each other by a convenient interval, and the induction-coil is excited, the rarefied space will be filled with a roseate flush of light which strongly reminds us of a certain phase of sheet-lightning. The experiment may be repeated with a tube which is partially filled with a salt of calcium. The beautiful light which manifests itself recalls many memories of actual lightning. The third class of lightning includes those masses of light which Arago classifies under the head of globular lightning. The appearance is like that of a ball of fire, or a meteor.

It is easy to convince ourselves by experiment that lightning chooses the shortest path. If we take a glass plate pro-

vided with strips of tin-foil separated from each other by intervals of glass, forming two rows, one of which is longer than the other, and after carefully drying it to dispel any moisture which may cling to it, coat it with a fine film of lycopodium powder, which is composed of the spores of a species of moss, and send a discharge through the tin-foil, the dust is scattered along the shortest line between the strips of tin-foil, forming a curious striated discharge. A bit of cotton saturated with ether and placed near the line of discharge, only a little out of the actual path, remains unignited. Placed in the path of the spark it is instantly ignited.

On several occasions the length of forked-lightning has been measured by noting the probable value of the angle which it subtended. Many discharges were thus found to exceed a mile in length. By exciting a Holtz machine to its full capacity, a brilliant spark nearly a foot in length passes through the air between the conductors of the machine. Imagine a similar spark, or bolt, a mile long, with an enormously greater diameter, and you can form some conception of the terrible character of a powerful lightning discharge. The duration of the forked and sheet lightning is, to all intents and purposes, instantaneous. The swiftest express train, illuminated by a flash of lightning, seems to be silently standing on the track. A cannon-ball would appear to be held aloft in mid-air for about one eighth of a second. The wind-tossed trees would seem to be silently bent over before the coming storm, as if transfixed in a mood of resignation. A circular disk of large size, painted with broad bands of color which run from the centre to the circumference in sectors, appears of a uniform gray tint when rapidly turned. When it is placed so that it can be illumined by the discharges of an electrical machine it seems to stand still, and all its colors are visible. The character of the lightning-flash has been made the subject of an extended study by Professor Rood, of Columbia College, who concludes that "the nature of the lightning discharge is more complicated

than has generally been supposed; it is usually, if not always, multiple in character, and the duration of the isolated constituents varies very much, ranging from intervals of time shorter than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a second up to others at least as great as $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second." Professor Rood also favors the hypothesis that zigzag, heat, and sheet lightning are identical, being due to the same cause, but apparently differing because seen under different circumstances.

The spectroscope has been directed to the light of the different discharges of atmospheric electricity, and the result has been the determination of certain bright lines in the spectrum which belong to oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Vogel identified a number of lines in flashes of lightning which are observed in the electric spark of the common atmosphere. It was found that sometimes the spectra consisted of bright lines on a dark ground, while at other times the bright lines were traced on a less bright continuous spectrum. Sometimes a bright continuous spectrum destitute of lines was obtained. Wullner has shown that instantaneous sparks in rarefied air give a spectrum consisting of lines, while the prolonged constituent of the spark of an induction-coil often produces a banded spectrum. Spectrum analysis merely shows a close relationship between the lightning discharges and those of the electrical machine. By its analysis of lightning it throws some light upon vexed questions as to the complex distribution of layers of rarefied and non-rarefied air in the atmosphere. It endeavors to show a relationship between the shifting gleams of the northern lights and electrical discharges through rarefied media, but the relationship is yet hypothetical. There is great difficulty in observing the spectrum of lightning. After waiting in suspense for a time, one sees a number of bright lines flash out in the field of the spectroscope; they vanish before their position can be observed, and we are in doubt whether our senses have not multiplied their actual number.

Although we can closely imitate certain forms of lightning, we cannot do the

same with respect to its accompaniment, thunder. There are many theories to account for the latter, but none of them are perfectly satisfactory. Is the crackle which accompanies the electrical discharges from a machine analogous or identical with the thunder-clap? It seems highly improbable. If a large battery of Leyden jars, affording a very great surface upon which the electrical charge can accumulate, is connected with a Holtz machine, and after many turns of the electrical machine we discharge the jars, one hears a report almost as loud as that of a pistol. Some of us have heard thunder-claps which closely resembled the noise of this discharge. "It is supposed that the explosion opens for itself a passage through the air like a projectile, and that the air rushes into the vacuum thus produced, causing a loud vibration." The passage of a shot through the air, however, is not accompanied by a similar noise. When lightning strikes near us we hear a sharp crackle and then a rising and falling sound of thunder. On the other hand, a discharge at a distance is almost inaudible at first; the thunder augments in intensity, and finally rolls over us, making the objects upon our tables vibrate, and then sullenly dies away. Some have endeavored to account for thunder by supposing that the vibrations producing the sound arise from different centres, which are formed by the forked nature of the discharge, and that these waves of sound reinforce each other or interfere with each other, thus producing variations in the sound which we term thunder. The echoes produced by the various depressions and elevations of the earth's surface also, doubtless, contribute to the peculiarities of peals of thunder. The atmosphere itself may reflect the sound-waves, producing aerial echoes, so to speak. Some explain thunder by supposing that a decomposition and recombination of the constituents of the charge takes place in different media. There are no observations which lead us to believe that thunder has ever been heard more than fourteen miles from the point of discharge.

Thunder-clouds are ordinary clouds

charged with a large amount of electricity. As they float over the surface of the earth, they attract electricity of the opposite nature to that with which they are already charged, and they repel electricity of the same nature. This inductive action is manifested upon all objects on the earth's surface, but to a different degree with each object. For instance, a tree standing in sandy soil will be much less influenced than one whose roots extend down through moist earth and afford a connection with subterranean water-sheets. We generally think of the earth as a common reservoir of electricity. Thus in experiments with the electrical machine we connect one of its conductors with the ground whenever we wish to isolate the electricity of an opposite nature upon the other conductor. With even the most powerful electrical machine we find no practical differences in the power which different poorly conducting bodies possess to lead electricity to the ground. The phenomena of induction on the terminations of poorly conducting bodies connected with the earth show no marked differences in intensity. In the electricity of the clouds, however, we have an immeasurably greater electric state than we can obtain by artificial means. We must disregard the layer of rock and of dry, sandy soil, and look for great inductive effect only in good conductors, such as large bodies of water, or in projecting parts of the earth's surface which are in immediate connection with subterranean moisture. We can therefore regard the charged clouds and the earth, with the layer of air between, as a Leyden jar. The earth's surface forms one coating, the clouds the other; and instead of glass we have the air as a dielectric between. The discharge of lightning is produced by the tension of the electricity in the clouds becoming so great as to enable a disruptive discharge to take place through the intervening layer of air. The same phenomenon takes place often in our Leyden jars. When the charge upon the tin-foil becomes too great, it often shatters the glass in passing from one coating to the

other. In ordinary language we speak of the charge upon the interior of the jar uniting with the opposite charge on the outside coating. This inductive action of electricity is a very curious one, and is apt to be confusing to those who have not become familiar with the subject. The presence of a positive electrical charge upon a ball suspended from the ceiling of a room is sufficient to attract to the nearest surface of all bodies in its neighborhood a negative charge, and to repel to the surface most removed a positive charge. Any change in the amount of the charge upon the ball is followed by fluctuations in the induced charges upon neighboring bodies. Its most delicate pulsation, so to speak, is accompanied by a responsive throb in every object about it. This inductive action can be shown in various ways. Sir William Thomson's water-dropper forms a remarkably sensitive arrangement. This is a tin vessel which is mounted on a glass support, and carefully insulated from the ground. It is provided with a long, horizontal glass tube, which is drawn out to a fine point at its extremity. The vessel is filled with water, which can issue in a fine stream from the end of the glass tube, and break into fine drops a short distance below the orifice. These drops fall upon an insulated metallic plate, which is connected with a very delicate instrument for detecting electrical changes, — also invented by Sir William Thomson, — which is called an electrometer. The movement of a bright spot of light over a distant scale shows the nature of an electrical disturbance. If it moves to the right it will denote that positive electricity has been induced, and if it moves to the left, negative. If one now approaches the falling stream of water, and the metallic plate upon which it strikes, with an insulated plate containing a charge of electricity, the spot of light will move quickly to the right or left. Every time that a spark passes between the conductors of a neighboring electrical machine, a pulsation in the metallic plate upon which the stream of water falls is shown by a quick move-

ment of the spot of light. In a thunder-storm the same phenomena can be observed. I have often stood watching this spot of light on a sultry day in June. Sometimes it does not move from its position of rest for hours. Then it will vibrate as if the support of the instrument had been jarred. After such movements one hears a low, sullen rumbling of thunder, and on looking into the west one perceives a thunder-cloud rolling up. The movements of the spot of light were caused by the inductive effect of the discharges of lightning yet many miles away. We resume our position, and watch the indication on the wall with greater attention. Every few moments the spot of light jumps responsive to a distant discharge of lightning, just as it does every time that a spark passes between the conductors of a neighboring electrical machine. Some time after such pulsations we hear the thunder. Presently the room grows darker. The trees outside wave tumultuously from side to side. Heavy drops of rain strike the tin roof, and a gray sheet of rain shuts out the landscape. Vivid flashes of lightning dart hither and thither, and the spot of light moves responsively to them. We can thus realize the inductive nature of the electricity of thunder-clouds. When they pass over the landscape they induce an electrical charge on all projecting points. Mr. Marvine, who is connected with government geological surveys, told the writer of a remarkable electrical disturbance which he witnessed in Colorado. The jagged peaks among which his party was at work, with levels and theodolites, were repeatedly struck by lightning, and each time the discharge occurred, painful shocks were felt even at some distance from the points of rock which were apparently struck. The observers were conscious of being highly electrified. Whenever they touched their instruments they experienced painful sensations. Their work was seriously interfered with. Often they were obliged to retreat to some covert and leave their instruments until a more favorable opportunity occurred. There were certain areas where thunder-storms seemed to

be the normal phenomena. They were rarely absent. Every prominence and *aiguille* of rock seemed to be in a state of discharge, and when, by reason of some great local accumulation, a lightning-flash occurred, the phenomenon of the return or back-stroke was the unfailing accompaniment; and a rapid alternation of charge and discharge ensued, in order to establish electrical equilibrium. This was an example of induction on a grand scale. When such mountain-peaks are covered with ice and snow, as among the Alps, the electricity induced by the clouds beneath the poorly conducting layer of snow tends to accumulate on projecting points of rock. On Alpine summits, in thick snow-storms, the adventurous climber sees discharges of lightning around him, and sometimes witnesses the shattering of some isolated *aiguille*. The following extract is from an article by M. Charles Martins, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 15, 1865, entitled *Ascensions on Mont Blanc*:—

"At half-past six we arrived on the Grand Plateau; the tent was standing, the instruments were intact, but we had hardly examined them before the snow began to fall as upon our first ascent. The wind freshened from the southwest. The thunder rumbled, and a violent storm burst upon the Grand Plateau. We constructed, in haste, a lightning-rod out of an Alpenstock, to which we fixed a metallic chain. The stick was erected near the tent, and the chain buried in the snow. The precaution was not useless, for the sound of the thunder almost immediately followed the lightning-flash. From the very short interval which separated them, we judged that the lightning struck some neighboring summit about a kilometre distant. To our great astonishment the thunder did not roll, but resembled the sharp crackle of the detonation of a fire-arm."

Before an electrical discharge, a dissipation of the charge accumulated on two neighboring points takes place. The most striking manifestation of this is in the brush-discharge. Those who are near an electrical machine in a dark room can see this beautiful phenomenon.

Interweaving rays of pale light terminate a straight line of a delicate pink or rose color, accompanied with a hissing noise. By placing inside a receiver a ball which is connected with one of the conductors of an electrical machine, we can rarefy the air about this ball; and on bringing the other conductor of the machine to the neighborhood of the outside of the receiver, one will notice that the receiver is filled with a roseate flush of light. This silent discharge always accompanies great accumulations of electricity. Indeed, it is possible, by surrounding the conductors of electrical machines with points, to dissipate the charge upon them, so that a greatly lessened discharge takes place between the knobs of the machine. This glow has scarcely any heating effect. If some gunpowder is interposed in the receiver, so that it may be enveloped by the glow, it is not ignited. The silent discharge is seen about conductors over which intense streams of electricity are passing. From the facts collected by Sir William Snow Harris in regard to the manner in which ships have been struck by lightning, "it is found that the electrical state of the air is frequently such as to convey the idea of the ship being wrapped in a blaze of electrical fire; and that the discharge is often attended by a whizzing noise." In Rogier's *Journal*, a flash of lightning is said to have struck the conductor of a powder-magazine in Silesia. "It appeared to envelop the whole building in electrical fire."

The return stroke is a mystery to people in general. After the clouds have discharged themselves, a discharge takes place from the earth to the clouds. This is an effect of induction. By the first discharge the electrical state of the clouds becomes lower than that of the earth, and there is then a discharge from the earth to the clouds to reestablish equilibrium. It is not difficult to show this phenomenon by an experiment. We can take two large balls, one of which is kept highly electrified positively, and the other is highly charged negatively. When they are but little removed from each other a spark passes between them;

after the passage of the spark of course it is necessary to reëlectrify the balls. If we now quickly discharge one of the balls, a discharge at once follows from the other ball to the one just exhausted of its charge. Thus it is seen that electricity passes from points of high tension or intense electrical accumulation to points of lower. The return charge is generally feebler than the direct one. Men and animals are often, however, killed by it. It is said that they exhibit no signs of burns or contusions, or of the punctures which the direct stroke generally leaves on some part of the body. Here let me observe that death from lightning must be painless. The nerves of the human body do not convey a sensation of pain instantly to the nerve-centres. There is an appreciable interval before we are cognizant of what has happened. The time of an electric flash is a small fraction of this interval. While the velocity of a nervous sensation of pain is less than a hundred feet a second, that of electricity, varying under different circumstances, is many thousand times greater. We are killed before we know it. Yet there is probably a greater dread of death from this cause than from almost any other.

Prodigious effects of lightning have been recorded. In 1769 it struck a powder-magazine in Brescia: two hundred thousand pounds of powder were exploded. One third of the houses of the city were thrown down, and three thousand men lost their lives. A similar accident occurred four months since in Turkey, which was also accompanied by great loss of life. Many ships have been destroyed by lightning, and some which have never been heard of after sailing may have been set on fire by this agency. "In July, 1848, a fine vessel was struck by lightning off Boulogne, and consumed within sight of the coast. In 1843, a large transport, the *Marian*, conveying a part of H. M. 49th Regiment, was struck by lightning off the Cape of Good Hope, five men killed, and the vessel nearly wrecked. Another ship, the *Defiance*, laden with rockets, shells, artillery, and other military stores, was fear-

fully struck by lightning at Nankin, in August, 1842, and narrowly escaped being blown up. The cases of the packet ship *New York*, nearly annihilated by lightning in April, 1827; of the *Toronto*, another liner, in 1843; of the *Underwood*, in 1840; of the *Madras*, also in 1840, in which case part of the side was knocked out; together with a multiplicity of others, present fearful examples of the terrible effects of lightning in our merchant navy, but from which ships of the royal navy are now secure." (Sir William Snow Harris, on Protection of Ships from Lightning.)

Lightning, although occurring seldom, is at no time more dangerous than in the winter. Arago, from carefully sifted data obtained from latitudes to the north of the equator, found that ships were more frequently struck in winter than in summer. His list ran as follows: January, 5; February, 4; March, 1; April, 5; May, 0; June, 0; July, 2; August, 1; September, 2; October, 2; November, 4; December, 4. It appears, therefore, that thunder-storms at sea in winter are far more dangerous than in summer. Although thunder-storms are the most frequent in the tropics, still there are warm countries in which they are rare occurrences, as for instance in Egypt, and in portions of Peru. It is said that the inhabitants of Lima rarely hear thunder. The frequency of thunder-storms diminishes as we near the poles. Scoresby, in his Arctic Expeditions, speaks of noticing but two thunder-storms. In our temperate latitude thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence. It is comparatively common to hear of houses being struck by lightning, but the proportion of deaths to the number of houses struck is exceedingly small. The damage that can ensue from strokes of lightning is, however, very great, and the question of the best method of protecting life and property from their effects is an important one.

The experience of the tower of St. Mark's in Venice is an instructive one in the history of lightning-rods. This tower is more than three hundred and sixty feet high. It has been struck

many times. Once, in 1338, it was much shattered. In 1417 it was burnt to the ground. This also happened in 1489. It had been constructed of wood; and after these repeated destructions it was rebuilt in stone. It was struck in 1548, 1565, and 1653. "In 1745 the whole tower was rent in thirty-seven places and almost destroyed. The expense of repairing it amounted to eight thousand ducats. In 1761 and 1762 it was again severely injured; but since the erection of a lightning-rod, in 1766, it does not seem to have suffered from any of the effects of lightning." The log-books of sea-captains afford the best statistics of the effects of lightning conductors. Sir William Snow Harris published in 1850 some remarkable instances of the preservation of certain ships of the royal navy from lightning. This tract was designed to show the advantage of providing ships with a conductor invented by the author. His conductor consisted of a double set of copper plates, which ran down the side of the masts and were so arranged that the movement of the yards or the tackle of the ship could not, in any event, misplace the conductor or destroy its continuity. On reaching the bottom of the mast it was connected with the metallic sheathing of the vessel. This conductor differed from the slight affairs formerly in use, by its stability and superior conducting power. The light rods formerly in use had never been properly insulated, and were liable to be displaced at any moment by the swinging of a yard-arm, or other appendage of the mast. In his preliminary remarks Sir William states that between the years 1810 and 1815, no less than thirty-five sail of the line and thirty-five frigates, together with other vessels, are known to have been disabled by lightning. He computes that the loss to the country, when the navy was on a war footing, had not been less than from seven thousand to ten thousand pounds per annum; and in times of peace from two thousand to five thousand pounds. He claims that since the adoption of his lightning conductors, serious damage by lightning to the English navy is quite unknown; and

strengthens this statement by extracts from the ship logs of over thirty men-of-war that had been struck by lightning, the destructive effects of which had been obviated by his conductors. The value of Sir William Snow Harris's method of protecting ships or buildings lies in providing a conductor of large section, which is carefully connected with the principal masses of metal about the ship, and then with the water.

We have no trustworthy statistics respecting the value of lightning-rods for the protection of buildings. The methods in use are very various. Some buildings bristle with iron points, and others rely upon a single rod. The fact that the conductor should terminate in moist ground is pretty generally known, but it is often practically disregarded. Let us examine these points in detail. In the first place, let us decide what size our lightning conductors should be of. It is a common impression that we are dealing with that kind of electrical charge which resides upon the surface of bodies, and therefore that a conductor which exposes the most surface will convey a lightning discharge with the most safety; hence that it would be better to use a flat or twisted conductor than a rounded or square one with the same amount of metal; for we should evidently obtain in the flat or twisted conductor greater surface than in the round or square conductor of the same metallic mass. It is true that a portion of the electrical discharge passes over the surface of the conductor; but the area of the section of the lightning-rod is an important element in conveying away the discharge. If one should connect the two conductors of an electrical machine by a fine iron wire, it would be found impossible to melt it, however fast the disk of the machine is turned. The same wire interposed between the poles of five voltaic cells, which depend upon chemical action for the production of electrical currents, is quickly burned. Here we are dealing with electrical quantity. However near we bring the poles of a battery of five cells, no spark will leap across the interval between

them. If we experiment in the same manner with the poles of fifty cells, we can obtain no spark until the poles are actually in contact. With the electrical machine, however, although we cannot melt the iron wire, we can obtain the most vivid sparks even when the knobs of the conductors are separated by a distance of eight inches. With the electrical machine we obtain electricity of high tension, but of very little quantity. The bolts of lightning are identical with the sparks which pass between the knobs of this machine. Can we not, therefore, disregard the heating effects of a lightning discharge? Will not an ordinary iron wire conduct the lightning to the ground, just as the iron wire recombines the charges which accumulate upon the knobs of this electrical machine? An experiment can be made which will settle this question. If we charge a large battery of Leyden jars with an electrical machine, and after a few moments discharge the jars through a fine iron wire, the wire is severed by the heat. Here we have evidently electric quantity as well as electric tension; and we have reproduced on a small scale the action of lightning, an ordinary flash of which can melt or volatilize more than three hundred feet of ordinary bell-wire. We read in a report to the United States Naval Department, that in 1827 a surveyor's chain one hundred and thirty-one and three tenths of a foot long, made of iron wire twenty-four hundredths of an inch in diameter, which served as the lightning conductor of the packet-ship *New York*, was melted by a stroke of lightning and scattered in incandescent fragments. The area of the lightning-rod evidently is a matter of much importance, for if it can be fused by a lightning discharge the bolt will then jump to the nearest good conductor in the building, and spread destruction in its path. A lightning-rod of this character can well justify the fears of those who claim that lightning-rods attract danger.

What should then be the size of our lightning-rods in order that they may not be melted? A commission appointed by

the French government to consider this subject concludes that square iron rods fifty-nine hundredths of an inch square, and several hundred feet in length, are perfectly competent to convey lightning discharges of the usual nature to the ground; and that copper conductors of the same section are still better than iron, on account of the superior conducting power of copper. A copper rod through which is discharged a large battery of Leyden jars, which are charged to their utmost capacity, can be held in the hand while the discharge leaps to it and then passes through it to the ground. The body in this case is a poor conductor compared with the rod, and remains unaffected, like the building which is thoroughly protected by a lightning-rod. Having decided upon the size of our rod, questions arise as to its insulation. To speak in general terms the better the insulation the better the protection. Glass insulators of any form are sufficient. Even the wood of the house itself is sometimes used; but this insulation cannot be depended on. The point most often overlooked is a proper connection with the various bell-ropes and metallic pipes which run through our buildings, and with other metallic masses. The lightning-flash descending the lightning-rod often chooses to leap to some neighboring metallic pipe or wire, through intervening partitions of wood or stone, before it seeks the ground. The effects of this peculiarity can often be noticed by a careful observer of telegraph poles. We remember last summer, in riding on a stage-coach through Maine, to have noticed four telegraph poles, in a distance of as many miles, which bore evident marks of having been struck by lightning. In some instances they were scorched; in others, large slivers of the wood projected in a bristling manner from yawning cracks which showed where the lightning had been. Why did not the lightning run along the iron wires, which are far better conductors, apparently, than the wooden posts, and descend into the ground at some telegraph station where the main wire of the line was connected with the ground? Because the passage from the telegraph

wire to the ground, which is, in general, a good conductor, is electrically shortest through the wooden posts. When we say electrically shortest, we infer that certain conditions of moisture, together with the section of conductor, make a poor conductor really a good conductor for electricity of high tension as well as high quantity. It is instructive to notice also, in passing, that in most cases when lightning seeks the ground through a poor conductor, it shatters it without setting it on fire. On the 5th of November, 1755, lightning struck a powder-magazine in the neighborhood of Rouen, and shattered two powder-kegs without setting the powder on fire. If we cause the spark from an electrical machine to pass through a heap of gunpowder, the powder-grains are instantly scattered about, but are not ignited. The spark must be retarded by passing through a comparatively poor conductor, like a wet string, before it can inflame the powder.

Supposing that our lightning conductor is of sufficient section, and is connected with all outlying metallic masses of large extent, how many projecting rods should we have, and how high should they rise above the highest point of the building? It is recommended by the French commission which we have already quoted, and also by a commission appointed by the United States government to inquire into the protection of powder-magazines, "that the height of the point of a lightning-rod above the highest point of a building to be protected should be from nine and eight tenths feet to sixteen and four tenths, according to circumstances, and that it is almost always better to increase the number of the rods, keeping within these limits, and to join them all together by a common conductor, than to increase the height of any one point." On the other hand, it is claimed by some that a high pole overtopping the highest points of a crowded area of houses, and provided with a massive conducting rod of metal, will protect a large number of buildings in its neighborhood. When we consider the probable distance from which

a stroke of lightning comes, we are converted to this opinion for a moment. The height of thunder-clouds is variously estimated. Three hundred feet would probably be a low estimate for the lowest limit of thunder-clouds over comparatively level tracts of country not far removed from the level of the sea. The discharge of lightning must therefore be at least over a hundred feet long. Possessing enormous tension and very great quantity, it will disregard the small, insufficient lightning-rods, the mass of which is insignificant in comparison with that of the building itself, and seek the higher and better conductor. Considerations of economy and convenience, however, have great weight in favor of the present method of distributing lightning conductors over each building, with proper considerations in reference to insulation and the connection of all metallic masses into one conducting system.

In reference to the best connection of lightning-rods with the ground, the opinion is unanimous that the termination should be in moist ground, or with a system of water-pipes. It is necessary to reach what is called the subterranean sheet of water, that is, the supplier of the various water-courses, wells, and springs; in short, the vast area of good conducting earth, beneath sandy and rocky tracts, which are poor conductors.

We have not, indeed, secured absolute safety from the ravages of lightning, even by our most improved systems of lightning-rods; but no one who has considered the character of lightning discharges can doubt the efficiency of properly-constructed lightning conductors. In 1838, the East India Company, believing that buildings which were provided with lightning-rods were more frequently struck than those which were without them, removed them from their powder-magazines. It is related that shortly after this action, one of their magazines was struck and destroyed. The statistics which we have upon the efficiency of lightning-rods are meagre; but there is no doubt that a building can be protected from the ravages of lightning.

John Troubridge.

FANCIES OF SPRAY AND PETAL.

I.

Ferns.

IF trees are Nature's thoughts or dreams,
And witness how her great heart yearns,
Then she has only shown, it seems,
The softest fantasies in ferns!

Those low green boughs, what shapely grace,
What wavy, lissome charm, they wear!
Delicate, supple, frail as lace,
And pliant to each passing air!

Though sweet to see when, there or here,
Along some common meadowed way,
They throng in feathery jungles near
Some stolid bowlder's bulk of gray,

Yet ah! no light their spray so serves
As when, where cloistering branches cross,
I meet its shadowy silvered curves
On spaces of dark, moonlit moss!

For here quick Fancy finds a bower
Where she can watch, in pictured wise,
An Oberon squeeze the fatal flower
In poor Titania's drowsing eyes!

And nimble fay and pranksome elf
Flash vaguely past at every turn,
Or, weird and wee, sits Puck himself,
With legs akimbo, on a fern!

II.

Moss.

STRANGE tapestry, by Nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and grotts
Where shadows reign, and leafy rest, —
O moss, of all your dwelling-spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?

Or when you wrap, in woodland glooms,
The great prone pine-trunks, rotted red?
Or when you dim, on sombre tombs,
The requiescats of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past,
On some gray, crumbled basin's brim,
With conchs that mildewed Tritons blow,
While yonder, through the poplars prim,
Looms up the turreted château?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Your emerald films on low, dark eaves,
Above where pink porch-roses peer,
And woodbines break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh, . . . and you can hear
The beatings of the heart of Home!

III.

A Tuberose.

CHASTE waxen shape, in whose clear chalice dwell
Odors that tell
Of moans and tears and chambers gloomed with grief,
Wan sister of the tulip's laughing bloom,
What primal doom
Fashioned the lifeless pallor of your leaf?

As winds down dreamy gardens came to sigh
"The rose must die,"
At some old immemorial twilight hour,
Did you, the incarnate terror and unrest
Of summer's breast,
First bathe in chilling dews your ghostly flower?

Or did the moon, through some sweet night, long-dead,
Her splendor shed
On some rich tomb, while silence held its breath,
Till one pure sculptured blossom thrilled and grew
Strangely to you,
Cold child of moonbeams, marble, and white death!

Edgar Fawcett.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE GERMAN ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

THE Italian Renaissance was a revival not only of Greek art, but also of Pagan philosophy, mythology, and religion. The ascetic abstinence in color as in form of the pre-Raphaelite masters was supplanted by a joyous splendor of blooming and throbbing flesh, and the galleries which had once witnessed the pictured transport and ecstatic visions of pale nuns and lank saints now suddenly teemed with the spirited scenes of healthy, sensuous pleasure. And even where the painter adhered to the old themes from the sacred history, a certain profane delight in mere physical beauty invariably betrayed the influence of the Periclean age.

During the reign of Louis XIV. this Pagan Renaissance invaded France, but it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that it reached Germany. Then Winckelmann devoted his noble life to the writing of that great work on the art of the ancients which first opened the eyes of his countrymen to the true significance of the Greek civilization, and thereby completely turned the current of the intellectual life of the Fatherland. In order to complete such a work the author had virtually to emancipate himself from the sentiments and traditions of his own century, and in a measure ignore the long process of evolution through which the world had passed since the days of Phidias and Pericles; and Winckelmann did nothing short of this. In order to make the individual work of art intelligible, he had to reproduce in himself, and through himself in his reader, that sensuous equilibrium which had made its first creation possible, and that ideal simplicity of feeling from which it had sprung. His protest against modern Christianity could not be a conscious one; he could not denounce it, he could only ignore it. Nevertheless the theologians did not fail to notice the anti-Christian tendency of his writings, and

to decry them accordingly. In the mean while another intellectual giant had caught the spirit of the Renaissance, and now the dissatisfaction which had long been gathering broke out in open warfare. Lessing, although disagreeing with Winckelmann on many unessential points, willingly acknowledged himself his pupil, and the struggle with orthodoxy which the latter had indirectly occasioned, the former bravely fought to the end.

Heine has fittingly characterized Lessing's life in comparing him to those Jews who returned to Jerusalem under Nehemiah: they brandished the sword with one hand, while with the other they rebuilt the temple of God. It was not Christianity against which Lessing aimed the keen arrows of his wit, but it was bigotry, and more especially bigotry as represented by that arch-prelate, Pastor Götze, in Hamburg. The Protestant clergy of Germany were at that time a kind of self-constituted tribunal, which had assumed to itself the right to censure and, if possible, ostracize from the national literature every production which in spirit or letter was at variance with Lutheran orthodoxy. Accordingly, when Lessing undertook to publish the rationalistic fragments of his deceased friend Reimarus, these watch-dogs of the faith immediately sounded the alarm, and with Götze in their van began those attacks upon "the free-thinker" which with unwearied zeal they continued to the end of his life. To quote another of Heine's sayings, Lessing slew them, and by deigning to slay them he made them immortal; the rocks which he hurled at them in his so-called anti-Götze pamphlets, became their imperishable monuments. Indeed, the athletic stature of his intellect gained him an easy victory in all the literary tilts in which he engaged, and even after his death his country seemed for a long time to be still feeding on the surplus amount

of vitality which his vigorous individuality had imparted to it. The intellectual result of his life naturally crystallized itself into certain fixed doctrines and stereotyped phrases, which became the watch-words of a certain clique of men, the well-known party of enlightenment (*Aufklärung*). The chief of this party, the book-seller Nicolai, in Berlin, who regarded himself as Lessing's legitimate heir and successor, with a certain comic perseverance and a grand air of authority arraigned before his tribunal the rising authors of the land, thus continuing what he conceived to be the spirit of his master's criticism. Lessing had been harsh in his judgment of the *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Stress) school, not even excepting Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* from the general condemnation. Nicolai, perceiving the tendency rather than the degree of merit, therefore persevered in waging war against every incipient literary movement which accorded to emotional strength the prominence which in his opinion belonged only to the rational side of our nature. What had been an unconscious limitation in Lessing's nature, his incapacity to appreciate a purely lyrical talent, degenerated in Nicolai into a conscious, stubborn antipathy against everything which bordered on emotional vehemence. Opposition and ridicule drove the zealous book-seller into even greater paradoxes. The critical maxims which Lessing had bequeathed to posterity were now no longer new, and by constant repetition and misapplication had begun to pall on the sense of the public. The ancient saws about utility, perspicuity, and morality could now no more cause a sensation, and the people were heartily longing for something new. Lessing had endeavored to establish the supremacy of reason also in matters of religion, and had in his daily life practiced toward others the toleration he claimed for himself. Nicolai and his followers, as is too often the case with men of "advanced opinions," forgot in their partisan zeal the tolerance they were themselves preaching, and by their opposition to everything which conflicted

with their own utilitarian tendencies for a time exerted a most unwholesome influence upon the literature of the land. Narrowness of vision, a certain crude, intellectual complacency, utter absence of imagination, extreme utilitarianism, and consequent hostility to everything which points beyond this temporal sphere of existence, were the chief characteristics of this "period of enlightenment."

It is self-evident that a school which so entirely ignored the emotional nature of man could not for any length of time satisfy so warm-hearted and imaginative a nation as the Germans. Their Gothic character, with all its mystic depths of gloom and passion and pathos, soon reasserted itself, the protests became louder and louder, a strong tide of reaction rolled over the land, and this reaction has found its literary and historic expression in what is commonly known as the Romantic School. Its literary results are so numerous, and its social ramifications so intricate and so curiously entangled, that even a hasty review would be impossible within the brief space which is here allotted us. To those who care for a minute and scholarly exposition of its origin and progress, we warmly recommend the admirable and exhaustive accounts of Julian Schmidt, R. Haegm, and Koberstein. Heine's essay on Romanticism is a most fascinating book, which is equally remarkable for its epigrammatic brilliancy, its striking originality, and its utter injustice and unreliability. A distinguished Danish critic, G. Brandes, rivals Heine in vividness of style, without being in the same degree liable to the charge of partisanship. Our purpose at present is merely to illustrate the movement in its moral and social bearings, to sketch, as it were *en profile*, the more prominent features of the Romantic physiognomy, and, by gathering these into an intelligible portrait, convey to the reader an impression of what Romanticism was, or at least what it purported to be.

It was a magnificent array of poets, wits, and philosophers which the year 1798 gathered about the Romantic ban-

ner as displayed in the columns of *The Athenæum*, the first organ of the school. It is noticeable that they were nearly all young men, all sworn enemies of the *Philisterthum* (Philistinism), all filled with revolutionary ardor and eager for battle. Their object, as the first number of their journal announces, was to concentrate the rays of culture in one focus, and to reestablish the eternal synthesis of poetry and philosophy. This, to be sure, is rather vague, and the next manifesto, contained in the second number of *The Athenæum*, is not much more explicit:—

"Romantic poetry is progressive and universal. Its aim is not only to reunite all the severed branches of poetic art, and to bring poetry into contact with philosophy; it is also to blend and combine poetry and prose, genius and criticism, the poetry of nature and the poetry of art, make poetry living and social, and life and society poetic. . . . Like an epos it is to be the mirror of all the surrounding world, an image of the age. . . . Only a prophetic criticism would dare to characterize its ideal. It alone is infinite, because it alone is free and recognizes as its first law that the free will of the poet brooks no law above it; that beauty is something apart from truth and morality, and is entitled to equal rights. . . . Like transcendental idealism Romantic poetry—and in a certain sense all poetry ought to be romantic—should in representing outward objects also represent itself. If poetry is to be an art, then the poet must philosophize; in the same degree as poetry is made a science, it also becomes an art."

This confused document, which defies every effort at a clear and accurate translation, is remarkable as showing that Romanticism was, from its very outset, a conscious and deliberate movement. All the tendencies which during the next decade blossomed into full vigor are here distinctly indicated: rebellion against existing social laws, foreshadowed by the hint about the identification of life and poetry, the sovereignty of genius, and the morbid self-reflection which by coördinating poetry with philosophy

makes it a speculative art and thereby kills that warm spontaneity of utterance in which rests the chief strength of the poet. It is needless to say that the author of this bold manifesto, Friedrich Schlegel, although a writer of numerous verses, had never known the divine madness of the Pythian god. Nevertheless he was a man of most extraordinary powers. All the extravagances, as well as many of the nobler qualities, of the rising school found their living embodiment in him. In the scope and reach of his faculties none among his contemporaries, except Goethe, excelled or even equaled him. His mind, thronged with gigantic possibilities and overflowing with a certain vast, chaotic fruitfulness, seems to have resembled an antediluvian landscape: unruly passions like dark reptiles slept in its depths of philosophic contemplation; huge trees and ferns of strange, primeval growth sprung from its soil; but the more delicate flowers of sentiment seem to have been choked by these luxuriant exotics. The description given by his most intimate friend, Schleiermacher, will make the portrait of this youthful Titan complete and intelligible. He possessed, evidently, not only the strength, but also something of the coarseness, of the primeval race. "He is exceedingly child-like, open-hearted, and joyous; naïve in all his expressions, rather inconsiderate, a mortal enemy of formality as also of drudgery, violent in his wishes and inclinations, and, as children are apt to be, a little suspicious and full of antipathies. . . . What I miss in him is the delicate sense for all the charming trifles of life, and for the finer expressions of beautiful sentiments, which often in little things spontaneously reveal the entire character. As he has a predilection for books with large type, so he also prefers men with large and strong features. What is only tender and beautiful does not appeal to him, because, judging according to the analogy of his own nature, he regards everything as weak, if it is not strong and fiery."

The society of Berlin, at the time when Schlegel made his appearance there, was divided between numerous conflicting

tendencies in morals, philosophy, and religion. On one side there was the sober, utilitarian life of the "enlighteners," with whom poetry, religion, and even human passions were recognized only so far as they were useful, and with whom love had been trained to walk meekly and steadily within the prescribed sphere of matrimony; then there was the fashionable circle which gathered around the court, and in which religion possibly was worn as a holiday cloak on ecclesiastical occasions, but at other times abandoned to give place to open licentiousness and coarse unrestraint. Half-way between these lay the society of the Jewish salons, where black-eyed Judiths and Rachels and Rebeccas, radiant with the beauty of their rich, Oriental womanhood, burned incense somewhat indiscriminately to every new candidate for literary laurels. Of course Goethe's "magnificent immortality" no less than the greatness of his genius had long made him the idol of this *coterie*; but besides Goethe they also worshiped Engel and Ramler and a dozen other ephemeral phenomena, whose very names have now dropped out of memory. Preëminent in this interesting sisterhood was the beautiful Rahel Levin, whose wealth, genius, and indifference to popular prejudice enabled her to shine upon the social horizon of the capital, and made her the intimate friend and confidante of two generations of literary celebrities. Acuteness of mind coupled with a certain intellectual voracity, enthusiastic defiance of the restraints which society imposes upon her sex, in short all the peculiarities which made her circle so attractive to men of letters, were combined and, as it were, concentrated into a type in her brilliant personality.

A man like Schlegel could not of course remain long in Berlin without drifting into this *coterie*, and the day when he first was introduced into Rahel's salon made an epoch in his life. It was here that he met Dorothea Veit, daughter of Lessing's friend, the famous Moses Mendelssohn, and wife of the Jewish banker, Veit. This Dorothea, whose name, together with that of Rahel, henceforth

appears on every page in the annals of the Romantic School, was, to say the least, a woman of the most extraordinary attainments. As a young girl of sixteen she had, according to her father's wish, married the prosaic banker whose intellectual inferiority to herself, and indifference to literature, art, and all the things which her early training had taught her to worship and revere, must gradually have widened the gulf which already from the beginning separated them. Nevertheless their marriage had for many years preserved an outward show of harmony, and Dorothea was already the mother of two sons when her acquaintance with Schlegel suddenly called to life the slumbering dreams of her youth, and fanned the torpid passion of her nature into full blaze. Here was a man built, as it were, in a larger style than those whom she had been wont to meet; a man, on the wide horizon of whose mind the future dawned with golden promise; a man whose very faults and passions by their intensity assumed the dimensions of grandeur. Schlegel came, saw, and conquered. Never until then had a woman made any lasting impression upon him; he felt convinced that this was the one love of his life; he knew that his love was returned; he was furthermore aware that she was married, which does not seem to have caused him any serious scruples. His inevitable conclusion was that marriage was an irrational, immoral, and objectionable institution, which ought to be abolished. The result was what might have been expected. Veit closed his eyes as long as it was possible, and at last, when he learned that his wife neither asked nor desired his forgiveness, he consented to a separation. "Rejoice with me," Schlegel writes to his sister-in-law, "for now my life has a foundation and soil, a centre and a form. Now the most extraordinary things will be accomplished." In another letter to his brother he describes his beloved in the following manner: "She is a fine woman of genuine worth; but she is quite simple, and has no thought for anything in the world except love, music, wit, and philosophy. In her

arms I have found my youth again, and I can now no more reason it out of my life. . . . Even if I cannot make her happy, I can at least hope that the germ of happiness in her soul will thrive in the sunshine of my love, so that the mists which envelop it may no more be able to hinder its growth."

It was at this time that the first chapters of that much-praised and much-reviled romance, *Lucinde*, were written, and if there were not too much proof to the contrary, we should prefer to believe that the book was a pure fiction, and had not been suggested by the author's relation to Dorothea. The latter herself declared, when *Lucinde* was read to her, that "poets tell tales out of school." It seems almost inconceivable at the present day that a production so chaotic, so wildly extravagant, and so artistically feeble, could have made so much noise in a land and at a time which rejoiced in the living presence of poets like Goethe and Schiller. *Lucinde* impresses one as a succession of bold leaps; there is a good deal of impetuous vigor displayed in the onset, but when the author is near reaching the height at which he aimed, his strength suddenly fails him, and he collapses and comes down very flat. The story, as such, shows no remarkable originality of invention, but as it contains an abundance of striking thoughts, and moreover has been considered as the most significant social manifesto of the school, it is well worthy of a closer examination.

The pervading sentiment of the book is one of profound contempt for all the prosy realities of life, and for all the senseless rules and laws with which man has imprisoned his spirit, born for freedom. Julius, the hero, like all romantic heroes, is a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He is a *dilettante* in almost everything, and an artist by inclination but not by profession. His youthful excesses are described at great length; he is forever craving excitement, and when he can find nothing else to do, he feeds as it were on his own vitals, indulges in a sort of psychological vivisection, makes the minutest observations on each of his

passing moods, registers the result, reasons over it, and philosophically accounts for it. This is the realization of that "beautiful self-reflection" which Schlegel in his first manifesto announced as being the essence of Romantic poetry. It is this same vein which Chateaubriand simultaneously worked with so much success in his *René*, and which in a somewhat modified shape has found its representative in Byron's *Childe Harold*. In fact, it is the prevailing mood of the age, which the poets naturally were the more keenly conscious of, through the greater delicacy and sensitiveness of their mental organism. Goethe had given it expression in *Werther*, Jean Paul in *Roguairol*, and Tieck in *William Lovell*; and henceforward the Romantic literature teems with dissolute, philosophic, and morbidly contemplative young men and maidens, who, without respect for moral or social obligations, live only to enjoy, and then, when the natural reaction succeeds the intoxication of the senses, strike tragically interesting attitudes before a mental mirror, and make profound observations on themselves in a carefully-kept journal, which the next day they read to an appreciative audience of intimate female friends. This, in brief outline, is the Romantic type, and a glance at the society of the day will easily convince one that the poets are not altogether responsible for its existence. Its most conspicuous features have even found their way into the philosophic systems of the time. What is, for instance, Fichte's "sovereign I," which creates the world out of the depths of its own consciousness, but a doctrinal embodiment of the Romantic defiance of law and social order? Again, no one will mistake the Romantic tendency of his *Wissenschaftslehre* (Doctrine of Science) when it deals with his favorite theme of self-contemplation. In order to understand the external phenomena of the world, which only exist in their relation to the subject or to his consciousness, he (the subject) must watch the *modus operandi* of his own mind. As Heine puts it, the thought must listen to itself while it thinks, which reminds one of the

monkey which took it into his head to boil his own tail. For, as he reasoned, the most refined art of cookery does not consist in mere objective boiling, but in the subjective consciousness of being boiled.

It is in the portrayal and analysis of these ever-shifting moods that the author of *Lucinde* has his real *forte*. Here, for instance, is a piece of characterization which shows the hand of a virtuoso: "A love without object burned within him (Julius) and consumed his heart. On the slightest provocation the flames of his passion blazed up. . . . His spirit was in a state of constant ferment; he was always expecting that something extraordinary was going to happen to him. Thus nothing could really have surprised him, and least of all his own destruction. Without any business or aim, he roamed about like a man who is anxiously seeking something on which he might risk his whole happiness. Everything excited, but nothing satisfied him. Hence it was that a dissipation only interested him as long as it was untried and unknown; there was as much scorn in his nature as levity. He could preserve his coolness in the midst of a sensual revel, and, as it were, studiously measure the enjoyment; but neither in this nor in the many fanciful studies and occupations, into which he plunged with youthful enthusiasm and a certain voracious hunger for knowledge, did he find that supreme bliss which his heart so vehemently demanded."

Then, at length, Julius makes the acquaintance of a woman, *Lucinde*, who, like himself, is an amateur in art, and who shares his contempt for the world with all its emptiness. "She lived," says the author, "not in this commonplace world, but in a world of her own imagining. She, too, had by one daring resolution thrown away all considerations and broken all bonds, and now lived in perfect freedom."

Now the veil suddenly falls from Julius's eyes, his art becomes warmer and more animated, and a life of brighter promise dawns before him. *Lucinde* loves him, and he too, after a fashion,

loves her; that is to say, the feeling with which she inspires him affords him a new subject for study. For love, according to Schlegel, is not that sudden, spontaneous flowering of the soul, that impetuous, generous, and self-forgetful emotion which the romancers of all ages have delighted in picturing, but rather an empiric science, a curious medley of sensuality and speculative philosophy, with a slight admixture of real tenderness.

In justice to the author we must remark that in his own life his heart put his intellect to shame. He never wavered in his devotion to the woman who for his sake had braved the judgment of the world, and exchanged a life of ease and luxury for one of vain and aimless wanderings. Their love, in spite of its lawlessness, was its own law, and needed, according to their own testimony, no social statute to shield it; for it rested on the sure foundation of real kinship of soul. It was not until many years after they had joined their fates together, when persecution and want had quelled their revolutionary ardor, that they suffered their union to be sanctioned by the church. Then their social ostracism was at an end, Schlegel obtained a position in Vienna, and Dorothea could again show her face in the company of virtuous matrons.

The book fell like a bombshell into the peaceful circles of Berlin society. An open attack upon the holy institution of marriage and an undisguised avowal of the doctrine of free-love could not fail to arouse the indignation of those whose office it was to guard the public morality. Schlegel was hunted from place to place; in Göttingen the authorities refused him entrance to the city. In Berlin he was notified that, if he attempted to lecture, the police would interfere, and even in the academic halls of the University of Jena, where he disputed for his degree of Ph. D., he was overwhelmed with invective and abuse. No doubt he had the satisfaction of believing himself a martyr for a good cause, and Dorothea, whose enthusiastic faith in his greatness never for a moment flagged, did her best to uphold him in this conviction. To be sure, her

womanly instincts were too fine not to make her at times doubt the expediency of Lucinde's publication; in fact, we learn from a letter of hers to Schleiermacher that she rather regretted that her Friedrich had written the book; but if Schleiermacher had ventured to agree with her, we dare say that she would have promptly retracted her opinion. "In regard to Lucinde," she writes, "I often shudder with cold, and then again burn with shame, to see that which to me was the most secret and the most holy exposed to the view of curious and hostile men. In vain he tries to strengthen me by the thought that you would have been even bolder than he. It is not the boldness which frightens me. Nature celebrates the adoration of the Most High in open temples and over the whole world—but love?"

In Rahel's coterie, Lucinde naturally excited the liveliest interest. The tone of this society had always been of the freest, and its members, carried away by the fervor and æsthetic susceptibility of their temperaments, had often strayed beyond what the Philistine world regarded as the boundary-line of female propriety. Their characters had, to begin with, been further removed from prudery than moralists might have deemed desirable; and now came Schlegel with his Lucinde, and the last remnant of the veil of Isis was torn away. Women like Rahel, whose lives and conduct were above reproach, had sudden attacks of artistic depravity, and there was not a thing in heaven or on earth which they blushed to discuss. They were half convinced that Lucinde was destined to revolutionize society and establish a freer relation between the sexes; and for the time being it really seemed as if the prophecy was to be fulfilled. The intellectual women of the day especially showed a great willingness to break the ancient fetters. Schlegel's definition of marriage as being "devotion unfettered" was joyfully received. Schleiermacher, then minister of the Charité Church in Berlin, cherished a profound admiration for the Jewess, Henriette, the wife of the physician Herz, one of the chief

ornaments of Rahel's circle. Henriette cordially returned his sentiments of affection and regard, and their relation soon ripened into the most intimate friendship. Here, indeed, we find an ideal realization, not of the relation which Lucinde deals with, but of a far higher and nobler one, which the author of Lucinde would have been incapable of comprehending. Henriette, according to the testimony of contemporaries, was a woman of magnificent form and stature, and bore a decided resemblance to one of Titian's most beautiful heads. Her character was proud, with perhaps a touch of defiance; her impressible yet vigorous mind could grasp and retain the most abstruse ideas; her culture was broad and many-sided; her command of picturesque language, and her dialectic skill, as her published correspondence with Schleiermacher testifies, were truly marvelous. And yet her attitude toward her friend is so womanly! She clothes his abstract speculations in a bodily form, as it were, and imparts to them the warm flush of her own intense and sympathetic nature. No wonder that he who had half-jocosely expressed his desire "to take a course in womanliness" became gradually more and more dependent upon her, rejoiced in the intellectual stimulus her society afforded him, and confided to her the most secret thoughts and desires of his heart. Schleiermacher was a singularly pure-minded and unsophisticated man, and when ignoble whispers concerning his relation to Henriette began to reach his ears, he showed a sincere surprise, and even attempted to justify himself. Not so with her; she had known from the very beginning what she risked by accepting his friendship, but she had calmly decided that he was worth more to her than the opinion of the world.

The account of their studies, mutual confessions, doubts, and resolutions, preserved in their own correspondence and in that of their friends, giving us a glimpse of two beautiful and original characters, is one of the most fascinating chapters which the history of the Romantic School has to show. The only doubt

which harasses us, the only question which remains unanswered, is how Dr. Hertz bore this seeming neglect of himself, and whether he sanctioned his wife's intimacy with the æsthetic clergyman. But there was revolution in the air, and it was rather the fashion to shock one's fellow-men; so Dr. Hertz, knowing his own inferiority to his wife, probably accepted the inevitable.

That Schleiermacher himself, however, was occasionally in the dark regarding the nature of his feelings toward Henriette, the following extract from a letter to his sister, in spite of its confident tone, sufficiently proves: "You are afraid of relations of tenderness and intimacy with persons of the other sex, and no doubt you are right; to keep watch over myself is my constant endeavor; I call myself to account for the most trifling thing. I belong to Henriette's existence; passion will ever be excluded from our friendship, for it has already endured the most decisive tests. It is deeply implanted in my nature that I can become more closely attached to women than to men; for there is so much in me which only a woman can understand. I must, then, if I will not renounce a true friendship, remain standing on this otherwise dangerous point. In regard to what you write about the appearance, I have my own *principles* on that subject; I believe that it is plainly a part of my office to despise it. It is my simple duty."

In another letter he makes the discovery that, if he could have married Henriette, it would have been nearly an ideal marriage; the only objection, aside from the fact that it is an impossibility, is that their wedded life would have been rather too harmonious.

It is difficult to decide whether it was Schleiermacher's desire to justify himself in the eyes of the world, or a disinterested friendship for Schlegel, which induced him to enter the lists and break a lance in defense of Lucinde. At all events, considering his social position as preacher of the gospel in the Prussian capital, it was a most audacious thing for him to do. In his confidential let-

ters on Lucinde, addressed to three female friends, in one of whom the public recognized his Henriette, he boldly attacks the prudish insincerity of the age, which took a secret delight in the lascivious romances of Wieland, and gloated over the coarse platitudes of Lafontaine,¹ while it cried out in virtuous horror at the immorality of Schlegel, who, dealing with essentially the same thing, had the courage to call it by its right name.

We might select a dozen more instances from the private and public life of the Romanticists, showing that the school in its early rebellion against the prejudices of society went to the opposite extreme, and methodically arranged as a new system of ethics what had hitherto been regarded as an abnormal phase of human intercourse. Amid a great deal of youthful folly, amid a great deal that was accidental, extravagant, and purely personal, there was also sufficient talent, earnestness, and justice on the side of the reformers to insure a certain degree of success, and a sufficient amount of immorality, hollowness, and irreligion among the adherents of the old to justify the rebellion. Schlegel, who, like many another young man, mistook his own personal peculiarities for universal laws, and the momentary cravings of his heart for the voice of humanity, was unfortunately during this period the spokesman and, to the eyes of the world, the public representative of Romanticism. His mind, having a peculiarly colossal structure of its own, was so constituted that even the simplest truism, as soon as he attempted to utter it, assumed the shape of a paradox. It was in the nature of the case, then, that when he defended a proposition which in itself closely bordered on the paradoxical, it assumed the most monstrous dimensions, and frightened even those who were half inclined to agree with him. In his glorification of the *ἐραῖραι*, "the free women of Greece," the Romantic paradox of marriage culminated.

"All marriages," he writes, "are

¹ A popular German novelist; not the Frenchman of the same name.

nothing but concubinages, morganatic marriages, or, rather, provisional attempts at marriage. . . . The domestic man clings to the hearth where he gets his food; gradually, as he ripens, he begins to strike root like a plant, and renounces the foolish wish to move about according to pleasure, until at length he becomes a fossil. Man in his civic aspect is a machine, . . . the individual as the whole multitude. He feeds, marries, grows old, and leaves children behind him, and so on in *infinitum*. To live merely for the sake of living is the real source of all vulgarity. . . . According to the idea of the ancients, the nobility of human nature should prevail in man as well as in woman. The character of the race should be predominant over the diverging qualities of the sexes. In modern society the very opposite is the case. We can never represent a woman sufficiently weak and womanly, and we take it for granted that she must be so. This view has the most injurious effect upon those artistic representations which are meant to be ideal. We include in our idea of woman features which are merely derived from experience. . . . In Athens, where the public judgment was equally far removed from silly prudery and from lawless indifference, where only what was evil was improper, where there were none of those prejudices which with barbarians take the place of moral feeling, there the wisest man of his age (Socrates) could engage in conversation with a frivolous priestess of joy. . . . This peculiar position of woman in Greece is justified by the endeavor to refine manhood as well as womanhood into the higher unit of humanity (*Menschlichkeit*). . . . What we moderns call womanliness is nothing

but a total lack of character. The Greeks made the mistake of placing their ideal, cultivated, free women outside of the social order of morality; we moderns make a far greater mistake in altogether separating ideality and all kindred qualities from our idea of woman."

Some later essays on similar subjects are openly addressed to Dorothea, and in these the author brings his heaviest artillery into the field. But we must forbear to quote, especially as we do not wish to take the responsibility of deciding whether Schlegel, in his last conclusions, was really in earnest. He ends with asking whether, as an experiment, a marriage *en quatre* would not be a good thing. Here the paradox indeed reaches the dangerous point where it threatens to topple over and crush its own foundation.

In reviewing the incidents of this curious drama we are repeatedly struck with its resemblance to one branch of the so-called "woman's rights" movement of our own day. If in their fight for the civil equality of the sexes Schlegel and Schleiermacher did not demand the rights of suffrage for women, it was only because it was a right to which, according to Prussian law, they were not themselves entitled. Whatever may have been the causes of their failure, it certainly was not lack of genius, earnestness, or dialectic skill; they have anticipated many of the chief arguments of some among our own revolutionary ladies, and have besides constructed many plausible theories which, *mutatis mutandis*, might find an apt application at the present day. Certain of our reformers might, indeed, read a most instructive lesson from the history of these Romantic enthusiasts.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

RODERICK HUDSON.

VII.

SAINT CECILIA'S.

ROWLAND went often to the Coliseum; he never wearied of it. One morning, about a month after his return from Frascati, as he was strolling across the vast arena, he observed a young woman seated on one of the fragments of stone which are ranged along the line of the ancient parapet. It seemed to him that he had seen her before, but he was unable to localize her face. Passing her again, he saw that one of the little red-legged French soldiers at that time on guard there had approached her and was gallantly making himself agreeable. She smiled brilliantly, and Rowland recognized the smile (it had always pleased him) of a certain comely Assunta, who sometimes opened the door for Mrs. Light's visitors. He wondered what she was doing alone in the Coliseum, and conjectured that Assunta had admirers as well as her young mistress, but that, being without the same domiciliary conveniences, she was using this massive heritage of her Latin ancestors as a boudoir. In other words, she had an appointment with her lover, who had better, from present appearances, be punctual. It was a long time since Rowland had ascended to the ruinous upper tiers of the great circus, and, as the day was radiant and the distant views promised to be particularly clear, he determined to give himself the pleasure. The custodian unlocked the great wooden wicket, and he climbed through the winding shafts, where the eager Roman crowds had billowed and trampled, not pausing till he reached the highest accessible point of the ruin. The views were as fine as he had supposed; the lights on the Sabine Mountains had never been more lovely. He gazed to his satisfaction and retraced his steps. In a moment he paused again on an abutment

somewhat lower, from which the glance dropped dizzily into the interior. There are chance anfractuosities of ruin in the upper portions of the Coliseum which offer a very fair imitation of the rugged face of an Alpine cliff. In those days a multitude of delicate flowers and sprays of wild herbage had found a friendly soil in the hoary crevices, and they bloomed and nodded amid the antique masonry as freely as they would have done in the virgin rock. Rowland was turning away, when he heard a sound of voices rising from below. He had but to step slightly forward to find himself overlooking two persons who had seated themselves on a narrow ledge, in a sunny corner. They had apparently had an eye to extreme privacy, but they had not observed that their position was commanded by Rowland's stand-point. One of these cozy adventurers was a lady, thickly veiled, so that, even if he had not been standing directly above her, Rowland could not have seen her face. The other was a young man, whose face was also invisible, but who, as Rowland stood there, gave a toss of his clustering locks which was equivalent to the signature — Roderick Hudson. A moment's reflection, hereupon, satisfied him of the identity of the lady. He had been unjust to poor Assunta, sitting patient in the gloomy arena; she had not come on her own errand. Rowland's discoveries made him hesitate. Should he retire as noiselessly as possible, or should he call out a friendly good morning? While he was debating the question, he found himself distinctly hearing his friends' words. They were of such a nature as to make him unwilling to retreat, and yet to make it awkward to be discovered in a position where it would be apparent that he had heard them.

"If what you say is true," said Christina, with her usual soft deliberateness, — it made her words rise with peculiar

distinctness to Rowland's ear, — "you are simply weak. I'm sorry! I hoped — I really believed — you were not."

"No, I'm not weak," answered Roderick, with vehemence; "I maintain that I'm not weak! I'm incomplete, perhaps; but I can't help that. Weakness is a man's own fault!"

"Incomplete, then!" said Christina, with a laugh. "It's the same thing, so long as it keeps you from splendid achievement. Is it written, then, that I shall really never know what I have so often dreamed of?"

"What have you dreamed of?"

"A man whom I can perfectly respect!" cried the young girl, with a sudden flame. "A man, at least, whom I can unrestrictedly admire. I meet one, as I have met more than one before, whom I fondly believe to be cast in a larger mold than most of the vile human breed, to be large in character, large in talent, large in will! In such a man as that, I say, one's weary imagination at last may rest; or it may wander if it will, yet never need to wander far from the deeps where one's heart is anchored. When I first knew you, I gave no sign, but you had struck me. I observed you, as women observe, and I fancied you had the sacred fire."

"Before Heaven, I believe I have!" cried Roderick.

"Ah, but so little! It flickers and trembles and sputters; it goes out, you tell me, for whole weeks together. From your own account, it's ten to one that in the long run you're a failure."

"I say those things sometimes myself, but when I hear you say them they make me feel as if I could work twenty years at a sitting, on purpose to refute you!"

"Ah, the man who is strong with what I call strength," Christina replied, "would neither rise nor fall by anything I could say! I'm a poor, weak woman; I have no strength myself, and I can give no strength. I'm a miserable medley of vanity and folly. I'm silly, I'm ignorant, I'm affected, I'm false. I'm the fruit of a horrible education, sown on a worthless soil. I'm all that, and yet

I believe I have one merit! I should know a great character when I saw it, and I should delight in it with a generosity which would do something toward the remission of my sins. For a man who should really give me a certain feeling — which I have never had, but which I should know when it came — I would send Prince Casamassima and his millions to perdition. I don't know what you think of me for saying all this; I suppose we have not climbed up here under the skies to play propriety. Why have you been at such pains to assure me, after all, that you are a little man and not a great one, a weak one and not a strong? I innocently imagined that your eyes declared you were strong. But your voice condemns you; I always wondered at it; it's not the voice of a conqueror!"

"Give me something to conquer," cried Roderick, "and when I say that I thank you from my soul, my voice, whatever you think of it, shall speak the truth!"

Christina for a moment said nothing. Rowland was too interested to think of moving. "You pretend to such devotion," she went on, "and yet I am sure you have never really chosen between me and that person in America."

"Do me the favor not to speak of her," said Roderick, imploringly.

"Why not? I say no ill of her, and I think all kinds of good. I'm certain she's a far better girl than I, and far more likely to make you happy."

"This is happiness, this present, palpable moment," said Roderick; "though you have such a genius for saying the things that torture me!"

"It's greater happiness than you deserve, then! You have never chosen, I say; you have been afraid to choose. You have never really faced the fact that you are false, that you have broken your faith. You have never looked at it and seen that it was hideous, and yet said, 'No matter, I'll brave the penalty, I'll bear the shame!' You have closed your eyes; you have tried to stifle remembrance, to persuade yourself that you were not behaving as badly as you

seemed to be, and there would be some way, after all, of compassing bliss and yet escaping trouble. You have faltered and drifted, you have gone on from accident to accident, and I'm sure that at this present moment you can't tell what it is you really desire!"

Roderick was sitting with his knees drawn up and bent, and his hands clasped round his legs. He bent his head and rested his forehead on his knees.

Christina went on with a sort of infernal calmness: "I believe that, really, you don't greatly care for your friend in America any more than you do for me. You are one of the men who care only for themselves and for what they can make of themselves. That's very well when they can make something great, and I could interest myself in a man of extraordinary power who should wish to turn all his passions to account. But if the power should turn out to be, after all, rather ordinary? Fancy feeling one's self ground in the mill of a third-rate talent! If you have doubts about yourself, I can't reassure you; I have too many doubts myself, about everything in this weary world. You have gone up like a rocket, in your profession, they tell me; are you going to come down like the stick? I don't pretend to know; I repeat frankly what I have said before—that all modern sculpture seems to me weak, and that the only things I care for are some of the most battered of the antiques of the Vatican. No, no, I can't reassure you; and when you tell me—with a confidence in my discretion of which, certainly, I am duly sensible—that at times you feel terribly small, why, I can only answer, 'Ah, then, my poor friend, I'm afraid you are small.' The language I should like to hear, from a certain person, would be the language of magnificent decision."

Roderick raised his head, but he said nothing; he seemed to be exchanging a long glance with his companion. The result of it was to make him fling himself back with an inarticulate murmur. Rowland, admonished by the silence, was on the point of turning away, but he was arrested by a gesture of the

young girl. She pointed for a moment into the blue air. Roderick followed the direction of her gesture.

"Is that little flower we see outlined against that dark niche," she asked, "as intensely blue as it looks through my veil?" She spoke apparently with the amiable design of directing the conversation into a less painful channel.

Rowland, from where he stood, could see the flower she meant—a delicate plant of radiant hue, which sprouted from the top of an immense fragment of wall some twelve feet from Christina's place.

Roderick turned his head and looked at it without answering. At last, glancing round, "Put up your veil!" he said. Christina complied. "Does it look as blue now?" he asked.

"Ah, what a lovely color!" she murmured, leaning her head on one side.

"Would you like to have it?"

She stared a moment and then broke into a light laugh.

"Would you like to have it?" he repeated in a ringing voice.

"Don't look as if you would eat me up," she answered. "It's harmless if I say yes!"

Roderick rose to his feet and stood looking at the little flower. It was separated from the ledge on which he stood by a rugged surface of vertical wall, which dropped straight into the dusky vaults behind the arena. Suddenly he took off his hat and flung it behind him. Christina then sprang to her feet.

"I'll bring it you," he said.

She seized his arm. "Are you crazy? Do you mean to kill yourself?"

"I shall not kill myself. Sit down!"

"Excuse me. Not till you do!" And she grasped his arm with both hands.

Roderick shook her off and pointed with a violent gesture to her former place. "Go there!" he cried fiercely.

"You can never, never!" she murmured beseechingly, clasping her hands. "I implore you!"

Roderick turned and looked at her, and then in a voice which Rowland had never heard him use, a voice almost

thunderous, a voice which awakened the echoes of the mighty ruin, he repeated, "Sit down!" She hesitated a moment and then she dropped on the ground and buried her face in her hands.

Rowland had seen all this, and he saw more. He saw Roderick clasp in his left arm the jagged corner of the vertical partition along which he proposed to pursue his crazy journey, stretch out his leg, and feel for a resting-place for his foot. Rowland had measured with a glance the possibility of his sustaining himself, and pronounced it absolutely nil. The wall was garnished with a series of narrow projections, the remains apparently of a brick cornice supporting the arch of a vault which had long since collapsed. It was by lodging his toes on these loose brackets and grasping with his hands at certain moldering protuberances on a level with his head, that Roderick intended to proceed. The relics of the cornice were utterly worthless as a support. Rowland had observed this, and yet, for a moment, he had hesitated. If the thing were possible, he felt a sudden admiring glee at the thought of Roderick's doing it. It would be finely done, it would be gallant, it would have a sort of masculine eloquence as an answer to Christina's sinister *persiflage*. But it was not possible! Rowland left his place with a bound, and scrambled down some neighboring steps, and the next moment a stronger pair of hands than Christina's were laid upon Roderick's shoulder.

He turned, staring, pale and angry. Christina rose, pale and staring too, but beautiful in her wonder and alarm. "My dear Roderick," said Rowland, "I'm only preventing you from doing a very foolish thing. That's an exploit for spiders, not for young sculptors of promise."

Roderick wiped his forehead, looked back at the wall, and then closed his eyes, as if with a spasm of retarded dizziness. "I won't resist you," he said. "But I've made you obey," he added, turning to Christina. "Am I weak now?"

She had recovered her composure;

she looked straight past him and addressed Rowland: "Be so good as to show me the way out of this horrible place!"

He helped her back into the corridor; Roderick after a short interval followed. Of course, as they were descending the steps, came questions for Rowland to answer, and more or less surprise. Where had he come from? how happened he to have appeared at just that moment? Rowland answered that he had been rambling overhead, and that, looking out of an aperture, he had seen a gentleman preparing to undertake a preposterous gymnastic feat, and a lady swooning away in consequence. Interference seemed justifiable, and he had made it as prompt as possible. Roderick was far from hanging his head, like a man who has been caught in the perpetration of an extravagant folly; but if he held it more erect than usual, Rowland believed that this was much less because he had made a show of personal daring than because he had triumphantly proved to Christina that, like a certain person she had dreamed of, he too could speak the language of decision. Christina descended to the arena in silence, apparently occupied with her own thoughts. She betrayed no sense of the privacy of her interview with Roderick needing an explanation. Rowland had seen stranger things in New York! The only evidence of her recent agitation was that, on being joined by her maid, she declared that she was unable to walk home; she must have a carriage. A fiacre was found resting in the shadow of the Arch of Constantine, and Rowland suspected that after she had got into it she disburdened herself, under her veil, of a few natural tears.

Rowland had played eavesdropper to so good a purpose that he might justly have omitted the ceremony of denouncing himself to Roderick. He preferred, however, to let him know that he had overheard a portion of his talk with Christina.

"Of course it seems to you," Roderick said, "a proof that I'm completely enslaved."

"Miss Light appeared to be saying things which proved that she had measured her power and found it great," Rowland answered. "Your attempting that crazy pursuit of the flower she had noticed was the act of a man whom a woman feels that she can make a fool of!"

"Yes," said Roderick, meditatively; "she is making a fool of me."

"And what do you expect to come of it?"

"Nothing good!" And Roderick put his hands into his pockets and looked as if he had announced the most colorless fact in the world.

"And in the light of your late interview, what do you make of your young lady?"

"If I could tell you that, it would be plain sailing. But she'll not tell me again I'm weak!"

"Are you very sure you are not weak?"

"I may be, but she shall never know it."

Rowland said no more until they reached the Corso, when he asked his companion whether he was going to his studio.

Rowland started out of a reverie and passed his hands over his eyes. "Oh no, I can't settle down to work after such a scene as that. I was not afraid of breaking my neck then, but I feel all in a tremor now. I'll go—I'll go and sit in the sun on the Pincio!"

"Promise me this, first," said Rowland, very solemnly: "that the next time you meet Miss Light, it shall be on the earth and not in the air."

Since his return from Frascati, Roderick had been working doggedly at the statue ordered by Mr. Leavenworth. To Rowland's eye he had made a very fair beginning, but he had himself insisted, from the first, that he liked neither his subject nor his patron, and that it was impossible to feel any warmth of interest in a work which was to be incorporated into the ponderous personality of Mr. Leavenworth. It was all against the grain; he wrought without love. Nevertheless after a fashion he

wrought, and the figure grew beneath his hands. Miss Blanchard's friend was ordering works of art on every side, and his purveyors were in many cases persons whom Roderick declared it was an infamy to be paired with. There had been grand tailors, he said, who declined to make you a coat unless you got the hat you were to wear with it from an artist of their own choosing. It seemed to him that he had an equal right to exact that his statue should not form part of the same system of ornament as the "Pearl of Perugia," a picture by an American *confrère* who had, in Mr. Leavenworth's opinion, a prodigious eye for color. As a customer, Mr. Leavenworth used to drop into Roderick's studio, to see how things were getting on, and give a friendly hint or so. He would seat himself squarely, plant his gold-topped cane between his legs, which he held very much apart, rest his large white hands on the head, and enunciate the principles of spiritual art, as he hoisted them one by one, as you might say, out of the depths of his moral consciousness. His benignant and imperturbable composure gave Roderick the sense of suffocating beneath a large fluffy bolster, and the worst of the matter was that the good gentleman's placid vanity had an integument whose toughness no sarcastic shaft could pierce. Roderick admitted that in thinking over the tribulations of struggling genius, the danger of dying of over-patronage had never occurred to him.

The deterring effect of the episode of the Coliseum was apparently of long continuance; if Roderick's nerves had been shaken, his hand needed time to recover its steadiness. He cultivated composure upon principles of his own: by frequenting entertainments from which he returned at four o'clock in the morning, and lapsing into habits which might fairly be called irregular. He had hitherto made few friends among the artistic fraternity; chiefly because he had taken no trouble about it, and there was in his demeanor an elastic independence of the favor of his fellow-mortals which made social advances on his own part pecul-

iarly necessary. Rowland had told him more than once that he ought to fraternize a trifle more with the other artists, and he had always answered that he had not the smallest objection to fraternizing: let them come! But they came on rare occasions, and Roderick was not punctilious about returning their visits. He declared there was not one of them whose works gave him the smallest desire to make acquaintance with the insides of their heads. For Gloriani he professed a superb contempt, and, having been once to look at his wares, never crossed his threshold again. The only one of the fraternity for whom by his own admission he cared a straw was little Singleton; but he expressed his regard only in a kind of sublime hilarity whenever he encountered this humble genius, and quite forgot his existence in the intervals. He had never been to see him, but Singleton edged his way, from time to time, timidly, into Roderick's studio, and agreed with characteristic modesty that brilliant fellows like the sculptor might consent to receive homage, but could hardly be expected to render it. Roderick patted his head, laughed indiscriminately at everything he said, and seemed to regard him as one of Nature's good-humored jokes. Roderick's taste as to companions was singularly capricious. There were very good fellows, who were disposed to cultivate him, who bored him to death; and there were others, in whom even Rowland's good-nature was unable to discover a pretext for tolerance, in whom he appeared to find the highest social qualities. He used to give the most fantastic reasons for his likes and dislikes. He would declare he could n't speak a civil word to a man who brushed his hair in a certain fashion, and he would explain his unaccountable fancy for an individual of imperceptible merit by telling you that he had an ancestor who in the thirteenth century had walled up his wife alive. "I like to talk to a man whose ancestor has walled up his wife alive," he would say. "You may not see the fun of it, and think poor P— is a very dull fellow. It's very possible;

I don't ask you to admire him. But, for reasons of my own, I like to have him about. The old fellow left her for three days with her face uncovered, and placed a long mirror opposite to her, so that she could see, as he said, if her gown was a fit!"

His relish for an odd flavor in his friends had led him to make the acquaintance of a number of people outside of Rowland's well-ordered circle, and he made no secret of their being very queer fish. He formed an intimacy, among others, with a crazy fellow who had come to Rome as an emissary of one of the Central American republics, to drive some ecclesiastical bargain with the papal government. The Pope had given him the cold shoulder, but since he had not prospered as a diplomatist, he had sought compensation as a man of the world, and his great flamboyant curricule and negro lackeys were for several weeks one of the striking ornaments of the Pincian. He spoke a queer jargon of Italian, Spanish, French, and English, humorously relieved with scraps of ecclesiastical Latin, and to those who inquired of Roderick what he found to interest him in such a fantastic jackanapes, the latter would reply, looking at his interlocutor with his lucid blue eyes, that it was worth any sacrifice to hear him talk nonsense! The two had gone together one night to a ball given by a lady of some renown in the Spanish colony, and very late, on his way home, Roderick came up to Rowland's rooms, in whose windows he had seen a light. Rowland was going to bed, but Roderick flung himself into an arm-chair and chattered for an hour. The friends of the Costa Rican envoy were as amusing as himself, and in very much the same line. The mistress of the house had worn a yellow satin dress, and gold heels to her slippers, and at the close of the entertainment had sent for a pair of castagnettes, tucked up her skirts, and danced a fandango, while the gentlemen sat cross-legged on the floor. "It was awfully low," Roderick said; "all of a sudden I perceived it, and bolted. Nothing of that kind ever

amuses me to the end: before it's half over it bores me to death; it makes me sick. Hang it, why can't a poor fellow enjoy things in peace? My illusions are all broken-winded; they won't carry me twenty paces! I can't laugh and forget; my laugh dies away before it begins. Your friend Stendhal writes on his book-covers (I never got further) that he has seen too early in life *la beauté parfaite*. I don't know how early he saw it; I saw it before I was born—in another state of being! I can't describe it positively; I can only say I don't find it anywhere now. Not at the bottom of champagne glasses; not, strange as it may seem, in that extra half-yard or so of shoulder that some women have their ball-dresses cut to expose. I don't find it at merry supper-tables, where half a dozen ugly men with pomatumed heads are rapidly growing uglier still with heat and wine; not when I come away and walk through these squalid, black streets, and go out into the Forum and see a few old battered stone posts standing there like gnawed bones stuck into the earth. Everything is mean and dusky and shabby, and the men and women who make up this so-called brilliant society are the meanest and shabbiest of all. They have no real frankness; they are all cowards and popinjays. They have no more dignity than so many grasshoppers. Nothing is good but one!" And he jumped up and stood looking at one of his statues, which shone vaguely across the room in the dim lamplight.

"Yes, do tell us," said Rowland, "what to hold on by!"

"Those things of mine were tolerably good," he answered. "But my idea was better—and that's what I mean!"

Rowland said nothing. He was willing to wait for Roderick to complete the circle of his metamorphoses, but he had no desire to officiate as chorus to the play. If Roderick chose to fish in troubled waters, he must land his prizes himself.

"You think I'm an impudent humbug," the latter said at last, "coming up to moralize at this hour of the night. You think I want to throw dust into your

eyes, to put you off the scent. That's your eminently rational view of the case."

"Excuse me from taking any view at all," said Rowland.

"You have given me up, then?"

"No, I've merely suspended judgment. I'm waiting."

"You have ceased then *positively* to believe in me?"

Rowland made an angry gesture. "Oh, cruel boy! When you have hit your mark and made people care for you, you should n't twist your weapon about at that rate in their vitals. Allow me to say I'm sleepy. Good night!"

Some days afterward it happened that Rowland, on a long afternoon ramble, took his way through one of the quiet corners of the Trastevere. He was particularly fond of this part of Rome, though he could hardly have expressed the charm he found in it. As you pass away from the dusky, swarming purlieus of the Ghetto, you emerge into a region of empty, soundless, grass-grown lanes and alleys, where the shabby houses seem moldering away in disuse, and yet your footstep brings figures of startling Roman type to the doorways. There are few monuments here, but no part of Rome seemed more historic, in the sense of being weighted with a crushing past, blighted with the melancholy of things that had had their day. When the yellow afternoon sunshine slept on the sallow, battered walls, and lengthened the shadows in the grassy court-yards of small, closed churches, the place acquired a strange fascination. The church of Saint Cecilia has one of these sunny, waste-looking courts; the edifice seems abandoned to silence and the charity of chance devotion. Rowland never passed it without going in, and he was generally the only visitor. He entered it now, but found that two persons had preceded him. Both were women. One was at her prayers at one of the side altars; the other was seated against a column at the upper end of the nave. Rowland walked to the altar, and paid, in a momentary glance at the clever statue of the saint in death, in the niche beneath

it, the usual tribute to the charm of polished ingenuity. As he turned away he looked at the person seated and recognized Christina Light. Seeing that she perceived him, he advanced to speak to her.

She was sitting in a listless attitude, with her hands in her lap, as if she were tired. She was dressed simply, as if for walking and escaping observation. When he had greeted her he glanced back at her companion, and recognized the faithful Assunta.

Christina smiled. "Are you looking for Mr. Hudson? He's not here, I'm happy to say."

"But you?" he asked. "This is a strange place to find you."

"Not at all! People call me a strange girl, and I might as well have the comfort of it. I came to take a walk; that, by the way, is part of my strangeness. I can't loiter all the morning in an arm-chair, and all the afternoon in a carriage. I get horribly restless. I must move; I must do something and see something. Mamma suggests a cup of tea. Meanwhile I put on an old dress and half a dozen veils, I take Assunta under my arm, and we start on a pedestrian tour. It's a bore that I can't take the poodle, but he attracts attention. We trudge about everywhere; there's nothing I like so much. I hope you'll congratulate me on the simplicity of my tastes."

"I congratulate you on your wisdom. To live in Rome and not to walk would, I think, be poor pleasure. But you're terribly far from home, and I'm afraid you're tired."

"A little—enough to sit here a while."

"Might I offer you my company while you rest?"

"If you'll promise to amuse me. I'm in dismal spirits."

Rowland said he would do what he could, and brought a chair and placed it near her. He was not in love with her; he disapproved of her; he mistrusted her; and yet he felt it a kind of privilege to watch her, and he found a strange excitement in talking to her. The background of her nature, as he

would have called it, was large and mysterious, and it emitted strange, fantastic gleams and flashes. Watching for these rather quickened his pulses. Moreover, it was not a disadvantage to talk to a girl who made one keep guard on one's composure; it diminished one's chronic liability to utter something less than revised wisdom.

Assunta had risen from her prayers, and, as he took his place, was coming back to her mistress. But Christina motioned her away. "No, no; while you are about it, say a few dozen more!" she said. "Pray for me," she added in English. "Pray I say nothing silly. She has been at it half an hour; I envy her capacity!"

"Have you never felt in any degree," Rowland asked, "the fascination of Catholicism?"

"Yes, I have been through that too! There was a time when I wanted immensely to be a nun; it was not a laughing matter. It was when I was about sixteen years old. I read the *Imitation* and the *Life of Saint Theresa*. I fully believed in the miracles of the saints, and I was dying to have one of my own. The least little accident that could have been twisted into a miracle would have carried me straight into the bosom of the church. I had the real religious passion. It has passed away, and, as I sat here just now, I was wondering what had become of it!"

Rowland had already been sensible of something in this young lady's tone which he would have called a want of veracity, and this epitome of her religious experience failed to strike him as an absolute statement of fact. But the trait was not disagreeable, for she herself was evidently the foremost dupe of her inventions. She had a fictitious history in which she believed much more fondly than in her real one, and an infinite capacity for extemporized reminiscence adapted to the mood of the hour. She liked to idealize herself, to take interesting and picturesque attitudes to her own imagination; and the vivacity and spontaneity of her character gave her, really, a starting-point in experience; so that the many-

colored flowers of fiction which blossomed in her talk were not so much perversions, as sympathetic exaggerations, of fact. And Rowland felt that whatever she said of herself might have been, under the imagined circumstances; impulse was there, audacity, the restless, questioning temperament. "I am afraid I am sadly prosaic," he said, "for in these many months now that I have been in Rome, I have never ceased for a moment to look at Catholicism simply from the outside. I don't see an opening as big as your finger-nail, where I could creep into it!"

"What do you believe?" asked Christina, looking at him. "Are you religious?"

"I believe in God."

Christina let her beautiful eyes wander a while, and then gave a little sigh. "You're much to be envied!"

"You, I imagine, in that line have nothing to envy me."

"Yes, I have. Rest!"

"You're too young to say that."

"I'm not young; I have never been young! My mother took care of that. I was a little wrinkled old woman at ten."

"I'm afraid," said Rowland, in a moment, "that you are fond of painting yourself in dark colors."

She looked at him a while in silence. "Do you wish," she demanded at last, "to win my eternal gratitude? Prove to me that I am better than I suppose."

"I should have first to know what you really suppose."

She shook her head. "It would n't do. You would be horrified to learn even the things I imagine about myself, and shocked at the knowledge of evil displayed in my very mistakes."

"Well, then," said Rowland, "I will ask no questions. But, at a venture, I promise you to catch you some day in the act of doing something very good."

"Can it be, can it be," she asked, "that you too are trying to flatter me? I thought you and I had fallen, from the first, into rather a truth-speaking vein."

"Oh, I have not abandoned it!" said Rowland; and he determined, since he had the credit of homely directness, to

push his advantage further. The opportunity seemed excellent. But while he was hesitating as to just how to begin, the young girl said, bending forward and clasping her hands in her lap, "Please tell me about your religion."

"Tell you about it? I can't!" said Rowland, with a good deal of emphasis.

She flushed a little. "Is it such a mighty mystery it can't be put into words, nor communicated to my base ears?"

"It is simply a sentiment that makes part of my life, and I can't detach myself from it sufficiently to talk about it."

"Religion, it seems to me, should be eloquent and aggressive. It should wish to make converts, to persuade and illumine, to sway all hearts!"

"One's religion takes the color of one's general disposition. I am not aggressive, and certainly I am not eloquent."

"Beware, then, of finding yourself confronted with doubt and despair! I'm sure that doubt, at times, and the bitterness that comes of it, can be terribly eloquent. To tell the truth, my lonely musings, before you came in, were eloquent enough, in their way. What do you know of anything but this strange, terrible world that surrounds you? How do you know that your faith is not a mere crazy castle in the air; one of those castles that we are called fools for building when we lodge them in this life?"

"I don't know it, any more than any one knows the contrary. But one's religion is extremely ingenious in doing without knowledge."

"In such a world as this it certainly needs to be!"

Rowland smiled. "What is your particular quarrel with this world?"

"It's a general quarrel. Nothing is true, or fixed, or permanent. We all seem to be playing with shadows more or less grotesque. It all comes over me here so dismally! The very atmosphere of this cold, deserted church seems to mock at one's longing to believe in something. Who cares for it now? who comes to it? who takes it seriously? Poor, stupid Assunta there gives in her adhesion

in a jargon she does n't understand, and you and I, proper, passionless tourists, come lounging in to rest from a walk. And yet the Catholic church was once the proudest institution in the world, and had quite its own way with men's souls. When such a mighty structure as that turns out to have a flaw, what faith is one to put in one's own poor little views and philosophies? What is right and what is wrong? What is one really to care for? What is the proper rule of life? I'm tired of trying to discover, and I suspect it's not worth the trouble. Live as most amuses you!"

"Your perplexities are so terribly comprehensive," said Rowland, smiling, "that one hardly knows where to meet them first."

"I don't care much for anything you can say, because it's sure to be half-hearted. You're not in the least contented, yourself."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I'm an observer!"

"No one is absolutely contented, I suppose, but I assure you I complain of nothing."

"So much the worse for your honesty. To begin with, you're in love."

"You would n't have me complain of that!"

"And it does n't go well. There are grievous obstacles. So much I know! You need n't protest; I ask no questions. You'll tell no one — me least of all. Why does one never see you?"

"Why, if I came to see you," said Rowland, deliberating, "it would n't be, it could n't be, for a trivial reason — because I had n't been in a month, because I was passing, because I admire you. It would be because I should have something very particular to say. I have not come, because I have been slow in making up my mind to say it."

"You're simply cruel. Something particular, in this ocean of inanities? In common charity, speak!"

"I doubt whether you'll like it."

"Oh, I hope to Heaven it's not a compliment!"

"It may be called a compliment to your reasonableness. You perhaps re-

member that I gave you a hint of it the other day at Frascati."

"Has it been hanging fire all this time? Explode! I promise not to stop my ears."

"It relates to my friend Hudson." And Rowland paused. She was looking at him expectantly; her face gave no sign. "I'm rather disturbed in mind about him. He seems to me at times to be in an unpromising way." He paused again, but Christina said nothing. "The case is simply this," he went on. "It was by my advice he renounced his career at home and embraced his present one. I made him burn his ships. I brought him to Rome, I launched him in the world, and I stand surety, in a measure, to — to his mother, for his prosperity. It is not such smooth sailing as it might be, and I am inclined to put up prayers for fair winds. If he is to succeed, he must work — quietly, devotedly. It is not news to you, I imagine, that Hudson is a great admirer of yours."

Christina remained silent; she turned away her eyes with an air, not of confusion, but of deep deliberation. Surprising frankness had, as a general thing, struck Rowland as the key-note of her character, but she had more than once given him a suggestion of an unfathomable power of calculation, and her silence now had something which it is hardly extravagant to call portentous. He had of course asked himself how far it was questionable taste to inform an unprotected girl, for the needs of a cause, that another man admired her; the thing, superficially, had an uncomfortable analogy with the shrewdness that takes a cat's-paw and lets it risk being singled. But he decided that even rigid discretion is not bound to take a young lady at more than her own valuation, and Christina presently reassured him as to the limits of her susceptibility. "Mr. Hudson is in love with me!" she said.

Rowland flinched a trifle. Then — "Am I," he asked, "from this point of view of mine, to be glad or sorry?"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, is Hudson to be happy, or unhappy?"

She hesitated a moment. "You wish him to be great in his profession?" And for that you consider that he must be happy in his life?"

"Decidedly. I don't say it's a general rule, but I think it is a rule for him."

"So that if he were very happy, he would become very great?"

"He would at least do himself justice."

"And by that you mean a great deal?"

"A great deal."

Christina sank back in her chair and rested her eyes on the cracked and polished slabs of the pavement. At last, looking up, "You have not forgotten, I suppose, that you told me he was engaged?"

"By no means."

"He is still engaged, then?"

"To the best of my belief."

"And yet you desire that, as you say, he should be made happy by something I can do for him?"

"What I desire is this. That your great influence with him should be exerted for his good, that it should help him and not retard him. Understand me. You probably know that your lovers have rather a restless time of it. I can answer for two of them. You don't know your own mind very well, I imagine, and you like being admired, rather at the expense of the admirer. Since we are really being frank, I wonder whether I might not say the great word."

"You need n't; I know it. I'm a horrible coquette."

"No, not a horrible one, since I'm making an appeal to your generosity. I'm pretty sure you can't imagine yourself marrying my friend."

"There's nothing I can't imagine! That's my trouble."

Rowland's brow contracted impatiently. "I can't imagine it, then!" he affirmed.

Christina flushed faintly; then, very gently, "I'm not so bad as you think," she said.

"It is not a question of badness; it is a question of whether circumstances don't make the thing an extreme improbability."

"Worse and worse. I can be bullied, then, or bribed!"

"You are not so candid," said Rowland, "as you pretend to be. My feeling is this. Hudson, as I understand him, does not need, as an artist, the stimulus of strong emotion, of passion. He's better without it; he's emotional and passionate enough when he's left to himself. The sooner passion is at rest, therefore, the sooner he will settle down to work, and the fewer emotions he has that are mere emotions and nothing more, the better for him. If you cared for him enough to marry him, I should have nothing to say; I would never venture to interfere. But I strongly suspect you don't, and therefore I would suggest, most respectfully, that you should let him alone."

"And if I let him alone, as you say, all will be well with him for ever more?"

"Not immediately and not absolutely, but things will be easier. He will be better able to concentrate himself."

"What is he doing now? Wherein does he dissatisfy you?"

"I can hardly say. He's like a watch that's running down. He's moody, desultory, idle, irregular, fantastic."

"Heavens, what a list! And it's all poor me?"

"No, not all. But you are a part of it, and I turn to you because you are a more tangible, sensible, responsible cause than the others."

Christina raised her hand to her eyes, and bent her head thoughtfully. Rowland was puzzled to measure the effect of his venture; she rather surprised him by her gentleness. At last, without moving, "If I were to marry him," she asked, "what would have become of his fiancée?"

"I am bound to suppose that she would be extremely unhappy."

Christina said nothing more, and Rowland, to let her make her reflections, left his place and strolled away. Poor

Assunta, sitting patiently on a stone bench, and unprovided, on this occasion, with military consolation, gave him a bright, frank smile, which might have been construed as an expression of regret for herself, and of sympathy for her mistress. Rowland presently seated himself again near Christina.

"What do you think," she asked, looking at him, "of your friend's infidelity?"

"I don't like it."

"Was he very much in love with her?"

"He asked her to marry him. You may judge."

"Is she rich?"

"No, she's poor."

"Is she very much in love with him?"

"I know her too little to say."

She paused again, and then resumed: "You have settled in your mind, then, that I will never seriously listen to him?"

"I think it unlikely, until the contrary is proved."

"How shall it be proved? How do you know what passes between us?"

"I can judge, of course, but from appearance; but, like you, I'm an observer. Hudson has not at all the air of a prosperous suitor."

"If he is depressed, there is a reason. He has a bad conscience. One must hope so, at least. On the other hand, simply as a friend," she continued gently, "you think I can do him no good?"

The humility of her tone, combined with her beauty, as she made this remark, was inexpressibly touching, and Rowland had an uncomfortable sense of being put at a disadvantage. "There are doubtless many good things you might do, if you had proper opportunity," he said. "But you seem to be sailing with a current which leaves you little leisure for quiet benevolence. You live in the whirl and hurry of a world into which a poor artist can hardly find it to his advantage to follow you."

"In plain English, I'm hopelessly frivolous. You put it very generously."

"I won't hesitate to say all my

thought," said Rowland. "For better or worse, you seem to me to belong, both by character and by circumstance, to what is called the world, the great world. You are made to ornament it magnificently. You are not made to be an artist's wife."

"I see. But even from your point of view, that would depend upon the artist. Extraordinary talent might make him a member of the great world!"

Rowland smiled. "That's very true."

"If, as it is," Christina continued in a moment, "you take a low view of me, — no, you need n't protest, — I wonder what you would think if you knew certain things."

"What things do you mean?"

"Well, for example, how I was brought up. I have had a horrible education. There must be some good in me, since I have perceived it, since I have turned and judged my circumstances."

"My dear Miss Light!" Rowland murmured.

She gave a little, quick laugh. "You don't want to hear? you don't want to have to think about that?"

"Have I a right to? You need n't justify yourself."

She turned upon him a moment the quickened light of her beautiful eyes, then fell to musing again. "Is there not some novel or some play," she asked at last, "in which some beautiful, wicked woman who has ensnared a young man sees his father come to her and beg her to let him go?"

"Very likely," said Rowland. "I hope she consents."

"I forget. But tell me," she continued, "shall you consider — admitting your proposition — that in ceasing to flirt with Mr. Hudson, so that he may go about his business, I do something magnanimous, heroic, sublime — something with a fine name like that?"

Rowland, elated with the prospect of gaining his point, was about to reply that she would deserve the finest name in the world; but he instantly suspected that this tone would not please her, and, besides, it would not express his meaning.

"You do something I shall greatly respect," he contented himself with saying.

She made no answer, and in a moment she beckoned to her maid. "What have I to do to-day?" she asked.

Assunta meditated. "Eh, it's a very busy day! Fortunately I have a better memory than the signorina," she said, turning to Rowland. She began to count on her fingers. "We have to go to the Piè di Marmo to see about those laces that were sent to be washed. You said also that you wished to say three sharp words to the Buonvicini about your pink dress. You want some moss-rosebuds for to-night, and you won't get them for nothing! You dine at the Austrian Embassy, and that Frenchman is to powder your hair. You're to come home in time to receive, for the signora gives a dance. And so away, away till morning!"

"Ah, yes, the moss-roses!" Christina murmured, caressingly. "I must have a quantity — at least a hundred. Nothing but buds, eh? You must sew them in a kind of immense apron, down the front of my dress. Packed tight together, eh? It will be delightfully barbarous. And then twenty more or so for my hair. They go very well with powder; don't you think so?" And she turned to Rowland. "I'm going en *Pompadour*."

"Going where?"

"To the Spanish Embassy, or wherever it is."

"All down the front, signorina? *Dio buono!* You must give me time!" Assunta cried.

"Yes, we'll go!" And she left her place. She walked slowly to the door of the church, looking at the pavement, and Rowland could not guess whether she was thinking of her apron of moss-rosebuds or of her opportunity for moral sublimity. Before reaching the door she turned away and stood gazing at an old picture, indistinguishable with blackness, over an altar. At last they passed out into the court. Glancing at her in the open air, Rowland was startled; he imagined he saw the traces of hastily suppressed tears. They had lost time, she said, and they must hurry; she sent As-

sunta to look for a fiacre. She remained silent a while, scratching the ground with the point of her parasol, and then at last, looking up, she thanked Rowland for his confidence in her "reasonableness."

"It's really very comfortable to be asked, to be expected, to do something good, after all the horrid things one has been used to doing — taught, commanded, forced to do! I'll think over what you have said to me." In that deserted quarter fiacres are rare, and there was some delay in Assunta's procuring one. Christina talked of the church, of the picturesque old court, of that strange, decaying corner of Rome. Rowland was perplexed; he was ill at ease. At last the fiacre arrived, but she waited a moment longer. "So, decidedly," she suddenly asked, "I can only harm him?"

"You make me feel very brutal," said Rowland.

"And he's such a fine fellow that it would be really a great pity, eh?"

"I shall praise him no more," Rowland said.

She turned away quickly, but she lingered still. "Do you remember promising me, soon after we first met, that at the end of six months you would tell me definitively what you thought of me?"

"It was a foolish promise."

"You gave it. Bear it in mind. I will think of what you have said to me. Farewell." She stepped into the carriage, and it rolled away. Rowland stood for some minutes, looking after it, and then went his way with a sigh. If this expressed general mistrust, he ought, three days afterward, to have been reassured. He received by the post a note containing these words:—

"I have done it. Begin and respect me!
C. L."

To be perfectly satisfactory, indeed, the note required a commentary. He called that evening upon Roderick, and found one in the information offered him at the door, by the old serving-woman — the startling information that the signorino had gone to Naples.

Henry James, Jr.

THE RUSSIANS IN THE EAST.

It is a remarkable and romantic fact that the struggle between Russia and England for the control of Asiatic commerce and the supremacy over the Central Asiatic peoples, is going on in the very region whence the Aryan hordes poured forth to populate India and Europe. This struggle has not yet reached the proportions of a warlike collision. But for almost two centuries Russia has been drawing nearer and nearer, by gradual and almost stealthy steps, to the seats of British power in the East; and it does not need an intimacy with the secrets of European cabinets to perceive that such a collision grows more imminent every day.

Whether the Aryans came, as Sir Henry Rawlinson claims, from the vicinity of the region now called Khiva, or, according to learned German authority, from the still mysterious valleys beyond the great Thian Shan range, now ruled over by the usurping Amir of Kashgar, it is certain that Russia and England are contending for the historically primitive home of their common ancestry. The great highways of commerce between Europe and Asia must pass through both Khiva and Kashgar; and the power which is destined to dominate them must acquire undisputed possession of these two states.

In view of what has long been an impending contest, — a contest which seems continually becoming more probable, and one which must almost necessarily involve other European powers besides those immediately interested, — it is worth while to understand clearly the relative positions of Russia and England in the East, and to trace briefly the steps by which the former, from being, a little more than two centuries ago, a comparatively insignificant European power, has extended her frontiers to those of Persia, to Samarkand, and, on the southeast, to within a brief march of the Punjab in North Hindoostan.

Russia began her long career of Asiatic conquest towards the close of the sixteenth century. Theodore I., who was afterwards poisoned, was Czar of Muscovy, which did not become the Russian Empire till more than a century afterwards. Elizabeth was reigning in England, and, far from dreaming of the gorgeous Eastern empire over which her successors were to rule, was engaged in defeating Philip's Armada. The first advance was made in the extreme north. Step by step the territories occupied by the nomad tribes of Siberia were absorbed; then the Cossacks of the Don, settled around the northern shores of the Caspian, were conquered; the Ural Tartars were brought under the rule of the Czar; and colonies were established at Perm and other points eastward and southeastward of Muscovy.

By the close of the seventeenth century the dominion of Russia had stretched completely across the dreary expanses of Siberia, and had included the still more bleak and distant country of Kamtchatka. Peter the Great succeeded to an empire which had become, at least in extent of territory, more Asiatic than European. His sway included the indefinite hordes of Turanian tribes scattered between the rivers Ishim and Irtysh and the northern boundaries of Asia. Peter was the most ambitious, the ablest, and the most civilized Czar who had ever sat on the Muscovite throne. He formed vast projects of conquest, which comprehended not only that portion of Asia lying between the Caspian and China, but also Constantinople and modern Turkey. He left it as a legacy to his successors that they should establish the Greek Church in the ancient metropolis of the emperors of the East; and he pointed out the steps by which Russian ascendancy in Asia was to be attained.

Siberia and the northern shores of the Caspian were hers; it remained to ex-

tend her dominions to the more fertile south, to cross the great arid steppes occupied by the Kirghiz hordes, and finally to found Russian seats of commerce on the southern Caspian, the Sea of Aral, and even the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean. Such was the vista of enterprise which the injunction of Peter spread before succeeding Czars. It seemed a gigantic undertaking. It must necessarily be the work of generations. The conquests must be made, as that of Siberia had been made, piecemeal. The progress of Russia in the lines set down by Peter has been, indeed, slow, painful, interrupted; but on the whole it has been steadily onward. From the time of Peter to that of Nicholas this progress was scarcely perceptible. Catherine II. and Alexander I. found themselves absorbed in European affairs, and had their hands full in the wars which, at brief intervals in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, shook the western continent. The more peaceful era after the final overthrow of Napoleon enabled the Czar to prosecute the long postponed objects of ambition in Asia.

Something had, however, been done, between 1750 and 1830, to prepare the way for future operations. A glance at the map of Central Asia will reveal that between the frontiers of Siberia and Turkistan, there lie vast expanses of steppe and desert, broken but rarely by rivers and mountain ranges, and divided, towards the west, by the Sea of Aral and a long, narrow range approaching it from the north. This desert waste is no less than two thousand miles long and one thousand wide. It has always been occupied by fierce Kirghiz nomads: on the western side by the Kirghiz of the "Little Horde," and on the east (between Siberia and Khokand) by the Kirghiz of the "Great Horde." It was Russia's task to conquer and obtain unhampered passage across these immense deserts. It was no less an obstacle than this which lay between her and the fruitful promised lands watered by the Jaxartes and the Oxus. The process by which Russia has finally obtained

the mastery of that great region was the same as that employed in Siberia. She began by establishing a line of military posts within easy distance of her frontiers. Then she sent emissaries among the tribes just beyond, who persuaded them to cease from their wandering ways, and under Russian protection and alliance to settle down in permanent villages. A time would always come when these nearest tribes, threatened by their savage neighbors on the other side, appealed to Russia to defend them; and before they knew it, they were not only defended, but quietly included within the Eastern dominions of the Czar. Then a further line of military stations would be established, and the contiguous tribes would come, first under Russian protection, and speedily, at a moment when resistance would have been sheer folly, under Russian government. By these means, which required time, but were certain in their operation so long as the strength and treasure of Russia held out, she had reduced, by 1830, the Kirghizes of the Little Horde to vassalage. All this was, moreover, so cleverly done as to attach to Russia the real respect and hearty allegiance of the Kirghiz tribes; and this has been an advantage of the utmost importance in the pursuit of her designs farther south.

To bring into clear view the position of Russia in Central Asia forty years ago—since which period her advance has been far more rapid, effective, and alarming to England than had previously been the case—it is necessary to narrate briefly her relations with the great Khanate of Khiva.

Khiva, or Khwarizm, finds its limits between the Caspian on the west, the Sea of Aral and the desert of Ust-Urt on the north, the Oxus or Amu River on the east, and Persia and Cabul on the south. It has been the scene of innumerable wars, incursions, revolutions; conquered and reconquered by rival and turbulent tribes; the prize contended for by great chieftains, now of the Buddhist and now of the Mohammedan faith, from Timour Tamerlane to Kahim Khan; his-

toric ground, where Alexander's legions are said to have trod; and it is now the necessary *entrepôt* between Asia and Europe, which must be held by the power which assumes to control the intercontinental commerce of the future. For a while during the last century, Khiva was governed by Kirghiz rulers, friendly to Russian progress; but early in the present century the Uzbegs, a tribe bitterly and even cruelly hostile to Russia, drove out the Kirghiz "legates," and established over their four tribes princes of their own race, and an Uzbeg Khan over the whole country.

Russia saw the inestimable advantage of getting control of Khiva, at the very beginning of her career of Asiatic conquest. Peter the Great tried to subjugate it as long ago as 1717. The country was inaccessible from the side of the Ural, for then the Kirghiz Horde interposed an impenetrable barrier. Peter commissioned one of his generals, Prince Bekovitch, to conquer Khiva. Bekovitch set out from the northeastern shores of the Caspian at the head of six thousand men, and after a painful march of nearly three months reached the Khivan oasis. "He repulsed," says an account by a Russian author, "the attacks of the Khivans for three days, but was then deluded into accepting their overtures, and allowed his famished troops to be distributed in small parties among the villages, where hospitality was promised to them. There defense was impossible, and they were nearly all murdered, a few only escaping to tell the tale, and a few lingering on in captivity." Bekovitch himself was flayed alive, and a drum-head was made of his skin; and so utterly disastrous was the issue of the expedition, that "to be swallowed up like Bekovitch" is to this day a familiar Russian saying.

The Czars made no further serious attempt to conquer Khiva from that time until 1839; but on several occasions in the eighteenth century its rulers offered allegiance to the Russian crown; and this fact, indeed, has always since constituted one of the Czar's claims to Khivan sovereignty. In 1839, the celebrated expe-

dition of General Perovski took place. England herself was forced to acknowledge that this expedition was a justifiable one. For many years the Uzbegs had made a practice of obstructing and robbing the Russian caravans, making sudden attacks upon the outposts, imprisoning, torturing, and often murdering merchants who were peaceably going their ways of trade, endeavoring to incite the Kirghizes north of them to insurrection against Russian rule, and returning insulting responses to demands for reparation. Thus the Czar's dignity and his aggressive interest coincided in impelling him to undertake the subjugation of the Khivan Uzbegs. His design was hastened by the English expedition into Afghanistan; for now it was clear that Central Asia was to be the battleground of Russian and English interests in the Orient. Perovski set out from the shores of the Caspian on the 29th of November, 1839. His force comprised five thousand men, ten thousand camels of burden, and twenty-two field-guns. Of his army, two thousand were cavalry. It was with a force and armament so small that Russia hoped to conquer a country with a fixed population of half a million, and having tributary tribes numbering as many more. One feature of this, as of all the Russian expeditions in the East, is worthy of note and of praise. The preparations for it were ample. Money was not spared to make every appointment complete. The ten thousand camels carried plenty of warm clothing for every soldier, six months' rations for each man, and even many comforts for the protracted camp life expected in the deserts.

But Perovski, like Bekovitch before him, was doomed to failure. In more than two months he had advanced only four hundred miles, less than half-way from the Caspian to the oasis; and here, in the midst of the bleak desert, finding that one fifth of his army and four fifths of his camels had succumbed to the bitter hardships of winter, and to various diseases, the general resolved to retrace his steps. The retreat was a masterly one, and Perovski was received by Nich-

olas with almost as much honor as if he had returned a conqueror. His enterprise, indeed, had not been wholly fruitless. His troops had at least one engagement with the Khivans, which so deeply impressed them with Russian prowess that the Khan, fearing another expedition, released the Russian prisoners in his hands, prohibited his subjects from reducing Russians to slavery, and received the Czar's envoys with effusive demonstrations of respect.

Between Perovski's expedition in 1839, and that which, under General Kauffmann, in the winter of 1873 finally reduced Khiva to Russian vassalage, the advance of Russia in other parts of Central Asia was rapid, and well calculated to arouse the fears of England. A comparison of her outposts held in 1839 with those acquired since, down to the present time, clearly indicates how energetic has been the pursuit of her long-cherished ambition during the past forty years. At the former period, the bold and historic frontiers of the Caucasus were still independent of Russian rule; and Russia was forced to keep an army of one hundred thousand men to defend her territory from the depredations of the Caucasian tribes. There were no railways, and Russia but timidly navigated the extreme northern waters of the Caspian with two small steamers. She had just acquired the island of Ashurada, then only a sandbank, now one of her most important strongholds in the Caspian. The frontiers of Russia across the continent from west to east found their southern limit in a line of forts and outposts drawn from the Ural River to the ancient Tartar city of Semipalatinsk, on the Irtysh, in the southeast corner of Siberia. Thus, forty years ago, Russia was, at the nearest point, fully one thousand miles from the giant range of the Hindu Kush, which separates British India from Turkistan.

Now a line of railway connects St. Petersburg and Moscow with the Black Sea, and within the past two years a railway has been completed between a convenient point on the Black Sea and the Caspian, passing below the spurs of

the Caucasus range. Several hundred steamers are constantly afloat on the Volga, and for the past ten years Russia has maintained a war flotilla of from fifty to eighty vessels on the Caspian. On the distant and desert-bound Sea of Aral itself, there is quite a formidable Russian war fleet, which, since the acquisition of Khiva and the water-roads of the Jaxartes and the Oxus, has been considerably increased. Russian naval stations have been established from time to time on the Persian coast of the Caspian, so that the dominions of the Shah would be completely at the mercy of Russia, were it not for the guaranteed protection afforded to him by England. The same may be said of the dominions of the Amir Shere Ali of Cabul and Afghanistan. Russian troops to-day confront the boundary of Cabul on the right bank of the Oxus; and probably the only motive which restrains them from advancing to the conquest of that rich and fertile land, which would open to them the southern seas, is the declaration of England that the passage of the Oxus by Russian troops would be regarded by her as a declaration of war.

Perhaps the most interesting and significant of all the operations of Russia in Central Asia were those by which she has become virtually dominant over the great Khanates of Bukhara and Khokand. Bukhara has always been the chief centre, dépôt, and market of Central Asian trade; and as such has long been coveted by both Russia and England. From the time when, but a generation after Mohammed's death, a Moslem army overran the country, conquering both the Tartar nomads scattered over its wastes and the more civilized Iranese followers of Zoroaster in the settled districts, Bukhara has been almost constantly the battle-ground of Oriental religions, races, and fierce rival ambitions. When settled under Mohammedan rule, which sought its chief military support not from the primitive Tajiks, fire-worshippers, but from the Mongol Buddhists, Bukhara about the ninth century reached a high degree of power and even splendor. "It was not only the

seat," says a historian, "of a magnificent empire, but the centre of liberal cultivation and learning." Then came the ruthless Jengis Khan, with his Tartar hordes, overrunning Turkistan from the Indus to the Mesopotamian mountains; and soon succeeding this warrior, a still greater warrior appeared on the same theatre in the person of Timour Tamerlane, who built up a vast and powerful empire, and who lies entombed at Samarkand, the second of Bukharan cities. The descendants of these two chiefs long disputed the sovereignty of the southern Turkistan states; but finally the grand viziers gained possession of the power, as the mayors of the palace had done in France. The last prince of Bukhara who claimed a descent from Jengis Khan was deposed by his vizier in 1784; and the grandson of that vizier is the present reigning Amir of Bukhara.

In the contention between Russia and England for the control of Bukhara, Russia had the start, and has pursued her advantage with sleepless pertinacity. While Khiva on the one side, and Khokand on the other, have always bitterly resisted Russian influence and progress, Bukhara, jealous of the ascendancy which England has acquired in neighboring Cabul, has rather encouraged Russian projects, with the result of finding herself at last reduced to a state of virtual dependence upon that power. Russia began her designs upon Bukhara by endeavoring to establish diplomatic relations and commercial treaties with the Amir. Missions were exchanged between the two courts as long ago as the middle of the last century; but the results were not large, and at the proper moment Russia entered upon the project of bringing Bukhara within her military control. In order to reach Bukhara, however, it was necessary first to subdue the large, formidable, and warlike Khanate of Khokand, lying between Bukhara and the Kara Tagh range, and occupying the banks of the Jaxartes down to where it flows into the Sea of Aral. Khokand was long ruled by the descendants of Timour; then it became for a while a dependency of Bukhara;

then, under another descendant of Timour, it regained, about a century ago, its independence. The Khans of Khokand extended their dominions by frequent conquests, until they came into collision, in the lower valley of the Jaxartes, with the Khivans and the Kirghiz hordes; and it was their attack upon the latter, who enjoyed the protection of Russia, which gave this power the excuse and opportunity to assume an aggressive warfare on Khokand.

It was about forty years ago, four or five years before the ill-fated Perovski expedition against Khiva, that the Russians established their first military post on the Jaxartes. This river flows into the northern arm of the Sea of Aral, as the Oxus does into its southern arm; and this step was the first of the series by which Russia advanced her frontier line from Orenburg and Semipalatinsk to the wide semicircle stretching from Fort Kopal around the foot of the great southern ranges to the Sea of Aral. At Aralsk, near the mouth of the Jaxartes, she built a fort, and soon after, a second fort, some sixty miles distant, farther up the Jaxartes, at Kazaly. The Russians were now in a position to defend their vassals, the Kirghiz nomads, from the constant forays of the Khokandis. These latter had, as their extreme northern post, Fort Ak Masjid, on the Jaxartes, three hundred miles distant from Aralsk. This fort was commanded by Yakub Beg, one of the most remarkable figures in modern Oriental history. Yakub, a foreign adventurer, probably of Caucasian origin, had taken service under the Khan of Khokand, and by the exhibition of rare military capacity had risen to the command of what was the most important outpost of the Khan's recently acquired dominions. It is the same Yakub Beg who now reigns, with Draco-like severity and with the sternest and most impartial justice, over the great kingdom of Kashgar, which he himself has created by conquest.

It was in 1852 that the Russians made their first attack upon Yakub, then commanding the Khokandi fort Ak Masjid; but he repulsed them with heavy loss.

In the following year Perovski — the same who had vainly marched against Khiva — led a force of seventeen hundred men against Yakub, and this time, after a most obstinately fought siege and series of battles, Fort Ak Masjid fell. At almost the same time Russian forces descended from Semipalatinsk on the extreme northeast, and established Forts Kopal, Iliisk, and Vernoë. Thus were acquired the two horns of that vast semicircle by which the Russian frontier has been pushed, within twenty years, a thousand miles nearer India and the sea. The progress of the Russians was stayed by the disastrous war of the Crimea, but gradually the Russian lines, from Ak Masjid on the one side and Kopal on the other, drew near each other along the river banks and mountain bases. In 1857 they had established a station at Suzek, at the foot of the Kara Tagh range; two years later they had reached Kastek, and had narrowed the gap on the other side by erecting a fort at Julek. Finally, by 1864, the Russians had completed their possession of the great semicircular frontier, had brought the neighboring nomads into a not unwilling vassalage, and had contracted the Khokand Khanate to less than half of its ancient dimensions. The capture of Hazrat Sultan, a flourishing town lying between the Jaxartes and the Kara Tagh Mountains, and of Chamkand, south of it, soon followed. The next object of assault was the large city of Tashkent, which is said to spread over an area of ten miles by five, with very high walls, and fortifications as formidable as Uzbek science could make them. The first attack upon Tashkent was repulsed with heavy loss to the assailants. The Khokandis swarmed northward, and the Russian occupation of Hazrat Sultan was for a while threatened. Reinforcements enabled the Russian general once more to assume the offensive, early in 1865, but not until the Amir of Bukhara had hastened to the assistance of the Khan of Khokand, probably with the real object of getting possession of the beleaguered Khanate for himself. General Cherniayeff laid siege to Tashkent, with its two

hundred thousand inhabitants, with a force of about two thousand men. The resistance of the Khokandis was obstinate, but the Russians succeeded first in cutting off the water supply, and then in defeating the valiant Khokandi general, Alim Kul, in a sortie; Alim himself falling in the battle, and thus leaving Khokand without a single leader of courage and conspicuous ability. The supply of food, as well as of water, was now cut off from the doomed city, which capitulated after a siege of six weeks.

The capture and occupation of Tashkent may be said to have given the Russians final and well nigh complete control of the great Khanate of Khokand. They established there not only a large garrison, but a commercial emporium and a civil government; and at the present moment a Russian governor and council, and Russian courts and police, are settled there. It is the centre of all their military operations, and from thence they are able to dictate to the Khan at Khokand, and to protect the upper valley of the Jaxartes.

A new and unexpected foe now confronted the Russian conquerors. This was Musaffar-ud-din, Amir of the powerful state of Bukhara, of which we have before spoken as the chief seat of Central Asian trade. This prince demanded that Tashkent should be evacuated; and when he found that remonstrance was useless, he marched against that city with forty thousand soldiers. The Russian general Romanovski advanced to meet him with a force of about three thousand, and finding him intrenched some miles south of the Jaxartes, gave him battle. "The Bukharan artillery," says a narrator, "was numerous and heavy, but fired over the heads of the Russians, while the Russian shells and rockets filled their camp with carnage and confusion." The result was that Musaffar soon retreated in disorder, leaving his treasure, arms, and camp equipage behind him. In consequence of this victory the Russians were able to occupy the strongly-fortified and commercial city of Khojand, and a little later to advance into that beautiful, fertile, and historic valley of Samarkand,

where Timour Tamerlane rested from his conquests, died, and still lies entombed.

Such have been the features and acquisitions of Russian progress in the valley of the Jaxartes down to the present time. Khokand and Samarkand are virtually subject to the dominion of the Czar. Bukhara, if still nominally independent, has lost some portion of its eastern territory, and is held in awe by the Russian troops; while Russian diplomatic agents have the predominating influence at the Amir's court.

To capture Khiva was a task that still remained after Khokand had fallen. The valley of the Oxus was quite as necessary to Russian projects as that of the Jaxartes, and Khiva once captured and held, the doom of Bukhara would apparently be sealed beyond doubt. The third and successful Russian expedition against Khiva is fresh in the memory of all readers. It was undertaken in the winter of 1872-73. It was commanded by General Kauffmann, and consisted of four columns, starting from different points and converging on the desert capital. Two of these columns—one of them accompanied by the commander-in-chief—proceeded eastward across the desert from two points on the Caspian, the most northerly following very nearly in the line taken by Perovski in 1839. The other two columns proceeded southward from the eastern and western banks of the Sea of Aral. In all there were but four thousand men; and Khiva contained at least half a million inhabitants. Russia staked her whole prestige in Central Asia on the issue of this undertaking. If a third failure to capture Khiva occurred, there was no doubt that a general uprising against Russian rule would take place in the valley of the Jaxartes. Success would go far towards finally establishing Russian supremacy throughout Turkistan. So admirable were Kauffmann's plans that the four columns reached the walls of the Uzbek capital within a few days of each other, that commanded by the general himself being first on the spot. A short and sharp struggle ensued; the fiery young Khan defended his chief city with pluck

and courage, but his utmost efforts were vain. He capitulated and became the prisoner of Russia; and the city of Khiva was occupied by Kauffmann's troops.

England was thoroughly alarmed by the Khivan expedition, and yet more so when Khiva fell. She demanded of Russia that when the Khan had been punished for imprisoning Russians, and the safety of Russian caravans crossing the desert had been secured, Khiva should be evacuated. Assurances to this effect were given by a special envoy of the Czar sent to London. Two years have passed, and the promise has not been kept. A Russian garrison still holds Khiva, and Russian war ships have been put, within two or three months, on the Oxus. By the destruction of the dams which shut the Oxus to navigation, there is now free passage for the Russian flotilla for hundreds of miles southward, even to within forty or fifty miles of the city of Bukhara itself; while navigation on the Jaxartes is possible to within the same distance of Samarkand on the other side. The Russian stations on the Caspian, the two great rivers, and the Sea of Aral now sustain each other in a great cordon of military, naval, and river bases; and Russian power makes itself directly felt on the frontiers of Persia, Bukhara, and Kashgar.

The two latter states alone intervene to obstruct the complete control of Turkistan, east and west, and the great highroads of Oriental commerce of which Central Asia is the seat, by the Czar. The next conquest will be Bukhara, already overshadowed from the Oxus and Samarkand. Then the Russians must reckon with the greatest of modern Central Asian warriors and rulers, Yakub Beg, the usurping Amir of Kashgar. Successful in this, Russian power in the East will at last have brought itself face to face with the British in India. It is not probable that Russia has a definite purpose of attacking the vast and gorgeous empire so well founded by Clive and consolidated by Warren Hastings, Ellenborough, Dalhousie, and Canning; but it is openly asserted at St. Petersburg that, by confronting India, Russia will have a

check upon England in the East, and that, by thus tying the hands of her traditional rival, she will be able unmo-
lested to undertake that march upon Con-

stantinople which was the dream of Peter the Great, and the failure to accomplish which broke the heart of the austere and haughty Nicholas.

George M. Towle.

ON RE-READING TENNYSON'S PRINCESS.

IF at this moment in his distant isle
And home, shut in by trees and ivied walls,
Where, hidden like the fountains of the Nile,
He dreams among his palms and waterfalls—
If there he knew how one beneath the pines
Of transatlantic lands to him unknown,
Followed with glowing throb the poet's lines
From page to page o'er all the waves of tone,
And read with stirring pulse and moistened eyes,
And fancy in delighted tumult caught
'Mid fairy splendors, visionary skies,
And wild Æolian melodies of thought,—
Should then this stranger tell him all he felt,
In speech or letter burdened with his praise,
Think you that proud sequestered soul would melt
To answer from behind his British bays?
Nay, might he not his gates more closely bar
Against the intrusion, as of one who sought
With alien touch to unsphere the poet's star,
And dwarf with diagrams his orbèd thought?

So have I whistled to a woodland thrush
That charmed the silence of a forest green.
Sudden the liquid cadence ceased to gush:
Deep in the leafy gloom he hid unseen.
And so the poet sings; nor can unmask,
With gloss of random talk, his sacred runes.
Hope not the English nightingale will task
His tongue beneath the old unbidden tunes,
Nor seek to snare the aroma of the rose
That fills the garden with its mystic scents;
Nor, when the enchanted stream of music flows,
Press a prose-comment from the instruments.
Enough that one who prompts the melody
Of younger bards, and lords it in their style,
Should sing unanswered, where alone and free
He dreams amid his fountains of the Nile.

Christopher P. Cranch.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

WHEN the British forces retreated from Concord and Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, they had but one way open to a place of shelter under the guns of their men-of-war, and that was through Charlestown. Harassed all the way from Lexington to West Cambridge, they could not pass through Cambridge, for a hornet's nest of rebels was there; Lord Percy's reinforcements, which had met the main body retreating through Lexington, had come from Roxbury and found the planks on the Cambridge and Brighton bridge taken up; they had replaced them, it is true, and crossed, but they lost their convoy of provisions, and had the return been made that way, the exhausted troops would have found the bridge planks again up, and this time erected into a barricade. There was a quicker route to the protection of their guns, and when they had passed through West Cambridge they took the road round Prospect Hill, receiving there the hottest fire of any point along the route, and so came into the direct road which led from Cambridge to Charlestown. Down that road they poured, still fired upon and closely pursued, narrowly escaping, too, being headed off by Colonel Pickering with the Essex militia, hurrying forward from Winter Hill, whence they had espied the retreating enemy.

At Charlestown Common, lying just outside of the neck, they found their first relief, General Heath staying the pursuit at this point, for fear of injuring the people of Charlestown. The news of their approach had been growing more distinct all the afternoon, and a great number of people had, in alarm, been making their way into the country over the neck, and by means of Penny Ferry (where Malden bridge now is). It was now after sunset, and people were still streaming out, when the approaching regulars, no longer pursued, spent their rage and fear in discharg-

ing their pieces at boys and women, so that the panic-stricken fugitives turned back and fled to the clay-pits and swamps. The troops poured into town over the narrow neck, calling for drink at the houses and taverns, and finally "encamped on a place called Bunker's Hill." Bunker's private and personal interest in the hill having long since become utterly insignificant, the possessive *s* has gradually been dropped in history, though retained colloquially, and the place called Bunker Hill has come to stand collectively for the two hills, Bunker's and Breed's. Here they were under cover of the guns of their men-of-war, and the next day they were transported back to Boston, to the British garrison there.

The two towns were substantially one as regards commercial interests. The Boston Port Bill, which had been a year in operation, had destroyed the commerce of Boston, and was equally disastrous to that of Charlestown. The assistance given to the poor of one town was extended to those of the other, there being a common stock held between the two towns, distributed in a regular proportion to each, Charlestown receiving seven per cent. of it, and the divided spirit of resolution and of adherence to the governing power was seen in each place. The population of Charlestown at this time was a little over two thousand, concentrated mainly at the foot of the elevation which, highest at Bunker Hill, fell by Breed's Hill to the slope of Moulton's Hill, which met the harbor at Moulton's Point. A ferry plied across the channel to Boston, but no goods could be taken over it without liability to seizure. The effect upon the two towns was alike in the closing of stores, and the general suspension of all trades and industrial pursuits.

The pressure thus brought to bear upon the contumacious rebels by the British government was a part of the theory, in-

sisted upon especially by General Gage, that a strong repressive force at the outset would crush the incipient rebellion. All his movements looked in this direction: he called for reinforcements; he sent out the several parties to secure the arms and ammunition which he knew to be in the province—to Quarry Hill, in what is now Somerville, for the powder stored in the powder-house there; to Cambridge for the two field-pieces there; to Salem for a few brass cannon and gun-carriages, which he did not get, and finally to Concord, to seize the military stores there. Up to this point General Gage was the aggressor. He had a force of about four thousand men, and at least five men-of-war; his barracks and camps were seen in all parts of the town, and fortifications at Boston Neck effectually commanded ingress and egress. He asked for twenty thousand men; he held Boston, as it seemed, securely against attack, and as a point from which to exercise his authority as royal governor. The patriots, on the other hand, avoided taking the aggressive, but they were unceasingly active in thwarting Gage's designs, and in preparing for hostilities whenever the time must come. The authority of the royal governor extended just as far as his guns could carry. Beyond that there were constant drilling of troops, secret meetings, accumulation of military stores and provisions, and that incessant correspondence by committees and private citizens which was making the particles of patriotism cohesive, and uniting them into a solid power of resistance. The tone which Gage took was that of a master of the situation, but the retreat of his expedition to Concord marks the real beginning of the siege of Boston. Immediately upon the issue of that event, Boston was invested by an army of observation which seemed to spring from the ground. From all the country about, from all parts of New England, reinforcements came tumbling into camp at Cambridge. "Even the gray-haired came to assist their countrymen." The Massachusetts Committee of Safety called upon the towns of the colony for men, and sent letters to the other colonies of

New England asking for aid; and aid came before they could ask it. Two days after the battle of Concord twenty thousand men, according to one authority, were on the ground. "So that in the course of two days," writes a British officer, narrating the Concord affair, "from a plentiful town we were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of living on salt provisions, and fairly blocked up in Boston." The Provincial Congress, meeting at Concord on the 22d of April, resolved that an army of thirty thousand was required, and that the quota of Massachusetts should be thirteen thousand six hundred. New Hampshire voted to raise two thousand men, and before that many had enlisted in the Massachusetts regiments. Connecticut voted to send six thousand, Rhode Island fifteen hundred; but there were the separate, distinct army of Massachusetts, army of New Hampshire, army of Rhode Island, army of Connecticut. Good feeling and a common purpose prevailed, but no common organization; there were officers without commands, and companies without officers; many of the minute-men who sprang to arms at the first alarm went back to their farms when the immediate occasion for their services had passed; men came and went, bringing what arms they could, and very efficiently could they use them, if they only had powder with which to charge them. General Ward, who had command of the Massachusetts army, was enfeebled by disease; General Folsom, in command of the New Hampshire army, did not appear for nearly two months after the first New Hampshire forces were in the field; Generals Spencer and Putnam commanded the Connecticut forces, and General Greene the Rhode Island army. The fact that he was commander of the largest body of forces secured for General Ward a tacit recognition as general-in-chief, a recognition which was made formal after the battle of Bunker Hill, when the need of a responsible head had been demonstrated.

This collection of companies of armed men sat down before Boston, beginning a leaguer which was shortly to take the

form of a regular siege. Roxbury and Cambridge and Prospect Hill and Chelsea were occupied, fortifications were begun, and preparations made for maintaining the army of observation in its position. But officers, military and civil, were alike uneasy at the straggling order of the occupation. The passage through Roxbury was very inadequately defended; Dorchester Heights were not occupied; there were as yet no fortifications on Winter Hill or Prospect Hill, and, most important perhaps of all, Charlestown lay undefended, and offering itself as a tempting vantage-ground to the beleaguered forces in Boston. It was under the shore of that peninsula that the British troops had been conveyed when they landed at Lechmere Point on their way to Lexington and Concord; it was over the narrow neck joining the peninsula to the mainland that the same troops had rushed when escaping from the minute-men to the protecting cover of their men-of-war. So aware were the inhabitants of Charlestown of the perilous condition of their town, that preparations for abandoning it began immediately after the affair of the 19th of April, and the two thousand or more inhabitants were reduced in a short time to a bare two hundred. The American authorities aimed to stop all passage to Boston by this avenue, and no one was allowed to enter the town without a pass.

The importance of Charlestown was well understood by the British, and it seems at first blush singular that it was not at once occupied after the Concord fight. But although that encounter had disclosed the determination of the Americans, there was all the reluctance to precipitate further conflict that would belong to forces situated as the British were. General Gage was waiting for reinforcements; when they should arrive he would be able to carry out his plans with a display of military strength which would preclude and not invite opposition. The condition of Boston, with its loyalists who desired protection and its rebels who wished to pass out of the town; the condition of the neighboring country, sending Tories into

Boston and receiving patriots and their families from the town; all this produced an uneasy and shifting state of affairs very unfavorable to secret and prompt military action. Gage was busy adjusting the affairs of the town, and while negotiating with citizens for the safe conduct of those who wished to leave, and giving orders cutting off communication with the country, thereby acknowledging the besieged state of the town, he was contemptuous of the preparations made for hemming in his forces, and resented the idea that the British army was under any necessity of remaining in Boston if they chose to pass out.

Meanwhile the American commanders were growing more and more alive to the situation. The impending conflict was clearly perceived; either the British would throw their forces upon the Roxbury pass to gain possession of that, and occupy Dorchester Heights and Charlestown Heights, or they must themselves strengthen the army at Roxbury and preoccupy the two commanding heights. Whichever army was the first to gain the advantage would be dislodged only at great cost of life and fortune. They urged the colonies to send forward more troops; they studied well the character of the ground; they even resorted to manœuvres to conceal their weakness from the enemy. General Thomas, with his small force of seven hundred men on the highlands in Roxbury, marched his men round and round the hill by a sort of *coup de théâtre*, and so "multiplied their appearance to any who were reconnoitring them at Boston." On the 12th of May, a joint committee consisting of members of the Committee of Safety and of the council of war recommended the construction of strong works on Prospect Hill, Winter Hill, and Bunker Hill; a strong redoubt on this last place, "with cannon planted there to annoy the enemy coming out of Charlestown, also to annoy them going by water to Medford." "When these are finished," the committee say, "we apprehend the country will be safe from all sallies of the enemy in that quarter." The next day, all the troops

stationed at Cambridge, excepting the guard, marched to Charlestown under command of General Putnam. They were twenty-two hundred in number, and the line was so extended as to reach a mile and a half in length. They passed over Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill and as far as where Charles River bridge now is, returning thence to Cambridge. It was a trial of the nerve of the army. The guns of the enemy in Boston and in the shipping could have made deadly havoc amongst them; but though they were probably watched closely by glasses, no more deadly instrument was leveled at them.

A fortnight after this, May 25th, General Gage's reinforcements arrived in Boston. His forces now counted nearly ten thousand men, and he was supported by Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne. There could be no longer need to delay active operations. The policy of intimidation could be begun at once, and the incipient rebellion utterly put down. On June 12th appeared Governor Gage's proclamation, declaring martial law, offering pardon to those who should lay down their arms, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offenses are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." The proclamation, exacerbating the people, provoked a counter proclamation from the Provincial Congress, in which Gage and a few others were excepted from pardon in phrases that mimic those of the first proclamation, and its chief effect was to intimate that the British were about to move, and to stimulate the efforts of the patriots to anticipate them. General Gage, it was ascertained, had fixed upon the night of the 18th of June to take possession of Dorchester Heights. News of this reached the American commanders on Tuesday, the 13th, and the Committee of Safety on the same day called for a statement of the condition of the several regiments; on Thursday, the 15th, they recommended the Provincial Congress to take measures for an immediate increase of

forces, and also counseled the people generally to go to meeting armed on the ensuing Sunday, the day fixed upon by General Gage for his movement. They passed, on this same day, the following resolution:—

"Whereas, it appears of importance to the safety of this colony that possession of the hill called Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown, be securely kept and defended; and also some one hill or hills on Dorchester Neck be likewise secured; therefore, resolved unanimously, that it be recommended to the council of war that the above-mentioned Bunker's Hill be maintained, by sufficient forces being posted there; and as the particular situation of Dorchester Neck is unknown to this committee, they advise that the council of war take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the security of this colony." To guard against the plan leaking out, the resolve was not then recorded, but only after the battle, on the 19th.

This quick succession of resolute movements reveals the spirit of the men who were at the head of affairs; without being able to look to any one leader of transcendent ability and authority, with full knowledge of the ill-organized condition of the army and of the excellent condition of the British troops, knowing too how incomplete was their own supply of ammunition, they did not wait to receive the attack of the enemy, they did not even seek to anticipate him on the ground which they knew he was about to seize first, but by a bold counter movement took the aggressive in another quarter, and encountered great risks determinedly and bravely. Gage was to move upon Dorchester on Sunday, the 18th; on Friday, the 16th of June, the commanders of the American army proceeded to carry out the resolve of the Committee of Safety by taking possession of Bunker Hill.

The centre of the American army was at Cambridge, the main body was quartered on Cambridge Common, and General Ward's headquarters were in the old Holmes mansion. The plans of the coun-

cil were carried on in secrecy. Friday, the 16th, orders were issued for a parade at six o'clock in the evening, about a thousand men from Prescott's, Frye's, and Bridge's regiments, and a fatigue party of two hundred Connecticut troops, being ordered to present themselves with all the intrenching tools in the Cambridge camp; with them also Captain Gridley's company of artillery, consisting of forty-nine men and two field-pieces. The detachment was under command of Colonel William Prescott, whose name has received literary honors in the person of his grandson, and whose own name shines brightly out of the smoke of this engagement. He was one of the patriots, of good birth and high connections, whose faith was steady and courage unquestioned. His brother-in-law, the tory Councillor Willard, had tried to dissuade him from the part he was taking, holding before him the warning of confiscation and death. "I have made up my mind on that subject," he replied. "I think it probable I may be found in arms, but I will never be taken in arms. The tories shall never have the satisfaction of seeing me hanged." With Prescott was the chief engineer of the American forces, Colonel Richard Gridley, who had won his honors at the siege of Louisburg. The expedition carried provisions for one day, and blankets.

Three hours seem to have been spent in necessary preparations. Then prayer was offered by President Langdon, of Harvard College, who had recently been appointed chaplain of the army in Cambridge, standing, tradition says, on the steps of the Holmes house, and at nine o'clock the party started, headed by Colonel Prescott, accompanied by two sergeants bearing dark lanterns open in the rear. The plan of the expedition had as yet been kept secret, but its general purpose could hardly have been unknown to any in the party, after these preparations, when they passed down what is now called Kirkland Street, and marched for two miles, past Inman's woods, under Prospect Hill, into the present Washington Street, and so

leaving Cobble Hill, now crowned by the McLean Asylum, on the right, entered Charlestown Common, halting at Charlestown Neck. It is very likely that two months before, some of this little company had halted just short of this point by General Heath's order, and turned back from following the retreating forces of the British.

A company was now detailed to proceed to the lower part of Charlestown as a guard. Here, also, they were joined by General Israel Putnam, a notable reinforcement. It does not appear that Putnam brought with him any men, but his own presence was a host. Brave, frank, and popular, he was known by sight to a great many other than the fatigue party of two hundred Connecticut men. It was he who had led the troops a month before over this same road, when they had marched to Charlestown and back, to rehearse for a bolder expedition. He had been in the council of war which discussed this movement, and had been, with Prescott, a zealous advocate of it. Impatient of inaction, he was for drawing the British wolf out of its den. Brave himself, he believed in the bravery of the troops. "The Americans," he said "are not afraid of their heads, though very much afraid of their legs; if you cover these, they will fight forever."

After this halt they moved forward again, and took the road which began at the neck and led up Bunker Hill, rising gradually for about three hundred yards, when it reached a height of one hundred and twelve feet, sloping on two sides toward the two rivers which flow on either side of the peninsula. The road descended at the farther end of the hill, and then completely encircled the base of Breed's Hill, a lesser elevation, at that time sixty-two feet in height. Another halt was made after the main body had crossed Bunker Hill, and now, under a waning moon, in the clear starlight, began an earnest consultation as to the plan of intrenchment. The orders, now first disclosed by Colonel Prescott, called distinctly for the fortification of Bunker Hill, but with the

work immediately before them, and in full view of the situation, there at once arose a conflict of judgment as to the intrenching Bunker Hill before Breed's Hill, which was nearer Boston, should be secured. It is possible that the somewhat confused condition of nomenclature furnished those in favor of departing from the literal instruction with an excuse for believing that the name Bunker covered the whole ridge; but in view of the undefined relation which subsisted between the civil and the military authorities, and of the not very strict discipline in the army itself, it is not difficult to see that the most weighty arguments at the time would prevail. "On the pressing importunity of one of the generals," we are told, "it was concluded to proceed to Breed's Hill." Moreover, it was very plain that to hold Bunker Hill would not be to hold Charlestown or to command Boston, and that was the object of the movement. It was decided to fortify Breed's Hill, and afterward to strengthen the position by fortifying Bunker Hill.

Precious time had been expended on this discussion, which it seems incredible should not have been anticipated when the plans were first formed in camp at Cambridge. The troops were marched up the hill, packs were thrown off and guns stacked; and at midnight Colonel Gridley had marked out the plans of a fortification, and the men were at work with spade and pick. A party was also sent out to patrol the shore, and especially to keep watch at the ferry, which lay at the end of Main Street, not far from where a thousand men were silently at work, digging and casting up the loose earth. On the Boston side of the ferry, only a mile distant, lay the Somerset man-of-war. Other men-of-war and floating batteries were about them; the opposite shore was patrolled by sentinels, and every once in a while the cry of "All's well" was heard from the watch on the men-of-war. Twice Colonel Prescott left his men and went down to the river

to reconnoitre, anxious lest their design should be discovered. His great concern was for the erecting of some sort of a protective screen against the attack which he knew was sure to come in the early morning. With all his energy, therefore, he urged forward the work, and doubtless when he recalled the patrol party, a little before dawn, he set them also to work on the intrenchment.

The sun rose on the morning of Saturday, the 17th of June, at about half after four o'clock; less than four hours of darkness, therefore, had been allowed to the little band to build its intrenchments. Yet they had worked to purpose. The redoubt itself, that stood in the gray light of that summer morning, was eight rods square, the southern side, running parallel with Main Street, being constructed "with one projecting and two entering angles. On a line with the eastern side, which faced the Navy Yard, was a breastwork nearly four hundred feet in length, running down the hill toward the Mystic. The sally-port opened upon the angle between this breastwork and the northern side of the redoubt, and was defended by a blind."¹ Within this redoubt and behind this breastwork, between six and seven feet in height, were gathered the brave company of men who had toiled all the night and still kept at work. Prescott was everywhere, cheering them on; mounting the works, his commanding presence was the personal power which, above all official authority, governed men who felt the same ardor which he possessed, and knew how to obey a brave man. General Putnam had returned in the night to Cambridge, to urge forward reinforcements and provisions.

The sentries on the man-of-war *Lively*, relieving each other during the night of the 16th, had not heard the thousand soldiers digging within ear-shot, and their cry of "All's well" had sounded very peacefully, but now as the dawn broke, promising the full splendor of a June day, the work of the night was discovered, and

¹ Ellis. In preparing this article the writer has followed, as every one must now follow, in the track of Frothingham, Ellis, and Swett, using the material

which they have so diligently gathered and consulting the authorities which their thorough research has brought to light and pointed out.

the captain, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sudden noise of the guns gave the alarm to the fleet, to the army, to all the town of Boston, and must have been heard with beating hearts by the patriots in the town and the waiting companies in Cambridge and Roxbury. Then the firing ceased by order of the admiral. It had served as an alarm, and General Gage promptly acted, calling a council of war at his headquarters in the Province House. There was a division of opinion as to the best method of attacking the rebels, one counsel being that under cover of their men-of-war and floating batteries the men should be landed at Charlestown Common in the rear of the fortifications, and be placed also where they could command the approach to Cambridge. It is said that the majority of the council favored this plan, and certainly it had been regarded as the enemy's probable method by General Ward and his associates when planning the enterprise, so that anxiety was felt not only concerning the holding of Charlestown, but also for the safety of the remaining forces at Cambridge, who might be suddenly called upon to meet the enemy. But General Gage not only apprehended the peril of placing his troops between two bodies of the enemy, in a country which abounded in quagmires, but also depreciated the difficulty of an open attack upon the works. His arguments and his authority combined to determine the mode of attack, and orders were immediately issued for the disposition of the forces.

It was now nine o'clock. Firing had been renewed both from the ships and from a battery of six guns on Copp's Hill, in Boston. One man, a private, rashly venturing outside of the works, had been killed, but as yet the intrenchments afforded a safe protection to the men busily engaged in completing their work, raising platforms of wood or earth upon which to stand when the time should come for returning the enemy's fire. But a hotter fire than that from the British guns descended upon them: the hot sun of a summer morning beat mer-

cilessly upon them, worn out with their night's labor, and under it there was such evident failure of the men's strength that urgent efforts were made to induce Prescott to relieve them from further service. He would not do this; he was vehement against the plan of sending off the men who had raised the work; he doubted if the enemy would undertake to attack them; if they did, still these men were able to defend the redoubt. His own fiery determination, the inspiring power of the day, burned in his men. The plan was dropped, but Prescott sent to General Ward for further reinforcements and supplies, detailing for the purpose Major Brooks, who set out on foot, for Captain Gridley refused to allow him one of his artillery horses, since the safety of his pieces depended upon his ability to remove them at any time; the messenger arrived at Cambridge about ten o'clock, where he found the Committee of Safety.

General Ward was still disinclined to weaken the force at Cambridge, where was held the most important collection of military stores; but Major Brooks's urgent call was seconded by one of the members of the Committee of Safety, Richard Devens, himself a citizen of Charlestown, and after an hour's discussion orders were given for the two New Hampshire regiments — Colonel Stark's, posted at Medford, and Colonel Read's, at Charlestown Neck — to join the forces at Breed's Hill; the companies at Chelsea also, of Gerrish's regiment, were recalled to Cambridge. General Putnam was not in Cambridge when Brooks appeared, but was already on his way back to Charlestown, possibly having met Brooks on the way. Riding back and forth he was constantly seen by the men, but as yet had none of his own troops on the peninsula, excepting the two hundred men who came with the expedition. He rode up to the redoubt and expostulated with Colonel Prescott for allowing the intrenching tools to remain as they were, piled up in the rear of the redoubt. Colonel Prescott replied that if men were sent away with the tools, they would none of them re-

turn; he knew well the discouraged condition of many of them. Putnam declared they would return, and a party was sent with the tools to Bunker Hill, where General Putnam gave orders for them to throw up a breastwork, carrying out the original plan of providing protection in case of retreat. Some of the party seized the opportunity to escape from the impending danger; others took part in the engagement.

Meanwhile the British had been keeping up a cannonade from floating batteries and from the men-of-war, while making active preparation for the assault. The activity in the intrenchments had given way to a rest and an anxious looking for reinforcements and provisions. From Boston many eyes were watching the little redoubt. Only a gun now and then was fired from it, but the movement of men could be seen, — the passing back and forth of messengers, and the tall form of Colonel Prescott as he continued to inspire the little army with bravery. General Gage, leveling his glass at him and seeing his activity, turned to a bystander, Councillor Willard, and asked him who it was.

"It is my brother-in-law, Colonel Prescott," said Willard, and likely enough remembered how he had warned him against the pass he had come to.

"Will he fight?"

"Yes, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins!"

"The works must be carried."

Half after eleven o'clock was the hour named by General Gage for the regiments and companies to parade with ammunition, blankets, and provisions, and march to Long Wharf and the North Battery, while the remainder of the troops were to hold themselves in readiness to embark at a moment's warning. At noon Colonel Prescott and his men, looking down from their intrenchments, saw twenty light barges come through the channel between Boston and Noddle's Island (East Boston) and make for Moulton's Point, where Chelsea bridge now leads from Charlestown.

The bright sun shone upon their splendid accoutrements and polished firelocks, and, in the bows of the leading barges, upon glittering pieces of ordnance. At the same time the Falcon and the Lively swept the low grounds in front of Breed's Hill, to protect the troops in landing, should any sally be made from the redoubt. But the little band on the hill had not built their intrenchment to throw themselves out of it upon this superior force. Turning their eyes inland, the Americans looked anxiously still for the desired reinforcements. They were under a heavy fire from the Somerset, from floating batteries, and from the battery of the redoubt on Copp's Hill, and they could see the Glasgow frigate and the Symmetry transport moored close under the shore beyond Lechmere Point, raking the narrow neck and making any attempt of reinforcements to cross a perilous one.

The roar of the cannon was heard in Cambridge and immediately it was known that the British had landed. It was just after dinner, and the sudden alarm was communicated by the ringing of bells and beating of drums. Reinforcements were immediately sent forward by General Ward, who reserved only a small number of troops to guard Cambridge, and by General Putnam, who ordered forward the remainder of the Connecticut troops. The general himself was ubiquitous, flying back and forth between the camp and the battle-ground; but it seems that upon now sending forward his own army he remained on the field to the end. The effect upon the soldiers is given with great spirit in a letter by Captain John Chester. "Just after dinner," he says, "I was walking out from my lodgings, quite calm and composed, and all at once the drums beat to arms, and bells rang, and a great noise in Cambridge. Captain Putnam¹ came by on full gallop. 'What is the matter?' says I. 'Have you not heard?' 'No.' 'Why, the regulars are landing at Charlestown,' says he; 'and father says you must all meet, and march directly to Bunker Hill, to

¹ Captain Daniel Putnam, son of General Israel Putnam.

oppose the enemy.' I waited not, but ran and got my arms and ammunition, and hasted to my company (who were in the church for barracks), and found them nearly ready to march. We soon marched with our frocks and trousers on over our other clothes (for our company is in uniform wholly blue, turned up with red), for we were loath to expose ourselves by our dress, and down we marched."

But General Howe, who was in command of the British forces which had landed at Moulton's Point, after an examination of the ground sent back to General Gage for reinforcements, not satisfied that the men at his command were sufficient for the attack upon so strong a position. While waiting for the return of the barges, he sent a detachment along the shore of the Mystic, apparently with the intention of executing a flank movement and surrounding the redoubt. This was discovered by Colonel Prescott, who sent Captain Knowlton with the Connecticut troops, accompanied by two field-pieces, to the rear of the redoubt, where a low ridge of land separated the hill from Bunker Hill. From the road which ran along this ridge, a double rail fence, under a small part of which was a stone wall about two feet high, extended to the Mystic. Bringing other fence material, a parallel was made and the space between filled in with grass which had been mown just previous to this, and lay on the ground. This slight breastwork was some seven hundred feet in length, but it began about a hundred feet north of the redoubt and lay nearly six hundred in the rear, so that there was a large gap between it and the redoubt. There were a few scattered trees in this gap, part of the ground being of a clayey, marshy character.

Meanwhile, just before the arrival of the British reinforcements, the Americans were cheered by the arrival of those they had anxiously looked for. Notably there came Dr. Joseph Warren, President of the Provincial Congress, who had just received his commission as major-general, and was perhaps the best known and most popular leader in Massachu-

setts. He was at Cambridge when the news came, and with a bravery of which he had already given signal example, he hurried forward to the post of danger; in common with General Ward, he had on prudential grounds advised against the expedition. He presented himself at the redoubt, and Colonel Prescott at once tendered the command to him, but he refused, only asking that he might serve as a volunteer. He brought news of two thousand reinforcements which he had passed on the way. There came also General Pomeroy, a veteran of the French wars; without a command he had asked of General Ward a horse to take him to the field, but on reaching the neck he would not expose the horse to the murderous fire, dismounted, shouldered his musket, walked across, and joined the men at the rail fence, who received him with cheers, and with them he fought all that day, animating, inspiring them with words and his own courage and enthusiasm. Colonel John Stark, also, who had been ordered forward when Major Brooks had first applied for aid, arrived with his regiment at the neck. The enemy's guns were pouring their fire across that narrow isthmus, — one could toss a stone from the centre into either river, — and he was advised to quicken the pace of his men as they crossed. "One fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones," he replied, and marched over in good order and steadiness. He carried his men to the rail fence and helped Captain Knowlton complete his work. Here, too, General Putnam was a prominent figure.

It was now three o'clock, and the hour had struck. General Howe's reinforcements had arrived, and he had about three thousand men drawn up in line. He stepped before them and said: —

"Gentlemen: I am very happy in having the honor of commanding so fine a body of men. I do not in the least doubt but that you will behave like Englishmen, and as becometh good soldiers. If the enemy will not come from their intrenchments, we must drive them out at all events, otherwise the town of Boston will be set on fire by them. I shall not

desire one of you to go a step farther than where I go myself at your head. Remember, gentlemen, we have no recourse to any resources if we lose Boston, but to go on board our ships, which will be very disagreeable to us all."

There was now a general discharge from Howe's field-pieces, from the Copp's Hill batteries, and from those on the ships, while the British columns moved forward in two divisions: the right commanded by General Howe, who proposed to move along the Mystic in order to penetrate the American line stationed at the rail fence, and cut off retreat from the redoubt; the left under General Pigot to storm the breastwork and redoubt. In the redoubt stood Colonel Prescott, awaiting the attack; behind the rail fence was General Putnam. Both of these commanders knew how scanty was the supply of ammunition, and how needful it was that their men should meet the attack with the courage of veterans. "Wait till the enemy are within eight rods;" "Save your powder;" "Aim at the handsome coats;" "Pick off the commanders;" "Fire low;" "Aim at the waistbands," were the orders passed along as Prescott and Putnam moved about among the men. "Men, you are all marksmen," said Putnam; "don't one of you fire till you see the whites of their eyes." The eager men, their hearts beating at the approach of the enemy, who came tramping up the hill and over the shore, could not restrain themselves, and here and there, as the enemy came within gunshot, began to return the fire. Prescott was indignant; he commanded them to obey his orders, and threatened to shoot any man who disobeyed; his lieutenant-colonel, Robinson, sprang upon the top of the works and knocked up the leveled muskets. At the rail fence it was the same; the enemy was steadily approaching but had not yet fired, when the Americans behind the fence began to pick them off. Putnam instantly threatened to cut down any man who fired before the order was given.

On came General Pigot, marching steadily up to the face of the redoubt,

but when his line was within eight rods, the order came from inside the redoubt to fire, and in an instant the Americans, standing on their platform, poured a murderous shower of balls into the advancing lines. Down fell the first rank, swept by the terrible discharge; the next advanced, and that too strewed the ground; and as the enemy staggered forward over the dead and dying, they were met by the same deliberate aim. General Pigot ordered a retreat, and a shout of triumph burst forth from the redoubt.

It was answered from the rail fence. The enemy's artillery, stuck fast in the clay-pits and furnished with balls too large for the pieces, had been left behind, and the troops had advanced, firing with precision, and doing no damage to the Americans, but only to the branches of the trees above them. As they came within the prescribed distance, the word was given, and quickly the marksmen behind the fence began taking deadly aim and thinning the ranks with their cool, deliberate fire, shouting to one another, "There! see that officer! Let us have a shot at him!" They used the fence as a rest; the British could not get over that strange, rustic breastwork of green grass packed between rail fences. They began to lose terribly, and the order was given to retreat. The Americans set up a shout, some of them leaping over the barricade, and eagerly attacking the foe even before they retreated. In the retreat the flying enemy left behind the dead and dying, and some even ran to the boats for security.

The attack had been made and repulsed.

If but reinforcements and ammunition would come! General Putnam rode to Bunker Hill and to the rear of it to urge forward the troops which were gathering about Charlestown Common and the neck. But the Glasgow and the batteries continued to rake the neck, and plowing up the soil to make a cloud of dust and smoke which must have made the passage almost indistinguishable. Some troops struggled forward in an irregular fashion; some reached Bun-

ker Hill, but went no farther; the hasty earthworks begun there had been left incomplete, and the men who had toiled the night through to fortify Breed's Hill, and had borne the brunt of the battle thus far, were left, almost unaided by any new recruits, to meet the second attack which they saw was sure to come; to meet it, too, hungry, exhausted, beaten upon by the hot sun.

In a quarter of an hour more the second attack came. Reinforcements for the British had landed, this time at the ferry, to support the left column. But that column, as they advanced before, had been annoyed by the sharp-shooting of men posted in the wooden houses of the town commanding their approach. The order went out for burning the town, and carcasses¹ were thrown from Copp's Hill, while a party of marines from the Somerset aided in setting fire. The dry wooden buildings sent up their flames and smoke with a terrible roar, but the wind, favored the little band of defenders by driving away the smoke and giving them a full view of the left wing under Pigot, advancing as before, while the light infantry that formed the right column again advanced to attack the party at the rail fence. They came on, keeping up a steady fire, but as before the Americans reserved their fire until the columns should come even nearer; then again at the word of command they rose above the breastwork and redoubt, and delivered their fire with fearful precision; the ranks of the enemy fell before it, yet they closed and repeated the attack. General Howe was in the hottest part of the encounter; three times was he left alone, so quickly fell his aids and officers

at his side. From the opposite shore and from the vessels the spectators could see the officers pricking with bayonets the reluctant men who had fallen back from the deadly fire, but the second attack ended like the first, and the enemy was forced to retreat down the hill, leaving the field covered with the bodies of the dead and dying.²

Twice had these resolute men met the attack, and twice repulsed it. The shout of triumph that rang out when they first drove the enemy back was repeated, but the terrible conflict was beginning to tell on them. Prescott, unflinching in his courage, went back and forth, assuring them that they needed only to hold on, and the day would be theirs; that if the British were once more driven back they could not be rallied. "We are ready for the red-coats again," cheered back the now veteran soldiers. Yet scarcely more than two hundred men at this time occupied the redoubt, and, hardest of all, they knew bitterly that their ammunition was nearly expended. A few artillery cartridges alone contained all the powder on hand. Prescott ordered these to be opened and the powder distributed, bidding them "not to waste a kernel of it, but to make it certain that every shot should tell." Some of the men even gathered loose stones from the parapet to serve as shot. About fifty had bayonets fixed, and these were stationed at points most likely to be scaled. The rest could but club their muskets and spend their strength in desperate encounter.

The third attack was ordered in a more prudent manner. General Clinton, who saw the discomfiture of the British forces from Copp's Hill, crossed the river and

¹ Hollow cases, iron-ribbed, filled with combustibles.

² "And now ensued one of the greatest scenes of war that can be conceived: if we look to the height, Howe's corps ascending the hill in the face of intrenchments, and in a very disadvantageous ground, was much engaged; to the left the enemy pouring in fresh troops by thousands over the land; and in the arm of the sea our ships and floating batteries cannonading them; straight before us a large and noble town in one great blaze—the church steeples being timber were great pyramids of fire above the rest; behind us the church steeples and our own camp covered with spectators of the rest of our army which was engaged; the hills around the

country covered with spectators; the enemy all in anxious suspense; the roar of cannon, mortars, and musketry; the crash of churches, ships upon the stocks, and whole streets falling together, to fill the ear; the storm of the redoubt with the objects above described to fill the eye; and the reflection that perhaps a defeat was a final loss to the *British Empire in America* to fill the mind; made the whole a picture and a complication of horror and importance beyond anything that ever came to my lot to be witness to." (General Burgoyne to Lord Stanley, in *Force's American Archives*.) Several letters from British officers preserved in *Force* bear hearty testimony to the pluck of the American soldiers.

took command of some five or six hundred men who stood hesitating, without orders, on the beach. His presence and his reinforcement were most timely; if he had not come up "we should have been forced to retire," says the British report on the Conduct of the War. General Howe now left his place at the head of the left column and massed his men on the right, making at the same time a demonstration at the rail fence, chiefly to cover the movement of the artillery, which was placed so as to take advantage of the gap between the breastwork and fence, where it could rake the interior of the redoubt. The extreme left was led as before by General Pigot and by General Clinton, while Howe led the centre. The men were ordered to reserve their fire, to advance in column with bayonets fixed, and to carry the redoubt in front.

Prescott took in the situation at once. When he saw the artillery in position, he knew that a straight, unobstructed line led from the mouth of the guns to the interior of the redoubt; when he saw the solid column advancing without firing, up the hill, right in face, he knew that the storming of the redoubt was to follow. Yet the same resolution and steady nerve held him and his men as before. Again they waited; again the heroic, grimy line of men rose behind the parapet and swept the enemy's ranks with their concentrated fire. The advancing forces staggered; they were pushed forward by those behind, by the swords of the officers, and goaded by the fury of discomfited men. The artillery was plowing up the earth in the redoubt, stones were falling from within upon the desperate British, sure sign that the ammunition was gone, and with shouts they began to scale the face of the redoubt. Brave men within and brave men without, maddened by the conflict, which had been raging for more than an hour, were now engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. The Americans clubbed their muskets, struck down the men that climbed the parapet, and fought for every inch of ground; but the redoubt was now filled with red-coats and

the farmer-soldiers, the dust was filling the air, the soldiers without were swarming into the works, and Prescott, iron and steel to the last, gave the word to retreat. Scarcely could way be found to the sally-port, but, fighting as they went, the little band pushed their way out of the redoubt, over the ridge towards Bunker Hill.

Then it was that the party at the rail fence did good service. The same men who had held the position from the first kept cool and steady possession of it. They had been reinforced by a few companies, which had bravely crossed the neck and entered the fight near its close, and the firm action of this party did much to save the main body in its retreat. General Putnam and General Pomeroy, as before, were the leading spirits here. They held the men by their own heroic conduct, and step by step the whole body retreated toward the neck, principally by the road over Bunker Hill. It was at the brow of this hill that the greatest slaughter took place. Warren, indeed, fell in the redoubt, fighting in the place he had chosen, the place of the greatest peril; Gridley, who had returned, was wounded there; Prescott, almost the last to leave the redoubt, was thrust at with bayonets, which pierced his loose coat and waistcoat. The fight on the retreat was desperate. At the last moment reinforcements had come on, and descending the slope of Bunker Hill faced the enemy, and poured upon them a fire that did much to protect the retreating forces. At the crown of the hill, by the half-finished works which Putnam had vainly sought all day to complete, he called on his men to make another stand.

"Make a stand here!" he cried; "we can stop them yet! In God's name, form, and give them one shot more!" By him too stood the veteran Pomeroy, with his shattered musket, facing the foe and calling on the men to rally. But the day was over; the retreat continued over the hill and across the neck, still raked by the fire from the enemy's ships and batteries. One only of the six field-pieces that went into action was

gallantly rescued. A single piece of cannon at the neck fired upon the enemy and covered the retreat, and here too they met fresh troops coming forward, who could now only serve to aid in conveying the wounded and helping the exhausted troops on their way to Cambridge.

The British forces did not pursue them. At about five o'clock they were in full possession of the contested works, and General Clinton advised an immediate attack on Cambridge: but Howe was more cautious, and while the American forces lay on their arms at Prospect Hill and Winter Hill, expecting an attack, the British, reinforced from Boston, began to throw up works on Bunker Hill. Each side had suffered. The Americans had lost General Warren, and no one can read the history of those days without feeling something of the

general grief over his death, which was so keen as to be a measure of his great worth and of the promise that his life held out. The official record made by General Ward reads, "Killed, one hundred and fifteen; wounded, three hundred and five; captured, thirty; total, four hundred and fifty." The loss of the British by their official account is made to be two hundred and twenty-six killed; eight hundred and twenty-eight wounded; total, one thousand and fifty-four.

Here we leave the story. What follows is the whole story of the war for independence. That hard-fought battle of the 17th of June was the red line which unmistakably divided the new from the old, so clearly that both parties once and for all saw each other face to face. On that day the sword cut in two the British empire.

Horace E. Scudder.

WAKING.

BEFORE my senses or my soul awake,
Sorrow begins to stir within my heart;
Keen anguish dawns before the day doth break;
Ere fluttering birds chirp faintly towards the east,
A bat-like terror flaps above my breast
With a shrill cry that sleeping makes me start,
And moan with unclosed lips, in drear dismay,
Reluctant greeting to another day;
And though perchance through pity of the night
I have not dreamt of misery, but have slept,
Tears stand within my eyes before the light
Smites them with its new beams,—cold tears unwept,
That from their brimming fountain up have crept,
In which the morning rounds her rainbows bright.

Frances Anne Kemble.

WASHINGTON IN CAMBRIDGE.

From the battle of Lexington, Concord, and Cambridge until the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, Cambridge was the seat of war. Here was the American army, and here were the forts and other defenses of the colonies. England and America were represented by Boston and Cambridge, while Charles River answered to the Atlantic.

Within a few feet of the room where these lines were written stands the majestic elm which is the living memorial of those eventful days. Just beyond is Cambridge Common, with its granite monument in memory of the men of Cambridge who fell in the recent war. Opposite the common is the ancient burying-ground, where, among the good and great of earlier and later days, lie five men who found patriot graves in the first year of the Revolutionary War. Across the way rise the red walls of Harvard College. On this side of the historic tree towers the tall spire of the church which bears the name of Thomas Shepard, the first minister of Cambridge. At the summit of the spire stands the renowned cockerel who in 1721 ascended to his lofty station upon the "New Brick Church" in Hanover Street, Boston, and who from that eminence for a hundred and fifty years looked down upon the shifting scenes of peace and war. He marked the entrance of the British ships into Boston harbor; through the mist of evening he overlooked the destruction of the tea; he heard the muffled sound of the English oars on the night of the 18th of April; he caught the light of the twin lamps which hung on

"The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still;"

he listened to the roar of cannon and musketry at the battle of Bunker Hill, and saw the flames which made Charlestown a desolation. Now he surveys the peaceful field, the busy streets, the pleasant homes, the churches, the schools,

the college, and keeps his restless watch above the Washington Elm.

This tree is believed to be a survivor of the primeval forest. Its size bears witness to its great age; its trunk is more than six feet in diameter, and it is nearly one hundred feet in height and ninety feet in the spread of its branches. Notwithstanding its antiquity, the tree is full of life and strength; and while it has lost some of its branches, it retains its graceful and imposing form. Very many *souvenirs* have been made from its wood, and the pulpit in the chapel of the neighboring church is partly constructed from one of its limbs, which was necessarily removed. Through the generosity of a clergyman an iron fence has been placed around the tree. Visitors from all lands come with interest to the spot, gaze into the spreading branches, and account themselves happy if they can bear away a twig as a sacred token. On a thick granite slab is this inscription:—

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY,
JULY 8, 1775.

Two days before the battle of Bunker Hill it was voted by the Continental Congress to appoint a general for the Continental army. At the suggestion of John Adams, and on the nomination of Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, George Washington, of Virginia, was unanimously chosen by ballot as commander-in-chief. On the 17th of June his commission, signed by John Hancock, was reported to Congress and adopted. The new general expressed his sense of the honor conferred upon him, and declared his devotion to the cause. "But," he added in words specially worthy of record, "lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gen-

tleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

Four major-generals were also appointed, Artemas Ward, Charles Lee, Philip Schuyler, and Israel Putnam. To these were added eight brigadier-generals.

On the 21st of June Washington left Philadelphia on horseback, to take command of the army at Cambridge. He was accompanied by Major-Generals Lee and Schuyler. He was everywhere received with honor as he made the journey. At New York he heard of the battle of the 17th, and asked eagerly, "Did the militia stand fire?" When he was told of their firmness and heroism he answered, "The liberties of the country are safe." At New York and at Watertown the Provincial Congress presented an address of congratulation, to which he afterwards made a fitting reply. In the latter response he said, "In exchanging the enjoyments of domestic life for the duties of my present honorable but arduous station, I only emulate the virtue and public spirit of the whole province of Massachusetts Bay." At Springfield he was met by a congressional committee who attended him on his way.

On Sunday the 2d of July, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Washington entered Cambridge, "escorted by a troop of light horse and a cavalcade of citizens." "As he entered the confines of the camp the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleaguered in Boston of his arrival." Major-General Lee was with him. The Provincial Congress had prepared for their reception the house of the president of the college, reserving one room for President Langdon's use, and thither Washington and Lee were conducted.

The house was first occupied by President Wadsworth, who has left this record: "The President's House to dwell in was raised May 24, 1726. No life was lost, nor person hurt in raising it; thanks be to God for his preserving goodness. In y^e Evening, those who raised y^e House had a Supper in y^e Hall; after wch we sang y^e first stave or staff in y^e 127 Psalm." The house is yet standing on the college grounds, though it has not been occupied by the president since Mr. Everett retired from office.

In the accounts which Washington promised to keep, the first entry charges the United States as follows: "1775, June. To the purchase of five horses (two of which were had on credit from Mr. James Mease) to equip me for my journey to the army at Cambridge, & for the service I was then going upon, having sent my chariot and Horses back to Virginia, £239 (Pens^a currency)." After this we have an entry of "the acct of Thomas Mifflin Esq^r for money Expended by him in the journey from Philadelphia to Cambridge, in which the expences of General Lee, Col^o Reed etc. were included, 129-8-2 (Pens^a)." And again, "Sundry sums paid by myself in the aforesaid journey amounting to 34-8-3 (Lawful)." The Massachusetts Congress made provision for a steward and servants for Washington, and for the furnishing of his table. What was needed in his house was provided. July 22 it was "Resolved, That the Committee of Safety be desired to complete the furnishing of General Washington's house, and in particular to provide him four or five more beds." But at the time of this vote Washington was probably established in the house which is generally known as his headquarters, and is now the residence of Mr. Longfellow. Why he removed from the president's house we are not told. It has been suggested that he wished for a house from which he would have a more extended view of the country and of some of the fortifications. Possibly a shell which came over the president's house and descended in Harvard Square may have made a residence more dis-

tant from the enemy seem desirable. In Washington's accounts is this entry, 1775, July 15: "To Cash paid for cleaning the House which was provided for my Quarters & wth had been occupied by the Marblehead Regm^t, 2-10-9 (Lawful)." It was undoubtedly about that time that he removed to the house on Brattle Street with which his name is connected.¹ This was the house of John Vassall, who early in the year had been driven to Boston on account of his tory principles.

On the morning of the 3d of July the patriot soldiers were drawn up on Cambridge Common, and Washington, with a numerous suite, rode from his headquarters, and under the branches of the ancient elm wheeled his horse, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the Continental army. A multitude of people — men, women, children — had assembled to behold this military pageant, and to look upon the Virginia chieftain, whose fame had preceded him. They saw a man forty-three years old, about six feet and two inches in height, of well-proportioned figure, with large hands and feet, with a somewhat florid complexion, a profusion of brown hair brushed back from the forehead, and blue eyes which were very far apart. His whole appearance was dignified and commanding. He wore a blue coat with buff facings, and buff small-clothes, a rich epaulette on each shoulder, and a cockade on his hat.

What did Washington find upon his arrival at the camp? On the 27th of July he wrote to his brother: "I found a mixed multitude of people here, under very little discipline, order, or government; the enemy in possession of a place called Bunker's Hill, on Charlestown Neck, strongly intrenched, and fortifying themselves; part of our own army on two hills, called Winter and Prospect hills, about a mile and a quarter from the enemy on Bunker's Hill, in a very insecure state; another part at this village; and a third part at Roxbury, guarding the entrance in and out of Bos-

ton. My whole time, since I came here, has been employed in throwing up lines of defense at these three several places, to secure, in the first instance, our own troops from any attempts of the enemy; and in the next place, to cut off all communication between their troops and the country. To do this, and to prevent them from penetrating into the country with fire and sword, and to harass them if they do, is all that is expected of me. . . . The enemy's strength, including marine forces, is computed, from the best accounts I can get, at about twelve thousand men; ours, including sick and absent, at about sixteen thousand; but then, we have to guard a semicircle of eight or nine miles, to every part of which we are obliged to be equally attentive, whilst they, situated as it were in the centre of the semicircle, and having the entire command of the water, can bend their whole force against any one part of it with equal facility. This renders our situation not very agreeable, though necessary." In his first letter to Congress, dated July 10, he states that about seven hundred men were posted in several small towns along the coast. He reported the "want of engineers to construct proper works and direct the men, a want of tools and a sufficient number of men to man the works in case of an attack." He said they were laboring under great disadvantages for lack of tents, and begged that some might be sent from Philadelphia. The arrangement for supplies was inconvenient, and he was much embarrassed for a military chest. He asked that money might be sent to him; he said that the soldiers, and especially the troops raised in Massachusetts, were very deficient in necessary clothing, and recommended that ten thousand hunting-shirts be furnished them. He complained that there was so great destitution of ammunition that the artillery would be of little use. Added to all these difficulties, there was much dissatisfaction in the provinces of Massachusetts and Connecticut with the appointment of general officers, and there

¹ For a full discussion of the question of "General Washington's Headquarters in Cambridge,"

see a paper read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in September, 1872, by Mr. Charles Deane

was danger that the whole army would be thrown into disorder. He had "a sincere pleasure in observing that there are materials for a good army, a great number of able-bodied men, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage;" but he thought their spirit had "exceeded their strength," and he humbly submitted "the propriety of making some further provision of men from other colonies."

The soldiers in Cambridge occupied the common; but, though the sea-port towns had sent a collection of sails, there were not tents enough, as we have seen, and troops were quartered in private houses and in the colleges. Soon after the 19th of April "the students were ordered to quit the college;" they were removed to Concord. A portion of the library and apparatus was also taken there, while the rest was kept at Andover. The vacated buildings were of great service. The college held a prominent place in those days. It was said to have been a part of General Gage's plan to supplement the destruction of the stores at Concord by destroying the college buildings and throwing up an intrenchment on the common. As early as 1683, Cranfield, the Governor of New Hampshire, wrote to Sir Lionel Jenkins, "This country can never be well settled, or the people become good subjects, till the preachers be reformed and that college suppressed." Verily, the spirit of prophecy was upon the loyal governor.

The headquarters of General Ward, who had been commander-in-chief of the forces here, and was next in rank to Washington, were in the house subsequently occupied by the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D. D., near the college and the common. General Putnam's headquarters were at the "Inman house," in what is now Cambridgeport. Near Washington's headquarters were many houses whose historical associations have become familiar by frequent repetition.

Soon after Washington assumed the command, the army was in three divisions, each of which consisted of two brigades, or twelve regiments. In dividing the soldiers pains were taken to put

the men from each colony together, so far as possible, and under a commander from that colony. The right wing was placed at "Roxbury and its southern dependencies," under General Ward; the left wing, under General Lee, was stationed on Prospect and Winter hills; the centre was at Cambridge, under General Putnam. Thus did the army settle down to its work.

During the months which followed there were frequent skirmishes, — at Charlestown Neck, at Lechmere's Point, now East Cambridge, at Beverly, at Dorchester, — but the general position of affairs was not changed by these conflicts. It was a very trying period for Washington. The expectation of the country was large, but the means in Washington's hands were small. It was difficult for him to keep his army together. Most of the men had hurried to the field without enlistment, or engaged only for a year's service. The new regulations were irksome to them, while liberty was the watchword. There was still a great lack of ammunition. "Our situation in the article of powder is much more alarming than I had the most distant idea of." "The bay is open," wrote Colonel Moylan, in January; "everything thaws here except Old Put. He is still as hard as ever, crying out for powder, powder, ye gods, give us powder!" "In all his wants Washington had no safe trust but in the spirit of the country, and that never failed him. Between the 25th of July and the 7th of August, fourteen hundred riflemen, a greater number than Congress had authorized, arrived in the camp." Men came from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania; but as winter drew on the situation of the "naked army" was deplorable. The time of service of most of the men was almost expired, and no provision had been made for this event. There was no money in the military chest, and the commissary-general had strained his credit to the utmost in providing subsistence for the troops. Washington felt himself neglected. Congress responded to his appeal by sending a committee, including Franklin, to confer with him,

and the result was a scheme for an army of about twenty-three thousand men.

Congress was anxious to have some blow struck which would revive the popular enthusiasm, but delegates sent to confer with Washington were not prepared to advise the bombardment of Boston. Washington was quite as desirous of active operations as any one. But his general officers, glad as they would have been to engage in it, thought an attack on Boston imprudent and unpromising, and he was forced to wait. So the months dragged on. In Boston the "Old South" was a riding-school, and Faneuil Hall a theatre; the British occasionally sent their play-bills to Cambridge, in derision of Washington and his army.

The American sentinels annoyed the English by scattering handbills among their soldiers. One of these was a contrast of the condition of the soldiers on the two sides:—

PROSPECT HILL.	BUNKER'S HILL.
I. Seven dollars a month.	I. Three pence a day.
II. Fresh provisions and in plenty.	II. Rotten salt pork.
III. Health.	III. The scurvy.
IV. Freedom, ease, affluence, and a good farm.	IV. Slavery, beggary, and want.

But amusement of this nature could not do much to break the dreary monotony of inactivity. In November Mrs. Washington was invited to join her husband in the camp, as it was impossible for him to visit his home; and her coming brightened the dark days for him and for the army.

The position of Washington made it necessary for him to maintain his house in a generous style. His wishes were consulted by the Provincial Congress in this regard. Some of his officers dined with him every day. Frequently members of Congress and other public men were his guests. He was social but not convivial in his habits. "His own diet was extremely simple, sometimes nothing but baked apples or berries, with cream and milk. He would retire early

from the board, leaving an aid-de-camp or one of his officers to take his place." In his accounts we find the charge of "a light phaeton" and "double harness," which must have been used in the public service. He was always very neat in his dress, and though he left his tent at sunrise, when he was in camp, he was usually dressed for the day.

On Sundays he attended divine service in the old church which stood on the college grounds, near the spot where Dane Hall now stands, the minister being the venerable Nathaniel Appleton, D. D. One stone from the foundation of the old house is now in the walls of the church whose spire rises above the Washington Elm.

The unfortunate expedition against Canada relieved the tedium of the long months of waiting, in some measure, but could not quicken hope. In October, Falmouth, now Portland, was burned by the British. In January, Norfolk was burned. In August, several Indian chiefs came into camp in savage costume, and offered to take up the hatchet for the Americans, if an invasion of Canada should be made.

On the first day of 1776, "the day which gave being to the new army,"—organized out of the old one with such additions as could be gained,—the Union flag of thirteen stripes was hoisted "in compliment to the United Colonies."

Not long after his coming to Cambridge, Washington was obliged to enter into correspondence with General Gage in behalf of American officers who had fallen into the hands of the enemy and were thrown into a common jail, without regard to rank or personal condition. "My duty now makes it necessary to apprise you that, for the future, I shall regulate all my conduct towards those gentlemen who are, or may be, in our possession, exactly by the rule you shall observe towards those of ours now in your custody." Among others in whose behalf Washington interposed was, according to the story, the daring sexton who hung out the lanterns on the night of the 18th of April, and who

had been arrested at a funeral and condemned to death. Upon Washington's threat of retaliation he was respited, and finally exchanged.

These incidents illustrate the variety of occupation in which Washington engaged. There seems to have been nothing wanting to make his position arduous in the extreme. Admirably was he fitted by disposition and training for the work given him to do. His mind was intent upon his task; sore was the trial of his patience, with the enemy intrenched before him, a clamorous Congress and people behind him, and around him a poorly furnished body of undisciplined men to be made into an army; but he was strong in waiting. There is a doubtful story that he had a platform built among the branches of the elm, where he used to sit, and with his glass survey the surrounding country. Better than that, his watchful eyes were everywhere. Here in his accounts is a charge of "the expences of myself and party reconnoit^r the Sea Coast East of Boston Harbor." Again, "333½ Dollars give to — to induce him to go into the Town of Boston, to establish a secret correspondence for the purpose of conveying intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs." Again, "Expⁿ of myself and Party visit^g the shores about Chelsea." At length the time of his reward came. Here is an entry, 1776, March 4: "To expⁿ of myself and Party recon^g Dorchester Heights previous to our possessing them." In the early part of March, 1776, there were in the American camp signs of an impending conflict. Materials for intrenchment were collected, two thousand bandages for broken limbs were prepared, boats were gathered in Charles River, and two floating batteries were placed there. The militia came in from the surrounding country, ready for action. Washington was about to take possession of Dorchester Heights, and he hoped to be able to make the attack on Boston which had been so much desired and so long delayed. The attention of the British was drawn to other points, and on the morning of the 5th of

March they were amazed to find the heights covered with works which commanded the town and harbor of Boston. "The rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." "They were raised with an expedition equal to that of the genii belonging to Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp."

The question of evacuating the town or driving back the Americans was forced upon General Howe for an immediate answer. He determined to attack the American works with his whole available force. A storm delayed the attack, and gave Washington time for strengthening his works. General Howe was compelled to withdraw the troops he had sent out, and his position remained critical. On the 7th of March General Howe held a council with his officers, and it was decided to leave the town to save the army. But Washington kept at work. He determined to fortify Nook's Hill, which was still nearer Boston. The first attempt was not successful, but on the 16th, Washington sent a strong force for that purpose. The Americans held their ground, though the British cannonaded the hill through the night. General Howe was at last satisfied, and early on the morning of Sunday, the 17th, the embarkation of his army began. At nine o'clock the troops left Bunker Hill, and a large number of boats filled with soldiers and loyalists left the Boston wharves for the ships. The old cockerel, on his lofty post, saw the fleet drop down to Nantasket Road, where a few ships lingered for several weeks. But most of the fleet presently sailed for Halifax.

The siege was raised; the work was done; the patriot army had conquered. Congratulations were showered upon the victorious chieftain: the selectmen of Boston sent their greeting; the Council and House of Representatives of Massachusetts presented their testimonial; Congress offered to him thanks and gratitude, and ordered a gold medal to be struck in honor of his triumph; and from individuals came hearty praise and blessing.

At the Commencement of 1776, Harvard College conferred for the first time the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and it stands in her triennial catalogue, as an "expression of the gratitude of this college for his eminent services in the cause of his country and to this society:" 1776. GEORGIUS WASHINGTON, LL. D.

Henceforth his duties were upon another field, in the cause to which his life was devoted. His own feeling and

purpose had advanced. It was not long after his first great success that he said, what he often repeated, "A reconciliation with Great Britain is impracticable, and would be in the highest degree detrimental to the true interest of America; when I first took command of the army, I abhorred the idea of independence; but now I am fully convinced that nothing else will save us."

On the 4th of April, 1776, Washington left Cambridge.

Alexander McKenzie.

AN OBSOLETE FINE GENTLEMAN.

IN 1748 began for Italy a peace of nearly fifty years, when the Wars of the Succession, with which the contesting strangers had ravaged her soil, absolutely ceased. In Lombardy the Austrian rulers who had succeeded the Spaniards did and suffered to be done many things for the material improvement of a province which they were content to hold, while leaving the administration mainly to the Lombards; the Spanish Bourbon at Naples also did as little harm and as much good to his realm as a Bourbon could; Pier Leopoldo of Tuscany, Don Filippo I. of Parma, Francis III. of Modena, and the Popes Benedict XIV., Clement XIV., and Pius VI., were all disposed to be paternally beneficent to their peoples, who at least had repose under them, and in this period gave such names to science as those of Galvani and Volta, to humanity that of Beccaria, to letters those of Alfieri, Filicaja, Goldoni, Parini, and many others.

But in spite of the literary and scientific activity of the period, Italian society was never quite so fantastically immoral as in this long peace, which was broken only by the invasions of the French republic. A wide-spread sentimentality, curiously mixed of love and letters, enveloped the peninsula. Commerce, politics, all the business of life

went on as usual under the roseate veil which gives its hue to the social history of the time; but the idea which remains in the mind is one of a tranquillity in which every person of breeding devoted himself to the cult of some muse or other, and established himself as the conventional admirer of his neighbor's wife. The great Academy of Arcadia,¹ founded to restore good taste in poetry, prescribed conditions by which everybody, of whatever age or sex, could become a poetaster, and good society expected every gentleman and lady to be in love. The Arcadia still exists, but that gallant society hardly survived the eighteenth century. Perhaps the greatest wonder about it is that it could have lasted so long as it did. Its end was certainly not delayed for want of satirists who perceived its folly and pursued it with the keenest scorn. But this again only brings me the doubt, often felt, whether satire ever accomplished anything beyond a lively portraiture of conditions it proposed to reform.

It is the opinion of some Italian critics that Italian demoralization began with the reaction against Luther, when the Jesuits rose to supreme power in the church, and gathered the whole educa-

¹ Some Arcadian Shepherds, *Atlantic Monthly* January, 1872.

tion of the young into the hands of the priests. Cesare Cantù, whose book on *Parini ed il suo Secolo* may be read with pleasure and instruction by such as like to know more fully the time of which I speak, is of this mind; he has of late been a leader of the clerical party in Italy, and may be supposed to be without unfriendly prejudice. He alleges that the priestly education made the Italians *literati* rather than citizens; Latinists, poets, instead of good magistrates, workers, fathers of families; it cultivated the memory at the expense of the judgment, the imagination at the cost of the reason, and made them selfish, polished, false; it left a boy "apathetic, irresolute, thoughtless, pusillanimous; he flattered his superiors and hated his fellows, in each of whom he dreaded a spy." He knew the beautiful and loved the grandiose; his pride of family and ancestry was inordinately pampered. What other training he had was in the graces and accomplishments; he was thoroughly instructed in so much of warlike exercise as enabled him to handle a rapier perfectly and to conduct or fight a duel with punctilio.

But he was no warrior; his career was peace. The old mediæval Italians who had combated like lions against the French and Germans, and against each other, when resting from the labors and the high conceptions which have left us the chief sculptures and architecture of the Peninsula, were dead; and their posterity had almost ceased to know war. Italy had indeed still remained a battleground, but not for Italian quarrels nor for Italian swords; the powers which, like Venice, could afford to have quarrels of their own, mostly hired other people to fight them out. All the independent states of the Peninsula had armies, but armies that did nothing; in Lombardy, neither Frenchman, Spaniard, nor Austrian had been able to recruit or draft soldiers; the flight of young men from the conscription depopulated the province, until at last Francis II. declared it exempt from military service; Piedmont, the Macedon, the Bæotia of that Greece, alone remained

warlike, and Piedmont was alone able, when the hour came, to show Italy how to do for herself.

Yet, except in the maritime republics, the army, idle and unwarlike as it was in most cases, continued to be one of the three careers open to the younger sons of good family; the civil service and the church were the other two. In Genoa, nobles had engaged in commerce with equal honor and profit; nearly every argosy that sailed to or from the port of Venice belonged to some lordly speculator; but in Milan a noble who descended to trade lost his nobility, by a law not abrogated till the time of Charles IV. The nobles had therefore nothing to do. They could not go into business; if they entered the army it was not to fight; the civil service was of course actually performed by subordinates; there were not cures for half the priests, and there grew up that odd, polite rabble of *abbati*, priests without cures, sometimes attached to noble families as chaplains, sometimes devoting themselves to literature or science, sometimes leading lives of mere leisure and fashion; they were mostly of plebeian origin when they did anything at all besides paying court to the ladies.

In Milan the nobles were exempt from many taxes paid by the plebeians; they had separate courts of law, with judges of their own order, before whom a plebeian plaintiff appeared with what hope of justice can be imagined. Yet they were not oppressive; they were at worst only insolent to their inferiors, and they commonly used them with the gentleness which an Italian can hardly fail in. There were many ties of kindness between the classes, the memory of favors and services between master and servant, landlord and tenant, in relations which then lasted a life-time, and even for generations. In Venice, where it was one of the high privileges of the patrician to spit from his box at the theatre upon the heads of the people in the pit, the familiar bond of patron and client so endeared the old republican nobles to the populace that the Venetian poor of this day, who know them only

by tradition, still lament them. But, on the whole, men have found it, at Venice, as elsewhere, better not to be spit upon, even by an affectionate nobility.

The patricians were luxurious everywhere. In Rome they built splendid palaces, in Milan they gave gorgeous dinners. Goldoni, in his charming memoirs, tells us that the Milanese of his time never met anywhere without talking of eating, and they did eat upon all possible occasions, public, domestic, and religious; throughout Italy they have yet the nickname of *lupi lombardi* (Lombard wolves) which their good appetites won them. The nobles of that gay old Milan were very hospitable, easy of access, and full of invitations for the stranger. A French writer found their cooking delicate and estimable as that of his own nation; but he adds that many of these friendly, well-dining aristocrats had not good *ton*. One can think of them at our distance of time and place with a kindness which Italian critics, especially those of the bitter period of struggle about the middle of this century, do not affect. Emiliani-Giudici, for example, does not, when he calls them and their order throughout Italy an aristocratic leprosy. He assures us that at the time of that long peace, "the moral degradation of what the French call the great world was the inveterate habit of centuries; the nobles wallowed in their filth untouched by remorse; the eye of a decent man, beholding the ridiculous and immoral scenes of their daily life, must turn away in horror;" and he presently speaks of them as "gilded swine, vain of the glories of their blazons, which they dragged through the mire of their vices."

This is when he is about to consider a poem in which the Lombard nobility are satirized — if it was satire to paint them to the life. He says that he would be at a loss what passages to quote from it, but fortunately, "an unanimous posterity has done Parini due honor," and he supposes "now there is no man, of whatever sect or opinion, but has read his immortal poem, and has its finest scenes by heart." It is this fact which

embarrasses me, however, for how am I to rehabilitate a certain obsolete characteristic figure without quoting from Parini, and constantly wearying people with what they know already so well? The gentle reader, familiar with Parini's immortal poem, —

The Gentle Reader. — His immortal poem? What is his immortal poem? I never heard even the name of it!

Is it possible? But you, fair reader, who have its finest scenes by heart, —

The Fair Reader. — Yes, certainly; of course. But one reads so many things. I don't believe I half remember those striking passages of — what is the poem? And who did you say the author was?

Oh, madam! And is this undying fame? Is this the immortality for which we waste our time? Is this the remembrance for which the magazinist sicklies his visage over with the pale cast of thought? Why, at this rate, even those whose articles are favorably noticed by the newspapers will be forgotten in a thousand years. But it is at least consoling to know that you have merely forgotten Parini's poem, the subject of which you will at once recollect when I remind you that it is called *The Day*, and celebrates *The Morning*, *The Noon*, *The Evening*, and *The Night* of a gentleman of fashion as Milan knew him for fifty years in the last century.

This gentleman, whatever his nominal business in the world might be, was first and above all a *cavalier servente*, and the cavalier servente was the invention, it is said, of Genoese husbands who had not the leisure to attend their wives to the theatre, the promenade, the card-table, the *conversazione*, and so installed their nearest idle friends permanently in the office. The arrangement was found so convenient that the cavalier servente presently spread throughout Italy; no lady of fashion was thought properly appointed without one; and the office was now no longer reserved to bachelors: it was not at all good form for husband and wife to love each other, and the husband became the cavalier of some other lady, and the whole fine world was thus united, by a usage of which it is very hard to

know just how far it was wicked and how far it was only foolish; perhaps it is safest to say that at the best it was always somewhat of the one and a great deal of the other. In the good society of that day, marriage meant a settlement in life for the girl who had escaped her sister's fate of a sometimes forced religious vocation. But it did not matter so much about the husband if the marriage contract stipulated that she should have her cavalier servente, and, as sometimes happened, specified him by name. With her husband there was a union of fortunes, with the expectation of heirs; the companionship, the confidence, the faith, was with the cavalier; there could be no domesticity, no family life with either. The cavalier servente went with his lady to church, where he dipped his finger in the holy-water and offered it her to moisten her own finger at; and he held her prayer-book for her when she rose from her knees and bowed to the high-altar. In fact, his place seems to have been as fully acknowledged and honored, if not by the church, then by all the other competent authorities, as that of the husband. Like other things, his relation to his lady was subject to complication and abuse; no doubt, ladies of fickle minds changed their cavaliers rather often; and in those days following the disorder of the French invasions, the relation suffered deplorable exaggerations and perversions. But when Giuseppe Parini so minutely and graphically depicted the day of a noble Lombard youth, the cavalier servente was in his most prosperous and illustrious state; and some who have studied Italian social conditions in the past bid us not too virtuously condemn him, since, preposterous as he was, his existence was an amelioration of disorders at which we shall find it better not even to look askance.

Parini's poem is written in the form of instructions to the hero for the politest disposal of his time; and in a strain of polished irony allots the follies of his day to their proper hours. The poet's apparent seriousness never fails him, but he does not suffer his irony to become a burden to the reader, relieving it con-

stantly with pictures, episodes, and excursions, and now and then breaking into a strain of solemn poetry which is very fine. The work will suggest to the English reader the light mockery of *The Rape of the Lock*, and in less degree some qualities of *Gay's Trivia*; but in form and manner it is more like *Phillips's Splendid Shilling* than either of these; and yet it is not at all like the last in being a mere burlesque of the epic style. These resemblances have been noted by Italian critics, who find them as unsatisfactory as myself; but they will serve to make the extracts I am to give a little more intelligible to the reader who does not recur to the whole poem. Parini was not one to break a butterfly upon a wheel; he felt the fatuity of heavily moralizing upon his material; the only way was to treat it with affected gravity, and to use his hero with the respect which best mocks absurdity. One of his arts is to contrast the deeds of his hero with those of his forefathers, of which he is so proud, — of course to the disadvantage of his forefathers, — and in these allusions to the past glories of Italy it seems to me that the modern patriotic poetry, which has done so much to make Italy, begins for the first time to feel its wings, though one must not forget Filicaja's melodious, despairing sigh, —

"Deh, fossi tu men bella o aimen più forte!"

The difference is that Parini thought Italy might become stronger without ceasing to be fair; and he was in all things a very stanch, brave, and original spirit, for the sources of whose peculiar power we need not look beyond himself. If he was of any school, it was that of the Venetian, Gaspare Gozzi, who wrote pungent and amusing social satires in blank verse, and published at Venice an essay-paper, like the *Spectator*, the name of which he turned into *L'Osservatore*. It dealt, like the *Spectator* and all that race of journals, with questions of letters and manners, and is still honored, like the *Spectator*, as a model of prose: I do not know whether, with the tacit understanding that it is read a great deal, it is read

so little. With an apparent prevalence of French taste, there was in fact much study by Italian authors of English literature at this time, which was encouraged by Dr. Johnson's friend, Baretti, the author of the famous *Frusta Letteraria* (Literary Scourge), which drew blood from so many authorlings, now bloodless; it was wielded with more severity than wisdom, and fell pretty indiscriminately upon the bad and the good. It scourged among others Goldoni, the greatest master of the comic art then living, but it spared our Parini, the first part of whose poem Baretti salutes with many kindly phrases, though he cannot help advising him to turn the poem into rhyme. But when did a critic ever know less than a poet about a poet's business?

The first part of Parini's *Day is the Morning*, that mature hour at which the hero awakes from the glories and fatigues of the past night. His valet appears, and throwing open the shutters asks whether he will have coffee or chocolate in bed, and when he has broken his fast, and risen, the business of the day begins. The earliest comer is perhaps the dancing-master, whose elegant presence we must not deny ourselves:—

"He, entering, stops

Erect upon the threshold, elevating
Both shoulders; then contracting like a tortoise
His neck a little, at the same time drops
Slightly his chin, and, with the extremest tip
Of his plumed hat, lightly touches his lips."

In their order come the singing-master and the master of the violin, and, with more impressiveness than the rest, the teacher of French, whose advent hushes all Italian sounds, and who is to instruct the hero to forget his plebeian native tongue. He is to send meanwhile to ask how the lady he serves has passed the night, and attending her response he may read Voltaire in a sumptuous Dutch or French binding, or he may amuse himself with a French romance; or it may happen that the artist whom he has engaged to paint the miniature of his lady (to be placed in the same jeweled case with his own) shall bring his work at this hour for criticism. Then the valets robe him from head to

foot in readiness for the hair-dresser and the barber, whose work is completed with the powdering of his hair.

"At last the labor of the learned comb
Is finished, and the elegant artist strews
With lightly shaken hand a powdery mist,
To whiten ere their time thy youthful locks.

Now take heart,
And in the bosom of that whirling cloud
Plunge fearlessly. O brave! O mighty! Thus
Appeared thine ancestor through smoke and fire
Of battle, when his country's trembling gods
His sword avenged, and shattered the fierce foe,
And put in flight. But he, his visage stained
With dust and smoke, and smirched with gore and
sweat,
His hair torn and tossed wild, came from the strife
A terrible vision, even to compatriots
His hand had rescued; sadder thou by far,
And fairer to behold, in white array
Shalt issue presently to bless the eyes
Of thy fond country, which the mighty arm
Of thy forefather and thy heavenly smile
Equally keep content and prosperous."

When the hero is finally dressed for the visit to his lady, it is in this splendid figure:—

"Let purple garters clasp thine ankles fine
In noble leather, that no dust or mire
Blemish thy foot; down from thy shoulders flow
Loosely a tunic fair, thy shapely arms
Cased in its closely-fitting sleeves, whose borders
Of crimson or of azure velvet let
The heliotrope's color tinge. Thy slender throat
Encircle with a soft and gauzy band.
Thy watch already
Bids thee make haste to go. O me, how fair
The arsenal of tiny charms that hang
With a harmonious tinkling from its chain!
What hangs not there of fairy carriages
And fairy steeds so marvelously feigned
In gold that every charger seems alive?"

This magnificent swell, of the times when swells had the world quite their own way, finds his lady already surrounded with visitors, when he calls to reverent her, as he would have said, and he can therefore make the more effective arrival. Entering her presence he puts on his very finest manner, which I am sure we might all study to our advantage.

"Let thy right hand be pressed against thy side
Beneath thy waistcoat, and the other hand
Upon thy snowy linen rest, and hide
Next to thy heart; let the breast rise sublime,
The shoulders broaden both, and bend toward her
Thy pliant neck; then at the corners close
Thy lips a little, pointed in the middle
Somewhat; and from thy mouth thus set come
forth
A murmur inaudible. Meanwhile her right
Let her have given, and now softly drop
On the warm ivory a double kiss.

Seat thyself then, and with one hand draw closer
Thy chair to hers, while every tongue is stilled.
Thou only, bending slightly over, with her
Exchange in whisper secret nothings, which
Ye both accompany with mutual smiles,
And covert glances that betray, or seem
At least your tender passion to betray."

It must have been mighty pretty, as Master Pepys says, to look at the life from which this scene was painted, for many a dandy of either sex doubtless sat for it. The scene was sometimes heightened by the different humor in which the lady and the cavalier received each other, as for instance when they met with reproaches, and offered the spectacle of a lovers' quarrel to the company. In either case, it is for the hero to lead the lady out to dinner.

"With a bound
Rise to thy feet, signor, and give thy hand
Unto thy lady, whom, drooping tenderly,
Support thou with thy strength, and to the table
Accompany, while the guests come after you,
And last of all the husband follows." . . .

Or rather —

"If to the husband still
The vestige of a generous soul remain,
Let him frequent another board; beside
Another lady sit, whose husband dines
Yet somewhere else beside another lady,
Whose spouse is likewise absent; and so add
New links unto the chain immense, wherewith
Love, alternating, binds the whole wide world.

Behold thy lady seated at the board:
Relinquish now her hand, and while the servant
Places the chair that not too far she sit,
And not so near that her soft bosom press
Too close against the table, with a spring,
Stoop thou and gather round thy lady's feet
The wandering volume of her robe. Beside her
Then sit thee down; for the true cavalier
Is not permitted to forsake the side
Of her he serves, except there should arise
Some strange occasion warranting the use
Of so great freedom."

When one reads of these springs and little hops, which were once so elegant, it is almost with a sigh for a world which no longer springs or hops in the service of beauty, or even dreams of doing it. But a passage which will touch the sympathetic with a still keener sense of loss is one which hints how lovely a lady looked when carving, as she then sometimes did: —

"Swiftly now the blade,
That sharp and polished at thy right hand lies,
Draw naked forth, and like the blade of Mars
Flash it upon the eyes of all. The point
Press 'twixt thy finger-tips, and bowing low
Offer the handle to her. Now are seen

The soft and delicate playing of the muscles
In the white hand upon its work intent.
The graces that around the lady stoop
Clothe themselves in new forms, and from her fingers

Sportively flying, flatter to the tips
Of her unconscious rosy knuckles, thence
To dip into the hollows of the dimples
That Love beside her knuckles has impressed."

Throughout the dinner it is the part of the well-bred husband — if so ill-bred as to remain at all — to sit impassive and quiescent, while the cavalier watches over the wife with tender care, prepares her food, offers what agrees with her, and forbids what harms. He is virtually master of the house; he can order the servants about; if the dinner is not to his mind, it is even his high prerogative to scold the cook.

The poet reports something of the talk at table; and here occurs one of the most admired passages of the poem, the light irony of which it is hard to reproduce in a version. One of the guests, in a strain of affected sensibility, has been denouncing man's cruelty to animals: —

"Thus he discourses; and a gentle tear
Springs, while he speaks, into thy lady's eyes.
She recalls the day —
Alas, the cruel day! — what time her lap-dog,
Her beauteous lap-dog, darling of the Graces,
Sporting in youthful gayety, impressed
The light mark of her ivory tooth upon
The rude foot of a menial; he, with bold
And sacrilegious toe, flung her away.
Over and over thrice she rolled, and thrice
Rumpled her silken coat, and thrice inhaled
With tender nostril the thick, choking dust,
Then raised imploring cries, and 'Help, help,
help!'

She seemed to call, while from the gilded vaults
Compassionate Echo answered her again,
And from their cloistral basements in dismay
The servants rushed, and from the upper rooms
The pallid maidens trembling flew; all came.
Thy lady's face was with reviving essence
Sprinkled, and she awakened from her swoon.
Anger and grief convulsed her still; she cast
A lightning glance upon the guilty menial,
And thrice with languid voice she called her pet,
Who rushed to her embrace and seemed to invoke
Vengeance with her shrill tenor. And revenge
Thou hadst, fair poodle, darling of the Graces.
The guilty menial trembled, and with eyes
Downcast received his doom. Naught him availed
His twenty years' desert; naught him availed
His zeal in secret services; for him
In vain were prayer and promise; forth he went,
Spoiled of the livery that till now had made him
Envious with the vulgar. And in vain
He hoped another lord; the tender dames
Were horror-struck at his atrocious crime,
And loathed the author. The false wretch succumbed

With all his squalid brood, and in the streets,
With his lean wife in tatters at his side,
Vainly lamented to the passer-by."

It would be quite out of taste for the lover to sit as apathetic as the husband in the presence of his lady's guests, and he is to mingle gracefully in the talk from time to time, turning it to such topics as may best serve to exploit his own accomplishments. As a man of the first fashion, he must be in the habit of seeming to have read Horace a little, and it will be a pretty effect to quote him now; one may also show one's acquaintance with the new French philosophy, and approve its skepticism, while keeping clear of its pernicious doctrines, which insidiously teach—

"That every mortal is his fellow's peer,
That not less dear to Nature and to God
Is he who drives thy carriage, or who guides
The plow across thy field, than thine own self."

But at last the lady makes a signal to the cavalier that it is time to rise from the table:—

"Spring to thy feet
The first of all, and drawing near thy lady
Remove her chair and offer her thy hand,
And lead her to the other rooms, nor suffer longer
That the stale reek of viands shall offend
Her delicate sense. Thee with the rest invites
The grateful odor of the coffee, where
It smokes upon a smaller table hid
And graced with Indian webs. The redolent gums
That meanwhile burn, sweeten and purify
The heavy atmosphere, and banish thence
All lingering traces of the feast. — Ye sick
And poor, whom misery or whom hope perchance
Has guided in the noonday to these doors,
Tumultuous, naked, and unsightly throng,
With mutilated limbs and squalid faces,
In litters and on crutches, from afar
Comfort yourselves, and with expanded nostrils
Drink in the nectar of the feast divine
That favorable zephyrs waft to you;
But do not dare besiege these noble precincts,
Importunately offering her that reigns
Within your loathsome spectacle of woe!
— And now, sir, 't is your office to prepare
The tiny cup that then shall minister,
Slow sipped, its liquor to thy lady's lips;
And now bethink thee whether she prefer
The boiling beverage much or little tempered
With sweet; or if perchance she like it best
As doth the barbarous spouse, then when she sits
Upon brocades of Persia, with light fingers
The bearded visage of her lord caressing."

With the dinner the second part of the poem, entitled *The Noon*, concludes, and *The Afternoon* begins with the visit which the hero and his lady pay to one of her friends. He has already

thought with which of the husband's horses they shall drive out; he has suggested which dress his lady shall wear, and which fan she shall carry; he has witnessed the agonizing scene of her parting with her lap-dog,—her children are at nurse and never intrude,—and they have arrived in the palace of the lady on whom they are to call:—

"And now the ardent friends to greet each other
Impatient fly, and pressing breast to breast
They tenderly embrace, and with alternate kisses
Their cheeks resound; then, clasping hands, they
drop
Plummet-like down upon the sofa, both
Together. Seated thus, one flings a phrase,
Subtle and pointed, at the other's heart,
Hinting of certain things that rumor tells,
And in her turn the other with a sting
Assails. The lovely face of one is flushed
With beauteous anger, and the other bites
Her pretty lips a little; evermore
At every instant waxes violent
The anxious agitation of the fans.
So, in the age of Turpin, if two knights
Illustrious and well cased in mail encountered
Upon the way, each cavalier aspired
To prove the valor of the other in arms,
And, after greetings courteous and fair,
They lowered their lances and their chargers dashed
Feroceously together; then they flung
The splintered fragments of their spears aside,
And, fired with generous fury, drew their huge,
Two-handed swords and rushed upon each other!
But in the distance through a savage wood
The clamor of a messenger is heard
Who comes full gallop to recall the one
Unto King Carlo, and th' other to the camp
Of the young Agramante. Dare thou, too,
Dare thou, invincible youth to expose the curls
And the toupet, so exquisitely dressed
This very morning, to the deadly shock
Of the infuriate fans; to new enterprises
Thy fair invite, and thus the extreme effects
Of their perilous enmity suspend."

Is not this most charmingly done?
It seems to me that the warlike interpretation of the scene is delightful, and those embattled fans—their perfumed breath comes down a hundred years in the verse!

The cavalier and his lady now betake them to the promenade, where all the fair world of Milan is walking or driving, with a punctual regularity which still distinguishes Italians in their walks and drives. The place is full of their common acquaintance, and the carriages are at rest for the exchange of greetings and gossip, in which the hero must take his part. All this is described in the same note of ironical seriousness as the

rest of the poem, and *The Afternoon* closes with a strain of stately and grave poetry which admirably heightens the desired effect:—

"Behold the servants

Ready for thy descent; and now skip down,
And smooth the creases from thy coat, and order
The laces on thy breast; a little stoop,
And on thy snowy stockings bend a glance,
And then erect thyself and strut away
Either to pace the promenade alone,
'Tis thine, if 't please thee walk; or thou mayest
draw

Anigh the carriages of other dames.
Thou clamberest up, and thrustest in thy head
And arms and shoulders, half thyself within
The carriage-door. There let thy laughter rise
So loud that from afar thy lady hear,
And rage to hear, and interrupt the wit
Of other heroes who had swiftly run
Amid the dusk to keep her company
While thou wast absent. O ye powers supreme,
Suspend the night, and let the noble deeds
Of my young hero shine upon the world
In the clear day! Nay, Night must follow still
Her own inviolable laws, and droop
With silent shades over one half the globe;
And slowly moving on her dewy feet,
She blends the varied colors infinite,
And with the border of her mighty garments
Blots everything; the sister she of Death
Leaves but one aspect indistinct, one guise
To fields and trees, to flowers, to birds and beasts,
And to the great and to the lowly born,
Confounding with the painted cheek of beauty
The haggard face of want, and gold with tatters.
Nor me will the blind air permit to see
Which carriages depart, and which remain,
Secret amidst the shades; but from my hand
The pencil caught, my hero is involved
Within the tenebrous and humid veil."

The concluding section of the poem, by chance or by wise design of the author, remains a fragment. In this he follows his hero from the promenade to the evening party, with an account of which *The Night* is mainly occupied, so far as it goes. There are many lively pictures in it, with light sketches of expression and attitude, but on the whole it has not so many distinctly quotable passages as the other parts of the poem. The perfunctory devotion of the cavalier and the lady continues throughout, and the same ironical reverence depicts them alighting from their carriage, arriving in the presence of the hostess, sharing in the gossip of the guests, supping, and sitting down at those games of chance with which every fashionable house was provided, and at which the lady loses or doubles her pin-money. In Milan long trains were then the mode,

and any woman might wear them, but only patricians were allowed to have them carried by servants; the rich plebeian must drag her costly skirts in the dust; and the nobility of our hero's lady is honored by the flunkies who lift her train as she enters the house. The hostess, seated on a sofa, receives her guests with a few murmured greetings, and then abandons herself to the arduous task of arranging the various partners at cards. When the cavalier serves his lady at supper, he takes his handkerchief from his pocket and spreads it on her lap: such usages and the differences of costume distinguished an evening party at Milan then from the like joy in our time and country.

The poet who sings this gay world with such mocking seriousness was not himself born to the manner of it. He was born plebeian in 1729 at Bosio, near Lake Pusiano, and his parents were poor. He himself adds that they were honest, but the phrase has now lost its freshness. His father was a dealer in raw silk, and was able to send him to school in Milan, where his scholarship was not equal to his early literary promise. At least he took no prizes; but this often happens with people whose laurels come abundantly later. He was to enter the church, and in due time he took orders, but he did not desire a cure, and he became, like so many other accomplished abbati, a teacher in noble families (the great and saintly family Borromeo among others), in whose houses and in those he frequented with them he saw the life he paints in his poem. His father was now dead, and he had already supported himself and his mother by copying law-papers; he had also, at the age of twenty-three, published a small volume of poems, and had been elected a shepherd of Arcadia; but in a country where one's copyright was good for nothing across the border—scarcely a fair stone's-throw away—of one's own little duchy or province, and the printers everywhere stole a book as soon as it was worth stealing, it is not likely that he made great gains by a volume of verses which, later in life, he repudiated. Baretti had

then returned from living in London, where he had seen the prosperity of "the trade of an author" in days which we do not now think so very prosperous, and he viewed with open disgust the abject state of authorship in his own country. So there was nothing for Parini to do but to become a *maestro in casa*. With the Borromei he always remained friends, and in their company he went into society a good deal. Emiliani-Giudici supposes that he came to despise the great world with the same scorn that shows in his poem; but probably he regarded it quite as much with the amused sense of the artist as with the moralist's indignation; some of his contemporaries accused him of a snobbish fondness for the great, but certainly he did not flatter them, and in one passage of his poem he is at the pains to remind his noble acquaintance that not the smallest drop of patrician blood is microscopically discoverable in his veins. His days were rendered more comfortable when he was appointed editor of the government newspaper, — the only newspaper in Milan, — and yet easier when he was made professor of eloquence in the Academy of Fine Arts. In this employment it was his hard duty to write poems from time to time in praise of archdukes and emperors; but by and by the French Revolution arrived in Milan, and Parini was relieved of that labor. The revolution made an end of archdukes and emperors, but the liberty it bestowed was peculiar, and consisted chiefly in not allowing one to do anything that one liked. The altars were abased, and trees of liberty were planted; for making a tumult about an outraged saint a mob was severely handled by the military, and for "insulting" a tree of liberty a poor fellow at Como was shot. Parini was chosen one of the municipal government, which, apparently popular, could really do nothing but register the decrees of the military commandant. He proved so little useful in this government that he was expelled from it, and

giving his salary to his native parish, he fell into something like his old poverty. He who had laughed to scorn the insolence and folly of the nobles could not enjoy the insolence and folly of the plebeians, and he was unhappy in that wild ferment of ideas, hopes, principles, sentiments, which Milan became in the time of the Cisalpine Republic. He led a retired life, and at last in 1799, having risen one day to studies which he had never remitted, he died suddenly in his arm-chair.

Many stories are told of his sayings and doings in those troubled days when he tried to serve the public. At the theatre once some one cried out, "Long live the republic, death to the aristocrats!" "No," shouted Parini, who abhorred the abominable bloodthirstiness of the liberators; "long live the republic, death to nobody!" They were going to take away a crucifix from a room where he appeared on public business; "Very well," he observed, "where Citizen Christ cannot stay, I have nothing to do," and went out. "Equality does n't consist in dragging me down to your level," he said to one who had impudently given him the *thou*, "but in raising you to mine, if possible. You will always be a pitiful creature, even though you call yourself citizen; and though you call me citizen, you can't help my being the Abbate Parini." To another, who reproached him for kindness to an Austrian prisoner, he answered, "I would do as much for a Turk, a Jew, an Arab; I would do it even for you if you were in need." In his closing years, many sought him for literary counsel; those for whom there was hope he encouraged; those for whom there was none, he made it a matter of conscience not to praise. A poor fellow came to repeat him two sonnets, in order to be advised which to print; Parini heard the first, and, without waiting further, besought him, "Print the other!"

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. INGERSOLL'S book¹ is written by a member of the old democratic party which looked back to Jefferson as its founder and to Jackson as its most vigorous leader. This party of late years has had but a factitious existence, for the modern democrats have little in common with either Jackson or Jefferson. Yet it keeps up its traditions, and in these, apparently, Mr. Ingersoll has been nurtured. Hence his treatment of the slavery question and the late civil war is partial and inadequate; but in the earlier portion of his book, which deals with Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and the other framers of our form of government, he displays an intimate knowledge of American history, and a breadth and grasp of mind which are exceptional. Few writers have understood Washington better, or more clearly pointed out the high political value of his presidency to the youthful republic, which was not yet a democracy, but only tending towards one. It was Elbridge Gerry, afterwards a leader of the democrats in Massachusetts, and vice-president with Madison in 1813-14, who said in the constitutional convention of 1787, "The evils we experience flow from the excess of democracy. It would seem to be a maxim of democracy to starve the public servants." He mentioned the popular clamor in Massachusetts for the reduction of salaries. He had, he said, been too republican heretofore; he was still, however, republican, but had been taught by experience the danger of the leveling spirit. And it was a wealthy Virginian planter (an ancestor of Senator Mason of the fugitive slave bill), George Mason, who replied to Gerry. "He admitted that we had been too democratic, but was afraid we should incautiously run into the opposite extreme. We ought to attend to the rights of every class of the people. He had often wondered at the indifference of the superior classes of society to this dictate of humanity and policy, considering that, however affluent their circumstances or elevated their situations might be, the course of a few years not only might, but certainly would, distribute their poster-

ity throughout the lowest class of society." This was true foresight, and so was the wisdom that led Washington to a similar conclusion with that of Mr. Mason. "Washington," says Mr. Ingersoll, "had this advantage over all who have succeeded him: he let the country find its own way. A man may be a statesman of a high order, and not discover what is best for his country; but the country is sure to discover it." Jefferson, he says, "could not make democracy universal, but he made it orthodox. Mr. Jefferson's were called French principles, but the theory, and for the most part the practice, of his democracy was to leave the people to themselves; while in French democracy, unfortunately, the government does everything." But as he afterwards adds, the negligences of democracy in America have produced what we now have — "a government that answers to itself, and not to the people; a government without responsibility." "Central power goes by the most despicable instruments, on the meanest errands, to every corner of the republic. Every election is the president's. Every movement, however small it may seem, is for him or against him. Thus is expelled the local spirit, the spirit of independence, which is the very blood of the heart of liberty."

These citations will show how well Mr. Ingersoll writes, and what condensation and almost obscurity of style he affects. This seems to be partly the result of diminishing the number of his pages before publishing his book. Here and there it would appear that the connection of sentences is lost by an omission made in condensing. This is a rare fault, and one that we need not censure in an American author. It is much more common to expand and dilute what is written, especially upon the topics of this book, which, amid many faults, has the signal merit of stimulating thought while reviving our knowledge of what was actually said and imagined, as well as what was done, by the fathers of the American republic. It can hardly be said to propose a remedy for the evils which it exhibits in our present form of government; but in this respect it is not singular among treatises of its class.

¹ *Fears for Democracy, regarded from the American Point of View.* By CHARLES INGERSOLL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

—There are two pieces among Miss Phelps's Poetic Studies¹ which we think very notable. The first of these is that singular poem, *That never was on Sea or Land*, of which we shall not vex the reader's interpretation by any confident guess of our own. We insecurely understand it to be a dream, wherein the dead lover comes back to the living and restores a fair, harassing image of their lost happiness, which presently is shattered by some capricious turn of the dreaming thought, and nothing but the old, aching hope-in-fear is left. But this version may be quite too simple, and there may be meanings in the poem which we have not fathomed. It belongs to a sort of poems, however, whose charm we are willing to feel without caring to analyze it very closely, though we think it a fault in the author that they are left so vague. Of certain beauties in them one can always be sure, like that strong fancy in Miss Phelps's lines, —

"The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea,
And turned his head and looked upon the shore,
As if he never saw the world before ;"

or that perfect expression of the truth which enforces itself more and more with the ever increasing tasks and burdens, —

"So hard it is for work-worn souls to play !"

which, indeed, is a line that the greatest poet might have been glad to write.

"I woke afraid : around the half-lit room

The broken darkness seemed to stir and creep,"

are verses that impart the shuddering sense of the dreamer to the reader ; and the whole effect of the poem is a profoundly weird and sorrowful sensation. Perhaps this is sufficient, and we have no right to ask of a poem that gives so much a greater distinctness. But we do not believe this ; and we blame the poet's unwilling — it seems unwilling rather than inadequate — art, because in the inferior pieces here collected we have so often the darkness without the fascination.

Petronilla is the other poem which we find so notable. It is the legend of Peter's daughter, bedridden her whole life long, who rose at the bidding of her father when the Spirit gave him power, and ministered to him and his guests. This too is troubled with Miss Phelps's vagueness, or over-subtlety, at times ; and it may be said, by those who like, that two blended shadows, in the flesh called Browning, are cast from afar,

¹ *Poetic Studies*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston : J. H. Osgood & Co. 1876.

and move evanescently up and down upon the poem ; or it may be as justly contended that one manner may be original in several poets of the same mood. There is a very sensitive appreciation of the young girl's languid, bedridden dream of life in this description : —

"She lived,
Yet lived not ; breathed, yet stifled ; ate, but starved ;

The ears of life she had, but heard not ; eyes,
But saw not ; hands, but handled neither bud
Nor fruit of joy : for the great word of God,
In some dim crevice of eternal thought
Which he called *Petronilla*, had gone forth
Against her — for her — call it what we may.

Since childhood she had lain upon her bed
In peace and pain, nor had ever raised her body
Once to its young lithe length, to view the dawn
Of all her young lithe years, nor had once laid
Her little feverish feet upon the face
Of the cool, mocking, steadfast floor which laughed
When other girls, with other thinking done
Some time in heaven about their happy names, —
Set like a song about their happy names, —
Tripped on it like a trill."

When her father, to warm the faith of
his friends, commanded her in Christ's
name to rise and serve them, —

"Erect,
Unaided, with a step of steel, she rose.
What should she do but rise ? And walked ; how
else ?

For God had said it, sent it, dropped it down,
The sweetest, faintest fancy of her life.
And fancying faintly how her feet dropped far
Below the dizzy dancing of her eyes,
Adown the listening floor ; and fancying
How all the rising windscrept mutely up
The court, and put their arms around her neck
For joy ; and how for joy the sun broke through
The visor which the envious day had held
Across his happy face, and kissed her hair ;
And fancying faintly how those men shrank back,
And pulled their great gray beards at sight of her,
And nodded, as becometh holy men,
Approvingly, at wonders, as indeed
They 'd bade her walk themselves, — so musingly,
As she had been a fancy of herself,
She found herself live, warm, and young within
The borders of the live, warm world.

But still,
As faintly as a fancy felt the voice
Of Peter : 'Serve us, daughter, at the board,'
And dimly as a fancy served she them,
And sweetly as a fancy to and fro
Across the gold net of the lightning day
She passed and paused.

Caught in its meshes fast ;
Tangled into the happy afternoon,
Tangled into the sense of life and youth,
Blind with the sense of motion, leap of health,
And wilderness of undiscovered joy,
Stood *Petronilla* Down from out her hand
A little platter dropped, and down upon
Her hands her face dropped, broken like the ware
Of earth that sprinkled all the startled floor,
And down upon her knees her face and hands

Fell, clinging to each other; crouching there
At Peter's feet, — her father's feet, — she gave
One little, little longing cry, — no more;
And like the fancy of a cry, — so faint;
And like the angel of a cry, — so brave."

The end is that Petronilla, having answered the divine need for the moment, goes, and lies down again upon the bed, from whose monotonous life she rises no more. All is said and suggested in the way that the reader must have felt; but the effect is oddly marred at times by the author's inability to let well alone — by a certain feminine desire to get yet one sigh or one gasp more out of expression. She speaks of Petronilla's "young lithe length," which is well; and then apparently cannot help speaking of her "young lithe years," which is not at all well; she tells of "the fancy of a cry — so faint," which is poetry, and then "of the angel of a cry — so brave," which is nonsense. This defect, like the obscurity of the first poem, repeats and exaggerates itself painfully in her less successful work. Among the shorter pieces which wholly or nearly escape both tendencies is *Congratulation*, a thoughtful poem, too wise to be quite sad; and *Atalanta*, a very sweet and happy inspiration. But what is here of Miss Phelps's verse, good or bad, is something that must interest the reader in her poetic experiment, and make him curious to see more of her studies. We are not sure that she will not yet find her best literary expression in their direction — if she can bring herself to respect the useful limitations in which there is strength, and to remember that excess is not only a waste, but also a burden.

— Mr. Baker has a cleverness which, without being too fine or deep, is pleasant; and his pretty book of society verses¹ is one that you may read with a fair degree of "cheerfulness and refreshment." Our fashionable life affords scope enough for the more amiable sort of light satire, and Mr. Baker is fortunately not a satirist who cares much to moralize his theme. He does not begin to exhaust his material; the situations he suggests or portrays are not the most unhackneyed, but then, he does them with dramatic skill, and he renders without unnecessary vulgarity the tone and talk of the kind of stylish girls whose souls are in their clothes — as not even Bostonians are bound to believe the

souls of stylish New York girls mostly are. Society-verses, we observe, are largely addicted to a lightly tripping measure of anapests.

"I do think that sexton's too stupid!"

He's put some one else in our pew —

And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;

Now what am I going to do?" —

is the tune to which most of the pieces in Mr. Baker's book are set; and it becomes a little monotonous. The mental attitudes are the flirtatious, the softly-regretful-for-the-old-love, the lightly aspirational, the lover's-quarrelsome; the talk of a girl about the people in church at her marriage, the struggles of an engaged young lady to keep a lover from offering himself, the reverie over an old coat of the bachelor who orders a new one for his wedding, are such matters as Mr. Baker deals with. The best poem is *An Idyl of the Period*, which has had great vogue in the newspapers: two young persons who have been flirting together on the stairs at a dancing-party confide their perfidy to the girl-friend and bachelor-friend whom each meets next day; it is very light, gay, and natural, with lively go and real humor, and one laughs the more willingly because the laugh is against the man-flirt. Mr. Baker has grace, touch, and a good notion of dramatic points, with a feeling for character which would enable him to present types less conventional than he does here; and we do not know why we have not the right to ask him to look at society with an eye to the subtler meaning of its contrasts and combinations. The strongest interests of modern life all lie below the surface, but they are in plain sight for all that.

— We have always liked Colonel Waring's magazine writing for qualities which make themselves felt at once. There is a good, wholesome, unaffected manner into which he falls, avoiding literary finalness on the one hand, and on the other the boisterous familiarity of people who commonly treat of the subjects of this little book of his;² he is quite able to write like a gentleman about the horse, — an animal objectionable to us in literature and in life because of the company he mostly keeps, — and he can convey the sense of soldierly good comradeship without shouting at you or clapping you on the knee or shoulder at every point. When we add to these nega-

¹ *Point-Lace and Diamonds*. Poems by GEORGE A. BAKER, JR. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. New York: F. B. Patterson. 1876.

² *Whip and Spur*. By GEORGE E. WARING, JR., formerly Colonel of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, U. S. V. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

tive virtues the positive charms of a very easy, sufficiently picturesque style, a ready sense of humor, and a genuine, refined love of all out-doors, we suppose ourselves to have offered to our readers' liking a writer who is altogether worthy of it. Most Atlantic readers, however, already know Colonel Waring's pleasant papers, and need only be reminded of *Vix, Ruby, Wettstein*, *Campaigning with Max*, *How I got my Overcoat*, and the rest. It was the author's good fortune to see military service in one of its most attractive aspects. The Fourth Missouri was a regiment of cavalry, mainly German, and it did rather more riding than fighting, and often served by standing and waiting. The history of its frequent forays and chases through the enemy's country in the Southwest, and of its long, luxurious campings in favorable seasons and situations, is full of a humor which Colonel Waring felt, while he had a keen eye for the European quality of character in his men, as it took a novel color from its American circumstances. The sketch of the trumpeter Wettstein, and his mare Klitschka, is a charming example of how intelligibly he can present this sort of character. It is very touching, with a self-controlled pathos which leaves one moved as one should be at the fate of the poor, gay, hapless soul; on the whole, we are inclined to rate it higher than the other sketches. It opens with a bit of shrewd self-study which is so imaginably true that we think most soldiers must find its truth in their own experience:—

"We may not have confessed it even to ourselves; but on looking back to the years of the war, we must recognize many things that patted our vanity greatly on the back, —things so different from all the dull routine of equality and fraternity of home, that those four years seem to belong to a dream-land, over which the haze of the life before them and of the life after them draws a misty veil. Equality and Fraternity! a pretty sentiment, yes, and full of sensible and kindly regard for all mankind, and full of hope for the men who are to come after us; but Superiority and Fraternity! who shall tell all the secret emotions this implies? To be the head of the brotherhood, with the unremitted clank of a guard's empty scabbard trailing before one's tent-door day and night; with the standard of the regiment proclaiming the house of chief authority; with the respectful salute of all passers, and the natural obedience

of all members of the command; with the shade of deference that even comrades show to superior rank; and with that just sufficient check upon coarseness during the jovial bouts of the headquarters' mess, making them not less genial, but void of all offense,—living in this atmosphere, one almost feels the breath of feudal days coming modified through the long tempestuous ages to touch his cheek."

Here also is an excellent study of a mood which carries the warrant of its own reality with it:—

"My coffee was gone to its dregs; the closing day was shutting down gloomily in such a weary rain as only a New York back-yard ever knows; and I was wondering what was to become of a man whom four years of cavalry service had estranged from every good and useful thing in life. The only career that then seemed worth running was run out for me; and, worst of all, my pay had been finally stopped.

"The world was before me for a choice, but I had no choice. The only thing I could do was to command mounted troops, and commanders of mounted troops were not in demand. Ages ago I had known how to do other things, but the knowledge had gone from me, and was not to be recalled so long as I had enough money left with which to be unhappy in idle foreboding. I had not laid down my life in the war, but during its wonderful four years I had laid down, so completely, the ways of life of a sober and industrious citizen, and had soaked my whole nature so full of the subtle ether of idleness and vagabondism, that it seemed as easy and as natural to become the Aladdin I might have dreamed myself to be as the delver I had really been. With a heavy heart, then, and a full stomach, I sat in a half-disconsolate, half-remiscent, not wholly unhappy mood, relapsing with post-prandial ease into that befogged intellectual condition in which even the drizzle against the window-panes can confuse itself with the patter on a tent roof."

These are the opening passages of that very clever little story, *How I got my Overcoat*; and we are glad to have given them, because they partly show (not so well, of course, as the undetachable strain running through the whole series of war-sketches) that Colonel Waring looks at his war-experience, which soldiers are so seldom able to make civilians understand aright, in a spirit that is thoroughly comprehensible to

them. It seems to us that no soldier has yet written quite so well of our soldiering. The reader new to our author's work will find in this book abundant evidence of his power to mount to the fierier effects of the tales he tells. But in these he does not lose his head at all; it is you, not he, who become thrilled and heated. Another thing which we like in his writing is that when he makes a horse his hero or heroine, the animal is always appreciated in its due subordination to humanity. One may not think very well of mankind; but it is disagreeable to have one's race relatively viewed as an enthusiastic Houyhnhnm would view it. The most equine of the horse-sketches is Vix; Ruby and Max give their names to what are really for the most part stories of soldierly adventure. In fact, it is on the whole rather of riding than of horses that Colonel Waring writes in *Whip and Spur*. This is particularly true of *Fox-Hunting in England*, a very admirable piece of work throughout, by help of which one may order and understand all that large part of one's English novel-reading in which fox-hunting prevails. There are some splendid bits of picturesqueness in this paper, and a manly, affectionate feeling for English landscape and English life which those may like who have not the feeling. In the *Gloaming*, the only sketch alien to the title of the book, is a fuller expression of this tenderness, and we should be sorry not to have it here, where it perhaps does not belong.

Whip and Spur is printed in that pretty *Saunterers' Series* of Messrs. Osgood & Co., which is on the whole so good that the publishers have now a duty in not issuing any but choice books in it. We wish they could exclude all reprints from it, and reserve it for the best of their lighter American literature.

—A few months ago we had the pleasure of mentioning with commendation an entertaining novel by Mr. Benedict, *John Worthington's Name*, which, in spite of its rather strong appeal to the novel-reader's love of sensational matter, was a tolerably fair picture of a certain sort of life, and showed in the drawing of the main heroine, Mrs. Marchmont, ingenuity and study. Although it would have been very easy to point out the difference between that novel and the tract, it was entertaining, and

seemed to indicate considerable advance on the part of its author over what he had previously written. His latest novel, *Mr. Vaughan's Heir*,¹ comes, unfortunately, just in time to disappoint our hopes. It is a story full of complications of the most refined villainy, and it is a sad sight to see a novelist who has shown his ability to secure the interest of the public by less violent means, dragging his characters into the mire in order to arouse a sort of morbid curiosity. To tell Mr. Benedict that this is not high art would be as unnecessary as to tell him that one of Alfred de Musset's plays at the *Théâtre Français* is a more refining sight than a performance at the circus. He has the ability to do better things; why should he not rise above the herd who exercise their invention merely in putting together all kinds of offensiveness?

The villain of this story hides in his black heart, under a fair outside, enough viciousness to supply a ship's crew of pirates. His euphonious name is Darrell Vaughan. He is reeking with every sin, some of the more offensive sorts being needlessly dwelt on; he takes hasheesh, he marries for money, swears before his wife, sells her mother's homestead, where her parents are buried, to a railroad corporation, belongs to the thinly disguised Tammany Ring, is nearly guilty of murder and quite guilty of some complicated swindling of his relations, is a member of Congress in the bargain, and a contributor to the most eminent reviews. This complex character, this condensed circulating library, has a lovely wife, who once believed in him, who wrote his speeches for him when he was insensible under the influence of hasheesh, but who has learned what a monster he is. She has more respect for a cousin of his, and it is hinted that after the final exit of Darrell, — which did not take place before the sheriff of the county and a number of his fellow-citizens, we regret to say, — she consoles herself with marrying him, which is certainly, as Dr. Johnson said of a vaguely similar case, the triumph of hope over experience.

These are by no means the only people in the book, — Mr. Benedict always introduces us to a large number. There is a representative French wife, who naturally despises her aged, unvenerable husband, ton's Name. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

¹ *Mr. Vaughan's Heir*. A Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of *My Daughter Elinor*, *Miss Van Kortland*, *Miss Dorothy's Charge*, *John Worthing-*

who is madly attached to her. She does what, fortunately, few of her kind do; she comes over to this country and contributes to a wildly Bohemian paper in New York until she is brought in as an important strand for the knot of the story. Her latter end is amusing enough, and more edifying than other parts of her life or that of her mother. She gives up writing improper novels, lives in Geneva, where she turns Calvinist and writes pious books, and tries to force them upon the Roman bishop on the very steps of his chapel.

Mr. Benedict by this time writes easily, and if he will but keep out of the slough on the edge of which he seems inclined to play, there is no reason why he should not in time write a good novel. If, however, he prefers devoting his skill to a form of writing which bears about the same relation to real literature that bill-posters do to Corot's paintings, he can make his name possibly a nine days' wonder as the writer of the last rowdy novel, and then he can sink into the most complete neglect. The choice lies entirely with him. In spite of this falling off from grace we have not yet given up hoping for him.

— We have a large title to a large book.¹ Ten hundred and seventy-four closely printed pages are none too many for the range of topics to which they are devoted. The list of titles of subjects treated occupies six pages in fine print, with four columns of names to each page; the editor has been actively engaged upon the work for several years, "and the preparation for it dates back to 1860." This is a department of literature where candor is constantly required, and so far as we have been able to examine the work now before us, the author seems to have exercised an eminent fairness and amiability. This is no small praise. Yet this is essential, if the book is at all to further his desire that truth may be left free to combat error, that difference of form may not prevent a unity of spirit, and that there may come the development of "a broad, generous, catholic, but earnest and aggressive Christianity." "Christianity needs no other defense than a fair statement of its doctrines and those of its opponents." This is the feeling with which Mr. Abbott has prepared and sent out his book. He distinctly avows that

"his personal sympathies are all Protestant and evangelical." Of this the careful reader could hardly be in doubt; nor will he be less interested because the author warms up to the views of truth which he esteems true. Of course these remarks apply to only a small part of this ample volume. Most of the subjects are of such a nature that there is no room for controversy or difference. In the list of titles "Atonement" is flanked by "Athens" and "Attalia," "Baptism" by "Banne" and "Barabbas," "Faith" by "Fairs" and "Fakirs." It is not easy to think of any subject which could have a place in a dictionary of this character which is not found here. We name at random architecture, animal, astronomy, chancellor, money, Mormons, Moslems, prison, Puritans, Shakers, symbolism, temperance, versions, vestments, Young Men's Christian Association. We chance to notice that we have "Ophir" but not "Uphaz." We miss "Hiddekel," though we have "Euphrates." We have "Sauballat" and "Tobiah," but not "Gashmu," whose name provokes curiosity. We see nothing upon "councils," under that title, or under Nicæa, Trent, or Chalcedon, though there are allusions to the famous councils in different parts of the work. We have the Puritans given as "the founders of the New England States," without reference to the fact that the first permanent settlers of New England were more than Puritans, and bear another name. We do not think that Congregationalists are prepared to recognize Robert Brown as the founder of their denomination—a man who made a stir for a time in the interest of free thought and fellowship, but afterwards submitted to the church against which he had rebelled, and was restored to its priesthood: of whom Dr. Palfrey says, "He takes a place in history from his connection with a great religious movement, which he by no means originated, and which he did quite as much to prejudice as to promote;" of whom Dr. Bacon has recently written, "He had not even the desperate self-respect which prompted Judas to hang himself; but, like Benedict Arnold, he took care not to lose the poor reward of his baseness."

It is not quite correct to say that "the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions devotes itself exclusively to

¹ *A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, for Popular and Professional Use; comprising full Information on Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Subjects. With Several Hundred Maps and Illustrations.*

Edited by the REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, assisted by the REV. T. J. CONANT, D. D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

the propagation of the gospel in foreign lands," inasmuch as a considerable part of its work is among the Indians in our own land. Nor is the Congregational Publishing Society devoted merely to the publishing of literature, for it has an extensive Sabbath-school work.

We have made these somewhat desultory and superficial comments, but having done so are prepared to commend the book as a useful work, especially for "unprofessional readers," but convenient also for scholars. We know of no other book precisely of its kind. Smith's admirable Bible Dictionary necessarily has a much narrower range of topics. We are sure this Dictionary of Religious Knowledge will be found very helpful. As the quantity of things to be known increases, such books must be used more and more; and the results of the special studies of different men must supplement the researches of others.

The name of Dr. Conant on the title-page of this book, and the assurance that the whole work was read in proof by him, is an additional testimony to the value of the dictionary to readers of all classes.

— As there is no common ground whereon those who have traveled and those who have not can meet to compare their impressions regarding the things which, even unseen, are eternal in every one's consciousness, it is impossible to say to which class of readers Mr. James's¹ records and reminiscences of England, Germany, Switzerland, the Low Countries, and Italy will give most enjoyment; whether they have more power to suggest or to recall. In either case the satisfaction will be so full and so peculiar that each class will feel there is nothing to envy the other. Mr. James's mode of writing travels is unusual: he gives us no history, no legends; quotes no poetry; tells no personal adventures, or very few; what he treats of are the external aspects and "the soul of things," to use an expression of his own: but all that he tells of what he sees, detects, or divines, is saturated with the essence of a penetrating individuality. In his method, perhaps, he has taken a lesson from the French writers on foreign lands, with Théophile Gautier at their head, but it is the eye and brain of an American which he brings to bear on the subjects of his observation. He is a triumphant and most comfortable proof— to such of us as have been troubled by

doubts on the question — that a high, perhaps the highest, degree of general culture, drawn as it must ever be from the old imperishable springs, in nowise impairs the natural character of real talent. He never obtrudes his information, but it enriches every line that he writes. In England two impressions are always being made upon his mind: that of the outward, actual, and present, and one reflected from these but refracted from the mirror of the past, — from the humorists of the last century, the novelists of fifty years ago, the poets and dramatists of Elizabethan and earlier times. His article on the Parisian theatres is seasoned by familiarity with the French drama, the traditions of the stage in that and other countries, the long habit of intelligent play-going, and the fine critical discernment which admits no confusion between the merit of the pieces and the actor, the school and individual genius. Wherever he goes, he looks at pictures, statues, buildings, with the eye of a connoisseur, and at nature with the gaze of an artist and a worshiper. For if a round tower in the distance, or a pillared portico in the foreground of a landscape, together with certain circumstances of earth and sky, make it to him less a simple view than a picture by Claude, his sense is as keen for the beauty of a wood-bank covered with wild flowers, "in the raw green light of early spring," — a subject no painter has yet attempted with success.

Nobody has so fully conveyed as Mr. James the peculiar feelings of an American in Europe: the mingled pain and happiness we feel in England, as of coming to our own at last, yet finding ourselves aliens and exiles there (for let no American think of it as home; we do not and cannot belong to it, nor it to us); the blissful, unquestioning, "irresponsible" (to use his favorite word) relaxation of that terrible tension in which we live here, which comes to us in Italy; the sense of history in the very air of the Old World, so unrecognized by most Europeans, so sensible to us in every breath we draw there; the sudden revelation of the picturesque, "the crooked, the accidental, the unforeseen, . . . the architectural surprises, caprices, and fantasies, . . . the infinite accident and infinite effect which give a wholly novel zest to the use of the eyes," and gradually produce a boundless expansion of the range of perception. Nobody else has so faithfully and minutely described the various stages and

¹ *Transatlantic Sketches*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

phases of our acquaintance with foreign parts, from the excitement of first visits to the deep delight of return, the rapturous unrest of novelty, the rapturous repose of familiarity. He has too the faculty of hitting the peculiarity which makes foreigners seem odd to us, but which we are at a loss ourselves to define, so that when he speaks of traveling English people, for instance, we think he must have met the very lady who sat beside us at the *table d'hôte* at Interlaken, or the gentleman with whom we went through the Mont Cenis tunnel. He moralizes and philosophizes very casually; he writes with the careless indulgence of one who is only in quest of enjoyment, and who finds it on all sides; yet here and there a chance remark probes national failings sharp and deep. Mr. James has the profound, romantic enthusiasm for England which only an American can feel, and he has it in perfection; yet he gauges her pretensions with a steady hand. "Conservatism here has all the charm, and leaves dissent and democracy and other vulgar variations, nothing but their bald logic. Conservatism has the cathedrals, the colleges, the castles, the gardens, the traditions, the associations, the fine names, the better manners, the poetry. Dissent has the dusty brick chapels in provincial by-streets, the names out of Dickens, the uncertain tenure of the *h*, and the poor *mens sibi conscia recti*. Differences which in other countries are slight and varying, almost metaphysical, as one may say, are marked in England by a gulf. Nowhere does the degree of one's respectability involve such solid consequences." And again: "The bishop sat facing me, enthroned in a stately Gothic alcove, and clad in his crimson bands, his lawn sleeves, and his lavender gloves; the canons in their degree with the arch-deacons, as I suppose, reclined comfortably in the carved stalls, and the scanty congregation fringed the broad aisle. But though scanty, the congregation was select; it was unexceptionably black-coated, bonneted, and gloved. It savored intensely, in short, of that inexorable gentility which the English put on with their Sunday bonnets and beavers, and which fills me—as a purely sentimental tourist—with a sort of fond reactionary remembrance of those animated bundles of rags which one sees kneeling in the churches in Italy." Now Italy is the country for which Mr. James cherishes and confesses an incurable weakness; Germany, despite the pretty touches in his

chapters on Homburg and Darmstadt, is, we suspect, a land to which it costs him nothing to deal the sternest justice; yet a fortnight after leaving the Lake of Como for Hesse, he writes, "I have shifted my standard of beauty, but it still commands a glimpse of the divine idea. There is something here too which pleases, suggests, and satisfies. Sitting of an evening in the Kurgarten, within ear-shot of the music, you have an almost inspiring feeling that you never have in Italy; a feeling that the substantial influences about you are an element of the mysterious future. They are of that varied order which seems to indicate the large needs of large natures."

As yet we have not spoken of what, after all, is the chief charm, the spell, of Mr. James's style—a felicity of epithets, an exquisite choice and use of language, a graphic and pictorial quality in his mere words, which impart to his descriptions that property which every one has felt in a scent, a sound, or a hue, to awaken the memory of impressions and sensations, to revive the very reality of a vanished moment. Not the scene alone is before your eyes, you are conscious of the atmosphere of the place and time, and the emotions with which you were filled. But this gift sometimes betrays its possessor into an abuse. There is danger of his over-refining his expressions, of overloading his phrases with adverbs and adjectives. He has a large vocabulary for the finer, more delicate, subtle, and evanescent or impalpable shades of difference, whether in the material or in the supersensuous order, but they are terms whose expressiveness and effectiveness depend a good deal on their being used sparingly; so he should beware of the pleasure of having pet words and phrases. The fault is more than skin-deep, too, though we fancy the origin was on the surface and that it has struck in rather than come out; for there is a tendency to distill and subtilize the thought, or simile, which he recognizes when he catches himself "spinning his fancies rather too fine." He is over fond of the triple extract of an idea. To this same error of taste appears to belong an occasional trick of letting you down suddenly from a highly poetic fancy to a cynical or commonplace conclusion, a habit which in Mr. James may be ascribed to the influence of Hawthorne, who carried it to a point which was almost intolerable. But the risk of becoming a sort of *petit maître* of style, a metaphysical euphuist, is much more imminent.

One who has read his papers singly, at intervals, with almost unalloyed pleasure, cannot help wondering with some dread what the effect would be, in going through the volume, of a number of such sentences as the following: The wood-carving in Siena cathedral "is like the frost-work on one's window-panes interpreted in polished oak." We fear it would beget a gnawing hunger for the daily bread of common speech. But it must not be inferred that all the virtue of his descriptive power lies in these superfine touches, or even his extraordinary command of color; he has a bold, graphic way of putting a picture before you in a few strokes of black and white: "Florence lay amid her checkered fields and gardens, with as many towers and spires as a chess-board half cleared."

It would be no injustice to Mr. James or his publishers, if space allowed, to quote half a hundred of his most charming passages. To make an extract from the Italian sketches is most difficult; they are a study, or an enjoyment, apart, and should be read as a separate series. Exquisitely as Mr. James writes about England, charming and playful and true as are his chapters on other countries, it is only Italy that calls forth his full poetic power; we choose the following description of the Protestant cemetery at Rome, partly because it has been so often described before: "Here is a mixture of tears and smiles, of stones and flowers, of mourning cypresses and radiant sky, which almost tempts one to fancy one is looking back at death from the brighter side of the grave. The cemetery nestles in an angle of the city wall, and the older graves are sheltered by a mass of ancient brick-work, through whose narrow loop-holes you may peep at the purple landscape of the Campagna. Shelley's grave is here, buried in roses—a happy grave every way for a poet who was personally poetic. It is impossible to imagine anything more impenetrably tranquil than this little corner in the bend of the protecting rampart. You seem to see a cluster of modern ashes held tenderly in the rugged hand of the Past."

—Mr. Abbott's *Paragraph History of the United States*¹ is intended, the preface tells us, "for the use of those Americans who, at this centennial period, wish to re-

fresh their memories as to some main facts in their country's history, and have only a few moments to do it in." Within the space of less than a hundred small pages the compiler has jotted down leading facts with their dates, arranging his material chronologically and classifying it into familiar historic periods. The facts are all drawn from American history, but by means of brief side-notes he has aimed to give a suggestion as to contemporaneous events in European history, and historic personages, especially in literature, then living. The selection of leading facts is in the main, judicious, but we are surprised that the compiler should have compressed the Revolutionary War after the opening scenes into one paragraph of less than two pages. This may be in good proportion, so far as the whole history from 860 to 1875 is regarded, but if the book is intended for special use at the centennial period, we think he would have consulted his readers' interests by expanding this portion, at the risk of sacrificing historic proportions, and giving in detail the successive points which during the coming eight years will be lifted into commemorative importance. Such an epitome, outlining the various local anniversaries, would have been of great convenience. The side-notes are frequently quite felicitous, as where, against the paragraph "Cartier in Canada," he notes "1540 Ignatius Loyola founds the Order of the Jesuits," and reminds the reader by a note under 1757 of the supremacy of the English in India just as they are taking active measures to alienate the American colonies. Another suggestive side-note, "1561-1626 Francis Bacon," set against the grant of New Hampshire to Mason, might remind us of the attempt, recently disclosed, of Captain John Smith to engage Bacon's coöperation in a New Hampshire colony.² The note might better have been placed under 1614, but the editor has adopted an arbitrary and unsatisfactory rule of placing the names of eminent persons against the year of their death. We notice an omission and one or two errors to which we call the author's attention. No notice is taken of the significant Albany Congress of 1754; Florida is said to have been called so because of its luxurious vegetation, with

¹ *A Paragraph History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent to the Present Time. With Brief Notes on Contemporaneous Events. Chronologically Arranged.* By EDWARD ABBOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

² Smith's Letter to Bacon. *English State Papers* (colonial) vol. i. No. 42. Cited in *Jennens's The Isles of Shoals*.

no reference to its discovery on Easter Sunday (Pascua Florida); the name Labrador is referred to the Portuguese for laborer, instead of to *tierra labrador*, or cultivable land, in distinction from Greenland, and the heading Persecution of the Quakers, together with the paragraph, perpetuates a distorted view of the facts; Persecution by the Quakers would have been nearer the truth.

— The size and type of Macready's memoirs¹ render the volume, at first sight, a little formidable to those to whom the great actor is a brilliant tradition only, not a delightful memory. But no sympathetic student of human nature, no one with a genuine enthusiasm for simple, chivalrous, lofty types of character, will find the book too long. For our own part, before it was half read, we found ourselves gloating over, and, so to speak, *hoarding* the remaining pages as we used those of favorite romances long ago. The modest editor of these remains, Sir Frederick Pollock, has literally made himself naught, allowing Macready to tell his own story. The mere literary critic may justly observe that it might have been better told in fewer words, but who cares? The man lives again for us in these crowded pages, and what a man he was! He glorified the British stage, and had well-nigh achieved the high adventure of redeeming the stage in general; yet, looking to the distinguished *quality* of the man (son of a stage-manager though he was), his refinement of feeling and habits, sensitive conscience, nice honor, and always unworldly motives, we cannot help our puritanical feeling that there was something tragically unfit in his profession. The pious motives which led him to adopt and adhere to it, and the new lustre which he lent to dramatic art, fully reconcile us to his choice, indeed, and enhance our love and reverence for the man, but leave us sad for the inevitable strife and sorrow of his career. A bright boy at Rugby school, careless and popular, he learns abruptly during the Christmas holidays of 1808 that his father is insolvent, — which the latter had tried to conceal from his son, hoping that friends would advance the money for keeping him at school. But William, never patient of a pecuniary obligation, will not have it so. He sees clearly that he cannot properly remain among gentlemen's sons at an expen-

sive school. He knows what he can do well, being already the star of the private school theatricals, and his mind is made up. He seeks his father not so much to propose going on the stage as to announce his fixed intention of doing so at once. The father is distressed, but too much harrassed in his affairs seriously to demur, and the die is cast. The stage had doubtless its own fascination for the susceptible boy of sixteen, but when one of the Rugby masters not long before had asked him if he had any thought of adopting his father's profession, he had rejected the idea with a good deal of pride, saying that his preference was for the bar, for which his father intended him. And still he adds, simply and rather affectingly, "I was not then aware of the difference between the two starting-points in life. My father was impressive in his convictions that the stage was a gentlemanly profession. My experience has taught me that while the law, the church, the army and navy, give a man the rank of a gentleman, on the stage that designation must be obtained in society by the individual bearing." Few, at any period of his career, can have had the effrontery to dispute William Macready's right to that title, but he confesses once and for all to "many moments of depression, many angry swellings of the heart, and many painful convictions of the uncertainty of my position."

Great responsibilities were at once thrust upon the young actor by his exacting father, of which, on the whole, he acquitted himself with extraordinary address. Great temptations also came in his way. He succumbed occasionally, but records with wondering gratitude his escape from many of them. At Newcastle, where he played for a season at the age of seventeen or eighteen, he made the acquaintance of three maiden sisters, the Misses Hedley, good, wise, and rich, who cared to do what they could by personal kindness and social encouragement to save the ingenuous and gentlemanlike youth from the contaminations of theatrical society. Chivalrous and docile, he listened to their counsels, and their friendship lasted through life. Six years later, when the provincial fame so early won had obtained for Macready a London engagement, and the path was plain to the highest eminence in his profession, he was seized by so strong a disgust for the atrial life, and especially for green-room associates, that he resolved to abandon it all, and to accept the loan (much as he

¹ *Macready's Reminiscences and Diaries*. Edited by Sir F. POLLOCK. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

hated borrowing) of money enough to enable him to reside in Oxford till he had taken a degree, "not then," he says, "a difficult matter." But just at this time came the opportunity to purchase his brother Edward's promotion in the army, which he could only hope to do by retaining and, if possible, increasing his theatrical income; and with the spirit which animated all his life ("in honor preferring one another"), he decided to remain where he was. His brother was worthy of the sacrifice, if sacrifice that can properly be called which finally secured so great an artist to the stage and to the world, and the tenderest and most honorable friendship always subsisted between them. "I had reason to be proud of him," says Macready, "and of the faith he held in me, which seemed unbounded. In the endeavor to save the life of a brother officer, who was bathing with him in a tank in India, he very narrowly escaped drowning, and in his desperate struggle to reach the shore with his helpless companion, the thought which rushed across his mind with the prospect of death before him was, in his own words, 'I know William would approve of what I am doing.' I may truly apply the Psalmist's words to him, 'My brother Jonathan, very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love was wonderful, passing the love of women.'" The marriage of Macready, which took place before he was thirty (the great Mrs. Siddons, after approving one of his boyish performances, had solemnly warned him against an early marriage) might also, from a worldly point of view, be considered a sacrifice of himself. Miss Atkins was an obscure little actress, and all his delicate circumlocutions cannot disguise the fact that she was at the time of their engagement extremely ignorant, but her devotion to him was unbounded, and her docility equaled her devotion. Their relation was one of extreme sweetness, and the great artist's home was always a pure and peaceful retreat where he could forget for a time, in domestic joy, the strifes and heart-burnings of his illustrious middle-life. From the purchase of his brother's commission, and his ir retrievable acceptance of the stage, seems to date what may, with strict truth, be called Macready's *consecration* to his art. Faithfully to portray every phase of human passion, worthily to realize the ideals of the greatest poets, and, while so doing, to purge the stage so far as possible from unclean associations, — such became the object of his life, pursued with a single-

mindedness, a constant determination to profit by failure no less than by success, rare indeed in any order of effort. He attracted to himself the friendship and coöperation of good men and great minds, Tal- fourd, Browning, Bulwer, Dickens, but he also excited, inevitably, a world of coarse and virulent opposition, and his high spirit, and the fiery temper whose effects he often so profoundly deplored, suffered him to take no insult meekly. It ought to be subject of shame and sorrow to us Americans whom he always loved, and warmly defended from the snobbish criticisms of his countrymen, his dear Dickens among them, that Macready's last engagement in this country was signalized by the disgraceful Astor Place riots. His theatrical life was now nearly done. He returned to England on the 23d of May, 1849, to meet, in the illness and death of his beautiful daughter Catherine, the first of the long series of domestic bereavements which desolated his idolized home, and to play his farewell engagements amid unprecedented enthusiasm. The spirit in which he took leave of the stage can best be illustrated by a few extracts from his diaries.

"March 21st. In Mrs. R's note she expresses a doubt whether I shall not regret the relinquishment of an art in which I am considered to excel, and in the exercise of which I am perhaps displaying greater power than ever. My fear of exhibiting vanity restrains me from speaking more positively, but I think not. I certainly never feel pleasure in going to act; would always rather be excused from it. How this may be when the abstinence is made compulsory, I will not be so arrogant as positively to say. But I think, I hope, I pray, that my time, devoted to the elevation of my own nature, and to the advancement of my children's minds, will be agreeably and satisfactorily passed, leading me onward toward the end appointed for me by the blessed and merciful Disposer of all. Amen. Acted Othello."

"November 27th. Acted Hamlet in my very, very best manner. It is the last time but one I shall ever appear in this wonderful character. I felt it, and that to many, to most, it would be the last time they would ever see me in it. I acted with that feeling. I never acted better. I felt my allegiance to Shakespeare, the glorious, the divine. Was called and welcomed with enthusiasm."

"December 5th. I pray that my income

(£1200) may be maintained. I am grateful for it. As I look back on my past life, the thought of being rich, the ambition to be so never once entered my mind. I was most anxious to be independent, and, after having purchased my brother's company, thought of retiring (1829) on what I then, without children, regarded as independence, £400 per annum. God sent us children (his blessing be on them!) and all my plans were altered. Still I could not think of wealth for them, as they came and fast dear, but diminished my own means to secure them by insurances the means of education and subsistence in case of my death. Thus I am what the world would call a poor man. I trust in reality a grateful and contented one."

These passages, taken quite at random from the voluminous diary, will at once suggest what seems to us the most remarkable aspect of Macready's character—the union in him of a profound religious life with the keenest and most stringent worldly honor. When the connected autobiographical story, which he did not live to carry beyond 1826, and in which he had always preserved a certain dignified reserve, ceases, and we are admitted to the privacy of the original, informal diary, and to a view of that part of his life which no true man ever parades while life lasts, we are amazed and affected to discover that that inmost life was literally, in the exalted phrase of the apostle, "hidden with God." We are in the world, on the stage, but with a constant memory of the closet, almost of the cloister. It is in the lives of the saints that we must look for anything like this prayerful importunity, this stern and searching self-examination, this humble, and, at times (as in the affair with Bunn), almost morbid repentance for outbreaks of temper, and other venial sins. Moreover, this man studies his play-book as if it were a prayer-book; thanks God for a truthful personation; devotes himself with renewed diligence after a comparative failure. A piety steadfast and passionate as his is rare nowadays under any circumstances. Its union with a knightly cast of character, with that prompt and full-armed personal dignity which strikes wholesome terror into the baser sort of men, is, unhappily, rarer still. We are in the habit of quoting with a smile (as at what do we not now smile?) the somewhat hackneyed triad of epithets, "a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian." Now anybody can be a scholar, but it is

apparently not easy to be both a gentleman and a Christian. That is to say, the religion of this world, which is honor, seems partly to supersede and partly to exclude the religion of the other; or at least what is commonly accepted as the Christian type of it. Too many of those who profess the latter hold themselves, and are held by the world, absolved from the more perilous and severe obligations of the former, to the just contempt of other high-minded men who hold, with show of reason, that the responsibilities of the present life should be paramount while we are in it. The man who honorably reconciles the two states of feeling and orders of duty has done more for Christianity than a hundred priests, by a thousand sermons. Macready did this.

The quiet close of his life fell in the sombre afternoon of our century, when the mists of universal doubt were already rolling heavily in over the civilized world. Amid the chill and bewilderment of these fast-gathering shadows he kept his foot-hold, and no enlisted and commissioned apostle has clung more tenaciously to the old faith than did he. Occasionally he is smitten by the universal distrust, and cries, "Oh for an apostle of the truth! He *must* be near at hand!" But the last trembling and almost illegible entries in his diary are these: "God be merciful to me a sinner. Lord, I believe. Help thou my unbelief!"

Clinging to this slight spar—last stay of how many passing souls!—the great spirit from which we part with lingering regret vanished in the unknown.

—It is difficult to feel much gratitude to Mr. Higginson for preparing his volume on English statesmen¹ by snipping passages from the critical and descriptive sketches contained in two or three recent books. Men and Manners in Parliament, Political Portraits, McCarthy's Modern Leaders, Mr. T. Wemyss Reid's Cabinet Portraits, and Earl Russell's Recollections and Suggestions furnish the bulk of the matter, and the compiler has frankly pointed out in foot-notes the several sources from which he has drawn. The biographies, so called, comprise notices of six leading statesmen, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, Earl Russell, Earl Granville, The Duke of Argyll, and of twelve subordinate men of note, equally divided between members of Mr. Disraeli's ministry, and candidates for

¹ *Brief Biographies: English Statesmen.* Prepared by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876

the liberal leadership. The selection of names, under explanation of the omission of certain radical leaders, is a good selection, and a volume characterizing these persons would go far toward a personal illustration of current English history. English periodical literature also abounds in acute observations upon the genius and temperament of these representative men, for English political criticism is curiously psychological in its method, being constantly directed toward an attempt to explain the course of a statesman by reference to known or fancied qualities of his disposition. This is scarcely more than saying, what the very plan of this book intimates, that parliamentary government is singularly obedient to the mastery of a few minds trained by long official experience and perpetually renewed competitive examination at the hands of the English people. To examine the claim of these six leaders and twelve subordinates upon contemporary respect is to inquire into the personal influences which control English government, and we do not see why it may not be possible for an American student, occupying somewhat the position of posterity, so to speak, to present in sketches of these men an analysis of current English politics, which would both serve to account for England to-day, and give opportunity for comparison of English and American machinery of government. Perhaps this is asking more than we are likely to get, yet it is so desirable an object that we confess to disappointment when we find that Mr. Higginson has done scarcely more than bring together the reflections, sometimes over-subtle, of a few clever English observers, writing always upon an assumption that their readers will supply all needful background of fact and historic perspective. We think an editor who should content himself with this use of familiar material ought to consider his readers as persons not especially at home in the workings of English politics, and so furnish them with more elementary information. As it is, this book seems rather likely to furnish agreeable reading to such Americans as keep *au courant* in English affairs, but do not happen to have seen the books out of which it is manufactured, rather than to supply the average reader with an intelligible account of English statesmen.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

A book on fashions, especially if adorned with plates, is tolerably sure of a certain number of readers, and although this is a misleading description of the volume we have before us to-day,² which treats only of the costumes of the past, it need be no reason for treating it with indifference. The author, M. Quicherat, director of the *École des Chartes*, set himself the task of writing a complete history of costume in France from the earliest times until the end of the last century. Tattooing, which indicates the awakening of the taste for personal adornment, is merely hinted at; the first decoration described is a bracelet of shells strung together, which has been found among the memorials of the men who lived in caverns countless ages ago. Then follow illustrations of the dress of the Gauls, who were renowned in ancient times for their dexterous work in the metals, and for their skill in making woolens. They wore trousers, and to them belongs the honor of inventing soap. The Romans, who were continually absorbing what they could from their enemies, made use of the accomplishments of the Gauls, and borrowed from them many improvements in armor. When they had conquered Gaul their toga became in that country, as elsewhere, the badge of Roman citizenship, which was generally sought for. The Gallic dress appeared provincial, and all wanted to look like Romans. With time the inconvenience of the toga for general use led to its becoming merely a robe to be worn on solemn occasions, a sort of dress-suit; its place for every-day wear was taken by various robes and coverings, into which the Gauls introduced new decorations.

It would be too difficult a task to describe by word alone, without the aid of the numerous illustrations of the book, the gradual modifications of the dress worn in France from the date just mentioned until the feudal period. The general tendency of the men's dress is from a superfluity of cloak to more convenient, closer-fitting raiment; that of the women is much less uniform in its change, but it presents a sort of monotony, until that time, which is more than made up for by its later variations. Every one who is accustomed to look over old

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston.

² *Histoire du Costume en France depuis les Temps*

les plus reculés jusqu'à la Fin du XVIII^e Siècle.
Par J. QUICHERAT, Directeur de l'École des Chartes.
Paris: Hachette. 1875.

prints knows vaguely the singular dress of our ancestors; but, thanks to M. Quicherat, it is now easy to notice the changes, to make one's vague knowledge sure, and to ascertain the dress of different characters known to history with considerable accuracy. The cause of change in the fashions has for a long time puzzled social philosophers. In the past this could not have presented so much difficulty to the observer. For instance, we read that in 1485 an order appeared forbidding the use of silk and velvet to all but the noblest classes of society; this, however, was not a well-marked example, for it was not obeyed satisfactorily. A more complete change was made in 1461. Philip the Good had an illness, during which his physicians obliged him to have his head shaved. When he had recovered he felt ashamed of his appearance, and promulgated an edict commanding all noblemen to have their heads shaved like his. More than five hundred of them followed this new fashion, but the vast majority stood out in opposition to it, much to his grief. In his royal wrath he sent out men to cut the hair of the recalcitrant. The man who most distinguished himself in this enforcement of law was, we are told, Peter de Hagenbach, who figures in Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*. Long hair finally won the day, growing luxuriously in spite of opposition. On reading this incident one cannot help wondering what means an evil-minded king would have taken to establish uniformity in fashions. Sumptuary laws were frequent but powerless against extravagance in dress. Many such were enacted about the middle of the sixteenth century. Montaigne wrote about their inefficiency as follows:—

"The way by which our laws attempt to regulate idle and vain expenses in meat and clothes seems to be quite contrary to the end designed. The true way would be to beget in men a contempt of silks and gold, as vain, frivolous, and useless; whereas, we augment to them the honors, and enhance the value of such things, which is a very absurd way of creating a disgust. For to enact that none but princes shall eat turbot, shall wear velvet or gold lace, and to interdict these things to the people, what is it but to bring them into a greater esteem, and to set every man agog to eat and wear them? . . ." It is strange how suddenly, and with how much ease, custom, in these indifferent things, establishes itself, and becomes authority. We had scarce worn cloth a year, at court, for the mourning of

Henry the Second, but that silks were grown into such contempt with every one that a man so clad was presently concluded a cit. Silks were left in share betwixt the physicians and surgeons, and though all other people almost went dressed alike, there was notwithstanding, in one thing or other, sufficient distinction of the calling and condition of men."

With the invention of watches, about three hundred years ago, pockets came again into fashion after long disuse. The earliest pocket has been found in a tunic of the eleventh century, but pockets were then very rare, their place being supplied by purses to hold the handkerchief, gloves, money, papers, etc. When the purse went out of fashion the hat was employed for carrying such things, a fashion not yet wholly extinct. Pockets were considered dangerous as tempting their owner to carry concealed weapons, and were formally prohibited in 1563; but, as is known, they survived legal persecution, and although, in this country at least, the old objection holds good, the advantages outweigh this one defect.

M. Quicherat gives us also some information about the habits of the French in earlier times with regard to washing. In 1644 a pamphlet appeared urging its readers to bathe sometimes, to wash their hands every day, and the face almost as often. The public bathing-places had become resorts of the vicious, and on that account had been denounced by both Catholics and Protestants, so that attention to bathing seemed inseparable from debauchery. This pamphlet goes on, "as to one's clothes, the main rule is" to "change them frequently and to have many of them which shall be in the fashion."

Fully to describe the violent excesses of the fashions in the later years of the French monarchy would be impossible. The chapters the author devotes to this part of his subject are perhaps the most interesting of the book. Some of the illustrations might serve for the dresses one sees to-day in every street; others have an unfamiliar and consequently more outlandish look. With the Revolution came in the habit of wearing raiment *à la Bastille*, *à la citoyenne*, etc. Of this time the most extraordinary dress, with the exception of the gauze which two ladies in vain endeavored to make popular, was that adopted by the young men who, naturally enough, became known as the *Incroyables*. A man who belonged to that band

wore enormous spectacles; his hair was cut short behind, but left long in front and on the top of his head; he wore huge ear-rings, and a large cravat, which inclosed his chin. He wore no shirt-frill nor cuffs, but, like the recent politicians of New York city, he bore a huge jewel in his shirt. His coat was long and shapeless, with a multitude of wrinkles; his baggy trousers were stuck recklessly into low boots. He was a lamentable caricature. With him and his contemporaries this entertaining volume ends. It is a book, however, which is not merely entertaining, it has real value to the archaeologist and to the student of history. Of its usefulness to the moralist nothing need be said; text and illustrations combine to make his task a light one.

—Another book which is deserving of praise is Guizot's *L'Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789*.¹ The fourth volume, which covers the period from the death of Henry IV. to that of Louis XIV., is now before us. As is well known, this is the history of France as set forth by Guizot for the instruction of his grandchildren, and in these days of new methods of education, and of new ways of writing history, which give the subject something of human interest instead of leaving it in the artificial school which oratory has so recently occupied, Guizot's manner deserves mention.

The epoch treated of in this volume is one which no treatment could make dull, but this venerable author gives it a new charm. It is no simple record of wars and battles; due mention is made of the various changes of peace, and nearly one hundred pages of this volume are devoted to an account of literature in the reign of Louis XIV. Pascal, Fénelon, Molière, Corneille, Racine, etc., are all agreeably written about, not in the usual way of literary criticism, but with little, impressive anecdotes, which secure a lasting place in the memory.

By means of copious quotations and a few words of discreet comment, these eminent characters are set clearly before us. Speaking of La Bruyère, Guizot says:—

"From the solitude of his working-closet issued a book unique in kind, sagacious, acute, severe without venom; a picture of the manners of the court and of the world drawn by a spectator who had no experience of their temptations, but who had di-

vined and weighed them all. . . . Its success was great from the beginning. The courtiers were entertained by the portraits, and tried to give a name to each one; the good sense, the delicacy, and the truth of the remarks struck every one; all felt sure they had met the originals a hundred times. The manner was even more singular than the matter; the style was brilliant, rare, as various as human nature, always elegant and pure, original and animated, sometimes rising to the noblest thoughts, jesting and grave, delicate and serious." Then follow some intelligent quotations. The account runs on, "La Bruyère was received at the Academy in 1693; in his admission speech he praised living writers, Bossuet, Fénelon, Racine, La Fontaine, contrary to the custom of the time. Those who were not praised were annoyed, and the papers of the day attacked virulently the new Academician. This pained him, and he withdrew into retirement, but yet four days before his death 'he was in company, when he noticed that he had entirely lost his hearing. He returned to Versailles; there an attack of apoplexy carried him off in a quarter of an hour, May 11, 1696.'"

The purely historical part is equally well written, with the same impressive distinctness, and with an air of naturalness about the whole story which makes it delightful reading. The book hides all the machinery of erudition and shows only its smooth results; the consequence is that it is exceedingly readable. Many of the incidents are ingeniously told in a conversational form; the words, real or imaginary, of the actors are put into their mouths, and numerous quotations from contemporary writers lend vivacity to the book. The first of these devices would be a dangerous one for every writer to follow, but when wisely used, as it is here, it is sure to win the attention of children, and of more grown people than perhaps would think it. In fact, history remained classical and was unreal; now it respects the whims of human nature, and there are but few reasons why it should not supplant the reading of novels.

With regard to this particular history the reader will be glad to know that it was completed before the death of its author. We have already stated that a beautifully illustrated translation is now publishing by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston.

¹ *L'Histoire de France depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'en 1789, racontée à mes Petits-Enfants.*

PAR M. GUIZOT. Tome quatrième. Paris: Hachette 1875.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: *Fungi; Their Nature and Uses.* By M. C. Cooke, M. A., LL. D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M. A., F. L. S.—*Nature and Life. Facts and Doctrines relating to the Constitution of Matter, the New Dynamics, and the Philosophy of Nature.* By Fernand Papillon. Translated from the Second French Edition by A. B. Macdonough, Esq.—*Outline of the Evolution-Philosophy.* By Dr. M. E. Caselles. Translated from the French by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. With an Appendix by E. L. Youmans, M. D.—*Astronomy.* By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. With Illustrations.—*Alice Brand. A Romance of the Capital.* By A. G. Riddle.—*Health. A Handbook for Households and Schools.* By Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S., LL. B.—*The Science of Music; or, the Physical Basis of Musical Harmony.* By Sedley Taylor, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—*The Natural History of Man. A Course of Elementary Lectures.* By A. De Quatrefages, Member of the Academy of Sciences, Professor in the Museum of Natural History. Translated from the French by Eliza A. Youmans. With an Appendix.—*The Chemistry of Light and Photography.* By Dr. Hermann Vogel, Professor in the Royal Industrial Academy of Berlin. With One Hundred Illustrations.—*Boys and Girls in Biology; or, Simple Studies of the Lower Forms of Life; based upon the latest lectures of Prof. T. H. Huxley, and published by his permission.* By Sarah Hackett Stevenson. Illustrated.

James H. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Oakridge. An Old-Time Story.* By J. Emerson Smith.—*Little Classics.* Edited by Rosseter Johnson. *Mystery. Heroism.—Leisure-Day Rhymes.* By John Godfrey Saxe.—*Other People's Money.* From the French of Emile Gaboriau.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *The Maintenance of Health. A Medical Work for Lay Readers.* By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D., M. R. C. P.—*Protection and Free Trade. An Inquiry whether Protective Duties can benefit the Interests of a Country in the Aggregate; including an Examination into the Nature of Value, and the Agency of the Natural Forces in producing It.* By Isaac Butts.—*A Series of American Clinical Lectures.* Edited by E. C. Seguin, M. D. Vol. I., No. 3. *Pneumo-Thorax.* By Austin Flint, Sr., M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in Bellevue Hospital Medical College.—*Fifth Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, January, 1876.*—*The Sexes throughout Nature.* By Antoinette Brown Blackwell.—*On Teaching. Its Ends and Means.* By Henry Calderwood, LL. D., F. R. S. E., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.—*Elements of Magnetism and Electricity. With Practical Instructions for the Performance of Experiments, and the Construction of Cheap Apparatus.* By John Angell, Senior Science Master, Manchester Grammar School. With One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations.—*Principles of Metal Mining.* By J. H. Collins, F. G. S. With Seventy-Six Illustrations.—*Religion as Affected by Modern Materialism.* An Address delivered in Manchester New College, London, at the opening of its Eighty-Ninth Session, on Tuesday, October 6, 1874.

By James Martineau, LL. D. With an Introduction by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D. D.

Harper and Bro., New York: *Mohammed and Mohammedanism. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February and March, 1874.* By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With an Appendix containing Emanuel Deutsch's article on Islam.—*The Invasion of the Crimea. Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. III. *Battle of Inkerman.—Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1874.* Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science.—*Safely Married. A Novel.* By the Author of *Caste, Colonel Dacre, etc.*—*Songs of Our Youth.* By the Author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Set to music.—*The Story of Valentine and his Brother. A Novel.* By Mrs. Oliphant.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: *Our Sketching Club. Letters and Studies on Landscape Art.* By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M. A., formerly Student and Rhetoric Reader of Christ Church, Oxford. With an Authorized Reproduction of the Lessons and Wood-Cuts in Professor Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.—*Harry Blount. Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.—*The Defense of Guinevere, and other Poems.* By William Morris.—*Christian Belief and Life.* By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University.—*Victor La Tour-ette. A Novel.* By a Broad Churchman.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Bric-a-Brac Series. The Greville Memoirs. A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By Charles F. C. Greville, Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Notes on Paris.* By H. Taine, D. C. L. Oxon., etc. Translated with Notes by John Austin Stevens.—*Mr. Smith. A Part of his Life.* By J. L. Walford. *Leisure Hour Series.*—*Ralph Wilton's Weird. A Novel.* By Mrs. Alexander.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: *Nature and Culture.* By Harvey Rice.—*Young Folks' History of the United States.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.—*Spain and the Spaniards.* By N. L. Tieblich.—*Warrington's Manual. A Manual for the Information of Officers and Members of Legislatures, Conventions, Societies, Corporations, Orders, etc., in the Practical Governing and Membership of all such Bodies, according to the Parliamentary Law and Practice in the United States.* By William S. Robinson, "Warrington," Clerk of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts from 1862 to 1873.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.* By William Robertson, D. D. With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by William H. Prescott. New Edition. In Three Volumes Vols. II. and III.—*Memoirs of John Quincy Adams Comprising Portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1849* Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. V.

Macmillan & Co., London: *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lans-*

downe, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. I. 1737-1766.—History Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. History of Greece. By C. A. Fyffe, M. A., Fellow and late Tutor of University College. Oxford. With Maps.—The Three Devils: Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's; with other Essays. By David Masson, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

burgh.—Govina Sámanta; or, the History of a Bengal Raigat. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day Chinsurah. Bengal.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati: Poems of Mystery and Fancy. By St. George Best.

Geo. Routledge and Sons, London: Man and Beast, Here and Hereafter. Illustrated by more than Three Hundred Original Anecdotes. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A., F. L. S.

ART.

We confess a strong dislike for that traditional method of exhibiting pictures practiced in the case of *The Prodigal Son* (lately shown at the Horticultural Hall, in Boston), which subjects them to the operations of systematic gas-light and temporarily reduces the spectators to a regiment of chair-holders. The attendant difficulty of changing one's point of view always interferes with satisfactory examination of a work so situated; though in this instance it did not prevent our doing, as we think, justice to the carefully studied arrangement, the light, firm drawing, and the brilliant colors. Hardly more than a first glance was needed to reveal a radical and pervasive unspontaneousness in the whole performance. The artist is the son of that Monsieur Claude M. Dubufe, whose *Les Souvenirs* and *Les Regrets* have succeeded as engravings, and whose *Temptation* and *Expulsion* were exhibited in this country many years since. Dubufe senior was a pupil of David's, and Edouard studied under his father and Paul Delaroche. If there is anything in heredity and association, one would say that the young man had only to lay his paints on his palette to become great. But is Mr. Edouard Dubufe really a great painter? We have before us an immense stretch of canvas, divided into three compartments. The two smaller pictures, at either end, are carried out in gray and brown: they represent respectively the prodigal repenting amongst the swine, on a bleak hill-side, with a flock of birds despondently winging their way into the background,—a picturesque and pathetic conception,—and the prodigal received by his father. The latter is an exceedingly dry and uninteresting piece of work, in the academical cartoon manner. The large extent between is occupied by a typical revel of the prodigal's, held on a

sort of terrace, with a great flight of steps on the left, and on the right a *loggia* full of shadows, which supplies a shelter for the regular villains of the piece. On the step leading up to this pavilion stands the prodigal, prominent in crimson and holding a wine-cup, with riotous women on his left hand and a gently pleading one on his right, whose conflicting influences meet in his person. At their feet a poet recites verses; women sit or recline near him in voluptuous attitudes, and in the open space at the left a group of young girls are posed in graceful dancing attitudes; while within the *loggia* are seen the dark and lurid shapes of certain gamblers and drinkers, male and female. By way of contrast, a pair of doves hover above them in the vault. All these persons are dressed in the rich and picturesque costumes of the Renaissance period. A blue sky, with long, idle white clouds, fills the background; and in fact the whole composition reminds one strongly of Paul Veronese. The choice of these costumes and accessories, instead of a true and praiseworthy boldness, seems to us a mere assumption of bravery with something of impudence in it. The Venetians might paint anachronisms of this sort with irreproachable innocence, but the best tendencies of modern art seem to indicate local truth and historical accuracy as indispensable in subjects of this sort. It is just as much out of our way to imagine the scene with these surroundings and this attire as it would be to the uninstructed mind to imagine it in its actual historic guise. Accordingly, it is a mistake to say that the artist has chosen not to "hamper himself" with the necessity of being true to the facts. He decidedly *does* hamper himself by the particular choice he has made, and at once reduces his work to the level of a quasi-imitation. It is putting the mint-mark of an

accepted and historic genius upon his own fresher metal, which happens to contain too much alloy. The imitation is a brilliant one, to be sure. But the thin vein of patent-puzzle invention which runs through the piece from left to right, and which is supposed to illustrate the passage from a free, sensuous delight in "music and sweet poetry" to base and abandoned riot, falls as completely to take the place of that deeper and subtler imagination which belongs to real creative genius, as does the assumed bravery of throwing off historical accuracy. In *The Prodigal Son* we have, in short, nothing more than a brilliant and showy collection of bright colors, sheeny surfaces modulated with wonderful care and skill, and elaborately drawn figures ingeniously posed. But the latter are really quite wanting in movement, though professing a great deal of action. It is, as a *New York journal* has observed, "theatrical in the good sense," and in this as in execution it is as much superior to Kaulbach as it ought to be, being the work of a Frenchman. But on the other hand, we look to it in vain for a single trace of profound thinking or of deep feeling, to which we might respond with pleasure.

— The Boston Society of Architects has lately succeeded, in spite of many obstacles, in getting together a very interesting exhibition of objects of decorative art. It was difficult to find suitable rooms that could be hired for a short enough time, and the best that could be had for the purpose were a little too much out of the current of common traffic to attract their full share of visitors, while the uncertainty of the return obliged the managers to be very moderate in the scale of their exhibition and its expenses.

A more needless impediment was the jealousy of manufacturers, which made many of them unwilling to exhibit their work, lest their fellows should profit by it to steal their ideas. This petty policy was encountered in some unexpected places, and banished from the exhibition several firms from whom a good deal of interest might fairly have been expected. The managers undertook, wisely, to make an exhibition of such things as the market of the day offers, rather than a collection of curiosities, and in spite of difficulties they got together material enough to fill their modest quarters pretty full of the best work that our community produces, and enough to give hopeful encouragement to those among us — and

they become every day more in number and influence — who are interested in decorative art.

It was as well, perhaps, considering how small the rooms were, that furniture and other bulky wares did not abound, and that the exhibition was mainly of works of decoration pure and simple. There were a good many specimens of stained glass, showing a considerable variety in treatment, and giving a fair example on a small scale of the best English and American work. The most ambitious pieces were two good-sized church windows, designed by Mr. John A. Mitchell and executed by Messrs. Cook and Redding. One contained a full-sized angelic figure, drawn with skill, but not quite successful, to our thinking; the other, of conventional ornament, showed some passages in mosaic of great beauty and splendor, though it lacked coherence and unity. Messrs. W. J. McPherson & Co. exhibited some charming Japanese outlines on rolled glass, in delicate tints, and a beautiful and luminous rendering in transparent antique glass of the picture of the Good Shepherd. We noticed a lovely small panel from the famous Morris & Co. in rich and sober coloring, a trifle opaque, representing Ruth in the cornfield; and a piece of so-called fifteenth century work by Hardman, of Birmingham, of great beauty and refinement, both in color and in treatment.

There was some clever ornamental sculpture by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Evans, that of the former full of dash and *élan* — especially a series of small heads modeled in plaster — but somewhat lacking in discipline; Mr. Evans's work was more self-restrained, not wanting in spirit, and on the whole more satisfactory, though of narrower range and less ambitious.

One of the most hopeful things in the exhibition was to us the unpretending collection of "antiquarian ware," in common yellow clay, from the pottery of Mr. C. A. Lawrence, of Beverly. It included a great variety of forms of jugs and basins, with no attempt at fine molding, but well-shaped, and freely and vigorously handled. Many of the shapes have considerable beauty, and would lend themselves to a better studied decoration than was sparingly shown on one or two of them. Fictile art has held such a contemptible place among American manufacturers that we are very thankful for this reasonable, unpretentious, and successful attempt to improve it. There is no branch of ornamental art, we believe, which more

readily rewards any honest and intelligent endeavor; none in which the material answers more obediently to any artistic power in the workman, none more universally influential, and none more sensitive to the imprint of pretense and vulgarity.

Mr. Wellington's collection of English tiles, with the Messrs. Turner's fine array of rich draperies, and the paper-hangings from Bumstead's and from Robinson's, showed how the foreign market has enlarged our means for decoration in the last few years.

Of metal work there was not a great deal in the exhibition. Messrs. Bubier contributed some wrought-iron finials and grills of straightforward solid workmanship and good design. Messrs. William H. Jackson & Co., of New York, sent some finely wrought and rather pretentious fireplaces and grates; one a very handsome fireplace with apparently a cast-iron lining in imbricated plates and facings of rich bronze and nickel plating. Messrs. Murdock & Co., of Boston, showed among other things a pair of nickel-plated andirons of elaborate design, and admirable finish, except in the modeling of the sculptured ornament, which might have been better. With these may be classed Mr. Rogers Rich's specimens of metallized plaster, with which, however, we are not yet enough acquainted to speak of them to any purpose.

A very interesting and significant feature of the exhibition was the collection of decorative work furnished by various ladies. This department shows very distinctly the influence of our recent importation and study of Japanese art, and indeed it is noticeable that throughout the exhibition the predominating influences are either Japanese or mediæval. In truth, excepting in the furniture, of which there is not much, and in some of the metal work, we can think of little that shows classical, Renaissance, or modern French feeling, and little that does not betray more or less of one of the other influences we have mentioned. This may be partly the result of an accidental predominance among a limited selection of objects; partly, perhaps, of

some prepossessions of the committee to whom the selection is mainly due; but also in great part to actual tendencies which prevail in this part, at least, of our country, and which are, in our judgment, hopeful tendencies, inasmuch as they are toward sincere and manly treatment, and not as yet toward pedantry. And these tendencies are not as incongruous as might be fancied, for the Japanese and the mediæval workmen, apart from the greater technical skill of the former in the rendering of natural form and the management of color, have much that is alike in their feeling for decorative treatment; and the ardent mediævalist of our time may do well to temper his exuberance with the disciplined power of the Japanese.

In this collection of decorative work by ladies were painted silk fire-screens, embroidered bell-ropes, table-cloths, cushions,—many of them of the richest and most ingeniously tasteful sort,—boxes decorated with pen-and-ink, decorative tiles, sumptuous laces, and carved wood, all the achievement of persons who have labored, if to some degree for fashion's sake, yet also in a good measure for the sake of beauty. Among these Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr., stood easily foremost, we think, by virtue of her remarkably rich and graceful embroideries on silk. One of these was of a light-brown ground over which were scattered fine pink and white blossoms in a cloud, with a few large brown or purple oak-leaves; another was in a graver tone, a black embroidered growth of some sort, in which a crescent moon was tangled, with many gold-beads for stars, while below lay a mystic breadth of large white daisies spanned and surrounded by fine strands of green silk. These, in frames, might serve for fire-screens, or with their mimic glimpses of conventionalized (not pictorially presented) natural objects would admirably adorn many wall-spaces. Put to whatever use, they are certainly wonderful achievements in their way, and open a charming vista of possibilities to the feminine artistic genius, which almost always includes a high capacity for decoration.

EDUCATION.

IN order to appreciate any educational scheme in England for the benefit of women it is necessary to consider the limited opportunities they have hitherto enjoyed, especially that large class—one half of the whole number of Englishwomen—who are dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood. For those destined to teach there are no such institutions maintained by the public as our normal schools, and nothing corresponding to our high schools for girls; nor are there charitable foundations like St. Paul's and others that exist in London and elsewhere in England for the use of boys. Large sums of money and grants of land, given originally for the purpose of founding schools for both boys and girls, have been appropriated to the exclusive use of the former. The most noteworthy example of this kind is that of Christ's Hospital, designed for the support and education of both sexes, which now gives to twelve hundred boys free of all expense a good public-school education, and provides outside of London for the support of forty girls who are trained in the capacity of domestic servants. It is not surprising that this and other instances of glaring injustice should have aroused the indignation of women and called forth condemnation from men of ability and distinction. But a large number of Englishmen still persist in seeing in the educational movement only a convenient means on the part of its advocates for producing a universal chaos in which parental authority, conjugal fidelity, and maternal love are to be scattered to the winds.

It may be true, as their opponents have said, that lectures are superfluous and examinations are the test and not the means for acquiring an education, but there are sometimes predicaments in which a choice is denied; and to have received any recognition at all of their claims to higher education by the University of Cambridge has been a subject of congratulation with most Englishwomen, who as a class have heretofore been limited to the ordinary advantages of a home education. This system still has its devoted advocates, and it has doubtless in times past thoroughly harmonized with the organization of English society; for above all others it is the plan best

adapted to secure seclusion, to foster a love of privacy. Excellent as home education may be under favorable circumstances, the method as pursued at present is as a general thing very inadequate, and presents in England a pitiful contrast to the magnificent opportunities so generously lavished upon the young men at the public schools and universities. As a rule, the girls of a family, no matter how numerous, share between them the imperfectly trained faculties of a governess employed at a stipend of about two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. By means of her assistance the pupil very soon attains the necessary proficiency in inaccuracies and want of method to enable her to fill the position of governess, and in her turn to impart these acquisitions to future generations. The more intelligent among Englishwomen have long felt restless under these conditions, and have grasped eagerly at the opportunities given by the different university examinations, namely, those of Cambridge, Oxford, London, and Queen's College, Ireland. At Cambridge a closer connection has been effected than elsewhere. This connection, real as it is, is by no means very great, and may be regarded rather as an introduction to a future relation of a more substantial character. A beginning has nevertheless been made in a quiet and praiseworthy manner, by men and women who, while they have *talked* comparatively little, have acted in a consistent and determined manner.

The experiment of holding local examinations has now extended over a period of ten years, and may be fairly deemed a success, not only on account of the numbers who have presented themselves for examination, but on account of the average good scholarship. These examinations are held in such places as the syndics appointed by the university may determine upon. Twenty-five fees of ten dollars must be guaranteed before the syndicate will entertain an application; a committee of ladies must also undertake to superintend the examination, one of whom is expected to act as local secretary and another to receive the examination papers and collect the answers. The fortunate candidates have long since begun to reap substantial benefits from

having received the Cambridge certificate: not only are they preferred as teachers and governesses, but in the public estimation are deemed worthy of better salaries than those who have not passed the examination.

The lectures at Cambridge for women are of more recent date, and are given with the view of enabling women to make more thorough preparation for the existing examinations. These lectures are delivered by some of the college professors and lecturers, and are under the control of a general committee of management composed of university fellows and lecturers, also of an executive committee whose members are resident ladies and gentlemen. The range of studies embraced by this plan is approximately similar to those required of the candidate for the Cambridge bachelor of art degree. The fee for a single course of lectures is five dollars, reduced to one half in the case of those intending to become teachers. The lectures are not usually delivered unless the applicants number from three to six. For the benefit of young ladies from a distance a pleasant home has been provided at Merton Hall, an ivy-covered house, which aside from its present attraction is interesting as an old Saxon building; the so-called school of Pythagoras is said to have been once held within its venerable walls.

Here the young ladies apparently have no temptation to lead other than a studious life, and their surroundings are all of a refined and home-like character. Not more than a dozen young ladies can be comfortably lodged at present. These, in the regulation of their conduct, are subject to certain rules laid down by the managing committee, while the domestic arrangements are left entirely to the good sense of the principal. Young ladies of limited means, particularly those preparing to teach, are aided by a special fund. There are also in existence four scholarships, worth from fifty to sixty dollars each. The committee is at present trying to collect money for the purpose of establishing others; gifts of money have been made from time to time by the friends of the movement, in order to meet incidental expenses; but the want of money is still a serious drawback to the success of this as of other educational schemes.

As an instance of the indifference felt by the English public towards projects of the kind for the benefit of girls, we cite the appeal made through the papers in behalf of the Camden collegiate schools in London.

This appeal for money resulted in contributions to the amount of six hundred dollars, whereas about the same time three hundred thousand dollars were obtained by the same means for a boys' middle-class school in Cowper Street. We allude particularly to the Camden schools since they are esteemed at Cambridge among the best of the London schools for women; they have become through the disinterestedness and energy of Miss Baas (the former principal) an endowed institution.

Among the other London colleges for women are Queen's and Bedford. The former is connected with the established church, the latter is independent of it. To each is attached a small school in which pupils of the college take their first lessons in the art of teaching. Alexandra College, Dublin, under the immediate supervision of Archbishop Trench, although a young institution, is said to be one of the best in the United Kingdom.

One of the most interesting of the experiments that have been made at Cambridge is that of instruction by correspondence. This method would seem in many respects applicable to our own wants, in a country where distances are so great and where so many women are engaged as teachers in remote places, away from the centres of learning. In the prospectus the committee only claim for this system value as an aid to self-education, and do not offer it as a substitute for thorough oral instruction where such can be obtained; it is furthermore only recommended to such persons as are willing to make considerable exertions. The committee do assert, however, that when pupils have sufficient intelligence to grapple with the subject valuable aid has been rendered. The teachers, fortunately for themselves, reserve the right of discontinuing the correspondence whenever its results do not seem profitable. The range of subjects embraced by this plan includes most of those contained in the different groups of the examination papers. The instruction consists of general directions in the choice of books, and of questions set from time to time, the answers to which are carefully looked over and returned with comments. The correspondence is carried on at fortnightly or monthly intervals, as the case may demand. Drawing and music are both omitted in this plan, although the former suggests itself as one of the possibilities of the system, particularly since the prevailing realistic tendencies in drawing

leave so much to be done by the pupil and comparatively little by the teacher. Some of the most exquisite pen-and-ink drawings it has been the writer's good fortune to see, the artist confessed to have been the result of patient labor and attention to written criticisms and suggestions that were made from time to time by Mr. Ruskin.

The different individuals interested in the various educational projects for women have felt the necessity for active coöperation, and out of this necessity has sprung the National Union for Improving the Education of All Classes. The members of this union have gone to work with surprising energy and directness of purpose; branch committees have been formed to investigate and report upon the local needs of the communities over which they have supervision. The central committee in London, in addition to other incentives, now offers a number of scholarships to the most successful candidates for the different university examinations.

The heretofore unprecedented solicitude and activity in England has doubtless in a measure been awakened by the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission. This report is unrelenting in its condemnation of the existing systems of education for girls. In the same report Mr. Fisk observes, "If the reproach be just, that women do not reason accurately and that their knowledge when they possess it is deficient in organic unity, in coherence and depth, there is no need to look for any recondite explanation of the fact: the state of the schools in which they are educated explains it."

Again, in a report upon certain local schools, the writer says, "They (the schools) suffer from the want of some guiding principle, which the boys' schools find in the public schools and universities."

With the view of meeting this last deficiency, and of giving direction and aim to the education of girls, "Girton College was founded, incorporated by license of the board of trade, and opened temporarily in 1869 at Hichen; its ultimate destination is the parish of Girton, about three miles from Cambridge. The buildings in process of construction give assurance that the 'airy nothing' of skeptical minds is destined to find a local habitation." The ambitious object of this college is to obtain for the students admission to the examination for the degrees conferred by the university, and to permit neither compromises nor half-way substitutes, but to insist upon the full rigor of a university education.

In England it was as by a sort of inspiration that the leaders of the women's educational movement dropped the ragged schools and staked everything upon higher education. Their method has been from the beginning to work from the top to the bottom; ours just the reverse. The action in this matter cannot be better illustrated than by a comparison of the Edinburgh Ladies Educational Association with the one in Boston "for the better education of women." The former is said to be the most systematic and successful attempt that has yet been made to meet the so-called great want of the age. It is an association the avowed object of which is to provide an education for women according to the university standard. The examination papers are based upon those of the university, and the diplomas conferred are said to have a real value in the educational world. At the University of Edinburgh there is strictly speaking no collegiate department, nor has the dormitory system been adopted; therefore but few obstacles have been met in the organization of classes for women. In Boston, on the other hand, the association has not concentrated its attention upon the higher forms of education, but has labored equally in behalf of the industrial.

The necessity for taking some steps towards the diffusion of sanitary knowledge has been so thoroughly recognized in England that an association of ladies, with the Duchess of Argyll at the head, has been formed with the view of promoting "the physical and social well-being of those around them." These ladies propose effecting their object by the distribution of tracts on sanitary and domestic subjects, written with especial reference to the poor. Loan-libraries of popular books on kindred subjects have been established, and lectures are given from time to time on health, domestic economy, etc.

The sustained efforts and disposition on the part of Englishwomen to find out their own wants and to help themselves, and the number of women dependent upon the result, has invested their action with great weight and responsibility; the leaders have found themselves closely watched by a large class actively engaged in the struggle of life, against whom there exist practically trades-unions in the professions and in other lines of business; and for whom, while there is but little incentive to industry, there is no provision made on the part of the state for supporting in idleness.

